

23

Keiner Reminiscenzen!?

Hersichtlich

Heinz

Post incunabula juvenitatem,
post molestam senectutem,
nos habebit huius!

Ad multos annos!

Heinz



Adr. Van Venne del.

DEATH PREACHING.

R. Dagley sculpt.

LONDON:

J. ANDREWS, 167, NEW BOND STREET



R. Dagley sculp.

DEATH PREACHING.

Ad. Van Veen del.

DEATH'S DOINGS;

*Consisting of numerous
Original Compositions in Prose and Verse,
The friendly Contributions of various Writers;*

PRINCIPALLY INTENDED AS

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THIRTY PLATES,

Designed and Etched

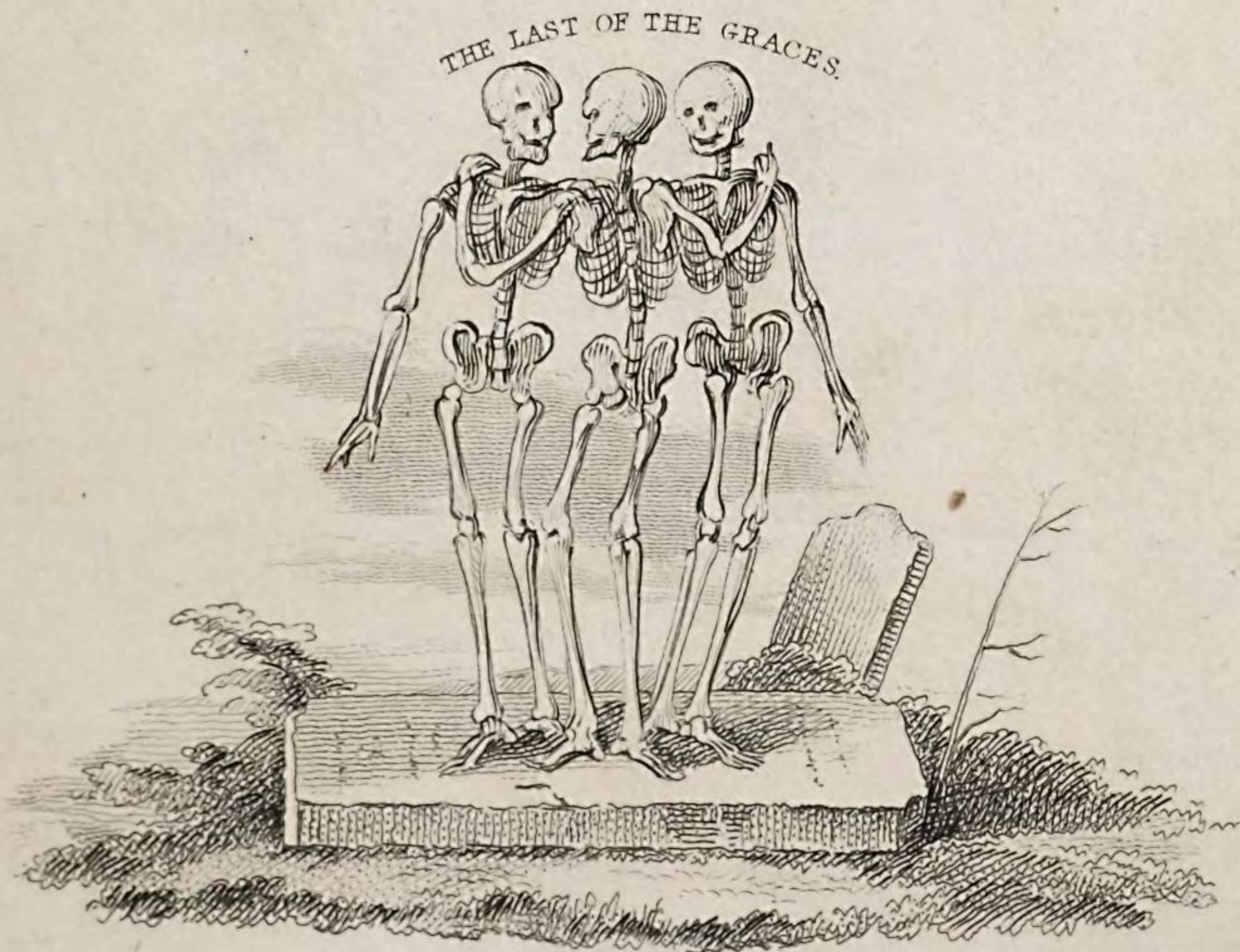
BY R. DAGLEY,

Author of 'SELECT GEMS from the ANTIQUE,' &c



'Ay, ay! quō he, an' shook his head,
'It's eēn a lang, lang' time indeed
'Sin I began to nick the thread,
 'An' choke the breath:
'Folk maun do something for their bread,
 'An' so maun Death.
'Sax thousand years are near hand fled
'Sin I was to the butching' bred,
'An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
 'To stap or scar me;" *Burns.*

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.



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J. ANDREWS, 167. NEW BOND STREET.

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LONDON:

J. ANDREWS, 167, NEW BOND STREET; AND W. COLE,
10, NEWGATE STREET.

1827.

DEATHS DURING

OFFICIAL RECORD

1880

1880

1880

1880

1880

1880

1880

1880

2006/1606

TO

FRANCIS DOUCE, Esq.

WHOSE UNWEARIED RESEARCHES AND LIBERAL
COMMUNICATIONS

HAVE SO GREATLY EXTENDED

The Knowledge of Virtu

AND ENRICHED

The Fine Arts,

THIS VOLUME

IS,

WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT, DEDICATED,

BY HIS

OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

RICHARD DAGLEY.



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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

ALTHOUGH a Preface, when an Introduction is given, may appear too much like going on to “more last words,” yet an apology may be found in an author’s anxiety to acquit himself on every ground connected with the nature and character of his publication: in the course of which many things may arise that require explanation.

There are hopes, fears, and wishes to be expressed; but in doing this, it is no easy task to steer between the extremes of presumption and servility. Few writers could now be found to approach the tribunal of an intelligent and discerning public in the following strain:—

“ My fears are lighter than my expectations ; I wrote to please myself, and I publish to please others : and this so universally, that I have not wished to rob the critic of his censure, or my friend of the laugh. * *

* * * * I have learnt, that where the writer would please, the man should be unknown. An Author is the reverse of all other objects, and magnifies by distance, but diminishes by approach. His private attachments must give place to public favour ; for no man can forgive his friend the ill-natured attempt of being thought wiser than himself.”*

This may be considered a curiosity in literature, and it exhibits a perfect contrast to the inflated Dedications and pompous Prefaces of the period in which it appeared.

In the volume now presented to the Public, my part is little besides that of having pro-

* Preface to “ Fables for the Female Sex,” fourth edition: London, printed for T. Davies, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, and J. Dodsley, Pall Mall, 1761.

jected the work, and furnished the designs. It is to the kind contributors who have so amply and ably illustrated the subjects of my pencil, that I must attribute any success that may attend the work; and to them I embrace this opportunity of returning my most grateful acknowledgments.

Of the motives of some for concealing their names, it does not become me to speak; though it is hardly possible but in many instances they may be recognised. “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

In the etchings, I have endeavoured to show the way in which a certain class of writing may be embellished, without incurring the expense of those laboured and highly finished engravings, which, while they exhibit the talents and taste of our native artists, in many instances exclude the works they ornament from general purchase.

On the part of the Publisher, every thing

has been done to render the volume worthy the attention of the Public, in all that regards the typographical department.

That I have my hopes and fears on the present occasion, I will not deny ; and though time and experience have done much to damp the ardour of the one, and to diminish the effect of the other, yet still I retain enough of deference for public opinion, to render me solicitous with respect to the result.

R. D.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE encouragement given to this volume having, in a very few months, rendered a Second Edition necessary, its projector feels himself called upon gratefully to express his sense of so flattering a testimony of public approbation. He begs also to acknowledge his obligations to those gentlemen who, in their critical notices, have taken so favourable a view of these united efforts of the pen and pencil; in fact, the generous reception given to what had before been performed, has operated as a stimulus for him to render this Second Edition more worthy of such liberal patronage and commendation. With this view, he has added several new designs, which, like the former, have been illustrated by the friendly contributions of literary coadjutors; to all of whom he begs to return his

unfeigned thanks; being well assured that it is mainly to their kind and talented Illustrations, that “**Death’s Doings**” is indebted for so great a degree of popularity. When, indeed (to use the words of one of its reviewers), it is recollected that “the designs are illustrated by the writing, and not the writing by the designs, it is exceedingly amusing—interesting even—to observe the various points of view in which the same pictorial subject may be understood, imagined, or wrought into description and narrative, by persons of different genius and powers.”

Considerable interest having been excited in consequence of the singular Drawing by Van Venne being described in “**The Introduction**” (page 11), an Etching has been made from it, which now appears as the Frontispiece; and it is hoped that it cannot fail to be regarded as a curious and appropriate embellishment.

Death's Doings.

“ Ay, ay! quo’ he, an’ shook his head,
It’s e’en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin’ I began to nick the thread,
An’ choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An’ so maun Death.
Sax thousand yeare are near hand fled
Sin’ I was to the butching bred,
An’ mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,
To stap or scar me.”

Burns.

“ **DEATH** came dryvyng after, and all to dust pashed
Kings and kaysers, knightes and popes;
Many a lovely lady, and lemman of knightes,
Swoned and swelted for sorrowe of **Death’s** dyntes.”

Vision of Pierce Plowman, 1350.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

INTRODUCTION.

It is difficult, if not impossible, in this our day of accumulated literature, to start any thing new ; yet, rather than close their labours for “lack of argument,” our literary adventurers ransack every corner for subject matter ; and, to stimulate the public appetite, old viands are served up in new dishes, either of plate, china, or delf, as best may suit the taste or the means of the bookish epicure.

How far the subject now offered may be relished by the generality, remains to be tried. It will not want the seasoning of antiquity to recommend it, being nearly as old as the Creation ; and, if a judgment may be formed from the number of works, both literary and graphic, which have appeared in ancient and modern times, and the avidity with which they

have been received, it may reasonably be expected, that the present attempt to serve up a sort of Graphic Olio, with suitable garnishes of prose and verse, may not be unacceptable to the general reader; and the more so, as the endeavour has been to give (if not altogether a new), at least a more appropriate reading to the old version of the DANCE OF DEATH.

There is little to apprehend in the way of objection, from any application of the designs contained in the work to individual concerns or pursuits, as—

“All men think all men mortal but themselves;”

and there will be no want of claimants to the heirlooms either of safety or of longevity. At any rate, the greater part of mankind will assume the privilege of exemption from such incidental casualties as are pointed out in the course of the illustrations here exhibited, and will find a clause in their own favour. Thus, for example, the sportsman will readily observe,—

“I have hunted, leapt gates, hedges, and ditches, and cleared all that came in my way; but, then, *my skill* and my horse brought me safe off. The foolish

fellow that broke his neck the other day could expect nothing else ; instead of minding what he was about in taking his leap, he was looking another way ; and, then, the hack he rode !”

“That poor devil of an artist,” observes one of the same profession, “laboured his pictures till he was nearly blind, toiling till nature became exhausted ; he could hardly be said to breathe the vital air ; the effluvia of his colours had entirely penetrated his system ; and it is no wonder he fell a victim to his confinement and his exertions together.”

“Ned —— is gone at last,” says a bon-vivant to his companion ; “but it is not surprising,—he was a *careless* drinker ; I told him his wine-merchant sold him poison.”

In this, or in some such way, all will argue in favour of themselves ; while the machine of life drives on heedlessly and rapidly. It is true, the check-string may occasionally be drawn by the observing traveller, to point out to his fellow passengers some remarkable spot, stamped by some striking event connected with mortality ; but the

pause will be brief, and the vehicle will again be in motion with as little care as before it was stopped. And this, in some measure, must be the case while we continue to be creatures of this world: even the gloomy ascetic will sometimes steal a look from his cloisters or his cell upon the beauties of the creation, and become a momentary sceptic to his monastic notions, and pine at the vegetative character of his own existence.

With whatever success the labours of the moralist, the philosopher, or the preacher, may have been attended in bringing into view the skeleton remains of the human frame as an emblem of Death, to warn and awaken mankind to a sense of the condition to which they must come at last, the satirist has seldom failed of exciting attention to the characteristic structure of this human machinery, stripped of those lineaments and fair proportions which in life were its charm and pride; but with this difference, that his views of the subject have ever tended to the ludicrous.

Such appears to have been the case even in those days of superstitious ignorance when the minds of men were subject to the domination of monkish

power; for, as soon as the first impression of alarm made by the ghastly phantom, as exhibited in their churches, was over, and the object became familiar, —ridicule took place of fear; and farcical representations of Death on the stage and by the pencil succeeded, in numbers and extent, perhaps, beyond those of any other subject.

One of these farcical moralities is hinted at by our immortal bard, in his play of “Measure for Measure:”—

“Merely thou art Death’s fool:
For him thou labourest, by thy flight, to shun,
And yet runn’st toward him still.”

This passage is explained in a note, thus:—“In the simplicity of the ancient shows upon our stage, it was common to bring in two figures, one representing a fool, and the other, Death or Fate; the turn and contrivance of the piece was, to make the fool lay many stratagems to avoid Death, which yet brought him more immediately into the jaws of it.”

It is more than probable that Shakspeare had seen and considered many of the paintings and designs on the subject of Death, and with his powerful

touch concentrated the spirit of all that had been said or done in the various works then extant, still keeping up the character of the burlesque united with the deepest pathos :—

“ For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court : and there the antic sits,
Mocking his state and grinning at his pomp ;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about his life,
Were brass impregnable : and, humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king !”

The same play has the following monitory passage, equally expressive of the frailty and folly of man, who,—

“ Most ignorant of what he's most assured,—
His glassy essence,”—

is apt to play the game of life with too much confidence.

Some there are who make Death the whole business of life : shutting their eyes on the fair face of nature, they think a snare is set in every beauteous object by which they are surrounded, and plunge at once into the gloom of solitude, lest the light of

heaven should dazzle their sight and darken their understanding, and work them perdition by tempting to the indulgence of those feelings it was meant to inspire :—

“ And thus, in one continued strife,
’Twixt fear of Death and love of life,”

they pass their existence in a state of deadening apathy or of feverish self-denial; immolating the charities of life and the best affections of the heart at the shrine of superstition. True, the tenure of our being cannot be beneficially held without occasionally adverting to the terms on which it has been granted; and it is sometimes necessary to call in aid the admonitions of the wise and the reflecting, to bring our truant thoughts to a proper estimate of life.

In this view, most of the designs of skeleton forms have been presented to the contemplation of the careless and unthinking; but, as has been before observed, few of them have been so managed as not to border on the ludicrous. Of their capability of and tendency to the caricature, a very recent instance appeared in some examples of death-like figures engaged in a variety of occupations, as gambling, dancing, boxing, &c. &c. These designs were chalked on a wall bordering the road from Turnham

Green towards Kew Bridge ; they were drawn of the natural size, and displayed, on the part of the unknown * artist, no small skill in composition and character. Of the artist's intention there can be no question : it was to exhibit forms the most strikingly grotesque. But they are now swept away, like many other efforts of art, to give place to the names and nostrums of the charlatans of the day.

The subject of Death has continued to employ the pen and the pencil, with more or less of character, down to the present time ; though the productions of recent date possess less point, and have, perhaps, more of the grotesque than works more remote, and do not, in their graphic form, exhibit the higher qualities of art, which are seen in the performances of the old masters ; but are principally addressed to the eye and understanding of the many, rather than to those of the artist or amateur. It should appear, however, from the reception and extensive sale of some of these subjects, that they have been equally

* The editor of "*The Times*," in alluding to this passage, observed that these chalk sketches were made by a nephew of Mr. Baron Garrow, who at that time was living in unenviable retirement nearly opposite the scene of his early morning operations ; but that the gentleman had fortunately, some time since, obtained a situation in India.

acceptable to the present as they were to past times. Among the most striking and popular designs of this class, are two which have long occupied a place in the print-shop in St. Paul's Church Yard; and in which the skeleton shape appears as one half of a gorgeously dressed human form. These prints represent a male and female thus powerfully contrasted, and, it must be confessed, hold out as perfect an example as can well be imagined to show us what we are, and to warn us what we are to be.

Another specimen of the monitory kind is a representation of a heathen philosopher, contemplating the structure of a human skeleton, and thence inferring the existence of a Deity.

Of the more whimsical and pointed of these moral lessons, is one where a man is draining an enormous bowl, and Death stands ready to confirm the title of the print,—“The Last Drop.”

There is also, among the varieties of this sort, an etching representing a gay couple visiting a tomb. It is called, “An Emblem of a Modern Marriage:” in the background of the piece is a view of a noble

mansion, behind which appears a rising ground; beneath the print are the following lines :—

“ No smiles for us the godhead wears,
His torch inverted, and his face in tears;”

answering to the figure of a Cupid in the act of flight, which the artist has also introduced into his subject. This etching is the performance of a lady, Mrs. Hartley, the wife of D. Hartley, Esq., who constructed a building on Putney Common, which he rendered incombustible. The original was sketched with a diamond on a pane of glass, and the print published in 1775. There can be little doubt that this curious design had a reference to some individual of the time; but its application might be made to every unhappy and fatal marriage that has taken place, or may take place, any where and at any time.

These later productions (as was before observed) possess little of art in the composition, or skill in the execution, to recommend them, though some of them have probably outlived the expectations of the inventors. It was for the artists of an earlier period to combine in these subjects every quality of painting, whether of design, composition, character, or expression.

An example of excellence in this way, is a drawing from the collection of the late Paul Sandby, R. A., where Death is exhibited as preaching from a charnel-house, amidst skulls and bones; another skeleton form is introduced as making a back on which to rest the book from which the phantom is discoursing; and, though highly ludicrous in point of character, the groups and composition are in the best style of art. The auditors of the grim preacher are of every age and class, and are happily contrasted: the peasant and the ruler, the matron and the gayly attired female, the cavalier and the person of low degree, all disposed with skill in their appropriate and varied postures of attraction. Part of a cathedral-like building forms the background; the design is from the pencil of Van Venne,* and,

* In the first edition of this work, Van Venne is mentioned as synonymous with Otho Vænius. A similar error exists both in Pilkington and in Bryan; in whose Dictionaries of Painters, under the article "Van," "Vænius Otho, or Van Venne," is written.

By the kindness of Mr. Douce, an opportunity is now allowed of distinguishing the individuals, and showing the character of the artist from whose design is the etched frontispiece to the present edition of "Death's Doings."

"Van Venne, or, as he writes himself, *Adr. Vande Venne*, has not the smallest connexion with Otho Vænius, who was a *Flemish* painter, but the former a *Dutch* painter and poet. He was born at Delft, about 1590, and died in 1650. He usually painted in black and white, and seems to have worked chiefly in Denmark, where his paintings were much esteemed, and are now very rarely to be seen. He appears to

from the picturesque costume and character of the composition, would do credit to the talents of the best artists of that period.

Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Theory of the Skeleton," has shown that a tendency similar to that which has just been noticed pervaded many of the writers on the subject of Death.

"When," observes this ingenious and intelligent author, "the artist succeeded in conveying to the eye the most ludicrous notions of Death, the poet also discovered in it a fertile source of the burlesque. The curious collector is acquainted with many volumes where the most extraordinary topics have been combined with this subject. They made the soul and body debate together, and ridiculed the complaints of a damned soul! The greater part of

have made many of the designs for the celebrated and extremely popular work, entitled, "Catz's Emblems," but he never etched or engraved. He likewise published a set of emblems under his own name, with poetry by himself, 1635, 4to. His name on the prints stands *Adrian Vande Venne*.

Otho Vænius, the master of Rubens, was also distinguished for his emblematical designs, and appears, from a painting of his in the possession of Mr. Douce, to have exercised his pencil in a similar way to Hans Holbeins. In this painting, Death is represented as intimating his approach to an old man, by the tinkling of a musical instrument.

the poets of the time were always composing on the subject of Death in their humorous pieces.

“ Of a work of this nature, a popular favourite was long the one entitled, ‘ Le Faut Mourir, et les Excuses Inutiles qu’n apporte à cette Necessité ; a tout en vers burlesques, 1556.’ Jaques Jaques, a canon of Aubrun, was the writer, who humorously says of himself, that he gives his thoughts just as they lie on his heart, without dissimulation; ‘ for I have nothing double about me except my name. I tell some of the most important truths in laughing, —it is for thee *d’y penser tout a bon.*’ ”

Mr. D’Israeli goes on to remark,—“ Our canon of Aubrun, in facetious rhymes, and with the naïveté of expression which belongs to his age, and an idiomatic turn fatal to a translator, excels in pleasantry ; his haughty hero condescends to hold very amusing dialogues with all classes of society, and to confound their *excuses inutiles*. The most miserable of men,—the galley-slave, the mendicant, alike would escape when he appears to them. ‘ Were I not absolute over them,’ Death exclaims, ‘ they would confound me with their long speeches ; but I have business, and must gallop on !’ ”

Our monumental effigies, where the figure of Death is introduced, are not entirely free from a cast of the ludicrous, though, from the nature and character of sculpture, fewer offences this way are exhibited. Like the muse of history, the dignity of sculpture would be lessened in the service of comedy: the temple and the tomb are its proper sphere; deities, heroes, statesmen, and poets, are the objects it contemplates; and the ideal perfection of grace and beauty is its principal aim.

Under the hand of sculpture, the familiar may, however, in some degree become exalted, and modern costume be made subservient to the purposes of fine art. But it requires the skill of a Roubilliac, a Chantrey, or a Baily, to mould folds and cast form into that character which judgment and taste sanction or approve.

Of the power to mould and fashion form and costume into the character of grandeur, Roubilliac's figure of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, is a striking example; and, while contemplating the dignified attitude of the portrait, the arrangement of the accessories, and its composition throughout, it is impossible to imagine it could be improved, even by

the introduction of what is termed the classic in art,—the costume of Greece and Rome.

In this artist's monument of Lady Nightingale, he has necessarily employed a drapery suitable to the introduction of an ideal character,—that of Death; and has, in his personification of the phantom, enveloped the figure with a loosened drapery, in order, it may be readily conceived, as much as possible to avoid the skeleton shape.

The same artist has introduced, in the monument of William Hargrave, one of the finest allegorical representations that has ever been imagined,—that of Time's victory over Death: yet, here the skill with which the bony structure of the struggling skeleton is executed, is apt to attract the regard of the vulgar (like the deceptive in painting), rather than the sublimity and character of the composition, and its reference to the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body.

While thus treating of subjects connected with the Abbey of Westminster, it is impossible not greatly to regret, that from the inspection of these monumental remains—these efforts of sculptured art,

past and present, the public should be barred, without the payment of an admission fee; a regulation which, while it debases the character of a national exhibition, excludes the generality of the people, and defeats every legitimate purpose for which these memorials of the great and good were erected. An additional evil is, that the visitor is hurried over a space and spectacle whose very essence is destroyed if not traversed and seen with freedom, quiet, and calm contemplation. Under the present regulations of abbey economy, the charm is almost dissolved which would otherwise preserve the memory of those heroic achievements of our fleets and armies,—those labours of the statesman and the legislator, of the man of science and the poet, all of rank and of literature, to which these testimonials of a nation's gratitude have been raised, by public or private expense. It is not only interrining the body, but burying the monument too; and the lament has been hardly more for the departed, than for the labours of art, the value of which is so much depreciated by this miserable expedient to obtain money. It is humiliating to reflect on the debasing character which the mischievous atrocities of a few ignorant or unthinking individuals have, in some degree, brought upon the nation at large, and which, it is said, have

led to these obnoxious regulations, and given us, in the eyes of foreigners, at once the stamp of a mercenary and a barbarous people ; but it is, however, to be hoped that, with an increasing knowledge of the fine arts, the progress of instruction, and the consequent prevalence of good sense, a way may be found to protect these records of our country's glory and talent, without imposing a tax upon those who might benefit by such examples in the endeavour to imitate them.

From the tombs and monuments within, is but a step to those without ; from the church to the churchyard—whence, as the poet says,—“ The voice of nature cries.” But, like many other poetical assertions, this is somewhat equivocal, for little dependence can be placed on these “ frail memorials,” many of which, like the old moralities, are calculated to excite a laugh rather than serious and sober reflections. In some places, indeed, scarce a stone is raised but a jest is raised with it.

It is hardly possible to touch on the subject of epitaphs, but a train of uncouth rhymes follow, in the shape of serious foolery or ignorant burlesque. Nor is this folly confined to the obscure village

dormitory, or to times long past: there is scarcely a churchyard within the metropolis or its suburbs, but will afford some modern examples of gross ignorance or inflated nonsense; such as,—“God has chosen her as a pattern for the other angels.”

This exquisite piece of extravagance, to say no more of it, was intended doubtless to convey an exalted idea of the departed; no reflection whatever being made on the absurdity of the hyperbole.

It is somewhat remarkable, that men should be so very anxious in life that their remains should not be disturbed after death, and yet take no heed of what may be said upon their tombs; men write their autobiographies, and why not their own epitaphs?—Virgil did. Or why not have recourse to the Vicar of Wakefield's plan, who wrote his wife's epitaph when living, commending in it the virtues he wished her to practise? At all events, it might be imagined that either the pulpit or the press would have come in aid to check this prevalent absurdity; that, if men chose to make “life a jest,” they should not be permitted to record one on their tombs.

But, not to dwell longer on churchyard regula-

tions, let us take a brief view of mortality as exhibited under the refined sentiment of the Greek mythology and of Grecian art.

“ The ancients contemplated death without terror, and met it with indifference. It was the only divinity to which they never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its stroke. They raised altars to Favour, to Misfortune, to all the evils of life ; for these might change. But, though they did not court the presence of Death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquillity in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion. Death was the daughter of Night and the sister of Sleep, and ever the friend of the unhappy.

“ If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpse and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul :—a butterfly on the extremity of a lamp,—Love with a melancholy air, leaning on an inverted torch, elegantly denoted the cessation of life.” *

* J. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, Second Series, vol. 2.

It was in contemplating this touching and appropriate representation, as it appears in an engraved gem, that Mr. Croly produced those beautiful lines in his *Illustrations of Antique Gems*:—

“ Spirit of the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king :
Empires at thy footstool lie.
Beneath thee strew'd,
Their multitude
Sink like waves upon the shore,—
Storms shall never rouse them more .

“ What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur of thy throne ?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band,—
Bards, heroes, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died !

“ Earth hath hosts, but thou canst show
Many a million for her one :
Through thy gate the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on.
Back from the tomb
No step has come ;
There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.”

Beautiful as the emblem of Mortality in the weeping infant, with the inverted torch, certainly is, that of the butterfly is no less apt in representing

the soul. The purity and lightness of its nature, its ambrosial food, the gayety and splendour of its colours,—above all, its winged liberty when bursting from its tomblike confinement, in which it appeared to sleep the sleep of Death, afford so powerful a contrast exhibited in the same creature, that it could not fail to strike the intelligent among the heathen world as a fit symbol of Immortality.

It is no very extravagant stretch of fancy, to imagine the souls of some gifted individuals embodied agreeably to their intellectual endowments. What a contrast might then be seen to the low, grublike, insignificant forms under which many a genius has been cloaked, in the exalted, noble, and imposing shapes which they would then assume; while others, whose vacant minds have been hid beneath a fair exterior, would sink in the scale, and become in appearance the insects or reptiles best suited to their real character.

Neither is this “considering the matter too curiously;” for it is in perfect accordance with the apostle’s views of the resurrection.

“But some men will say,—how are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?”

“Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.”

And then he thus goes on,—

“There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.

“So also is the resurrection of the body: it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.”

With this exalted view of the subject, the following serious and appropriate lines, from the pen of MRS. HEMANS, may not inaptly conclude the Introduction to a work, which, varied and miscellaneous as it is, yet in its general character is calculated to lead the mind to a contemplation of

“THE HOUR OF DEATH.”

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither as the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

“ Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
But *all* for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth!

“ The Banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for Grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but *all* are thine.

“ Youth and the opening Rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

“ Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

“ We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

“ Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

“ Thou art where billows foam;
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth, and thou art there.

“Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

“Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!”

P. S.—While the early part of this INTRODUCTION was at press, but not soon enough to insert it in its proper place, we were told by a gentleman, who assures us that the correctness of his information is not to be doubted, that the person who made the chalk sketches of the skeleton figures on the wall leading to Kew Bridge, was a Mr. Samuel Ponsonby Palmer, Midshipman, R. N. Our informant states, that “Mr. Palmer entered the navy about the year 1810, on board the *Victory*, Sir J. Saumarez, and, having served about five years, he, on quitting it, came to Hammersmith, where he resided during the years 1816, 17, and 18. In the latter period he sketched his Dance of Death on the wall on the left side of the road going towards Kew Bridge. On the 8th of September, 1824, this young man was unfortunately drowned in the river Thames, by the upsetting of a sailing boat.”

The Editor of *The Times*, who stated that these sketches were the work of the nephew of Mr. Baron Garrow, doubtless derived his information from a source which he conceived might be relied on; but the foregoing statement amounts almost to a flat contradiction of it, unless, indeed, it happened that *both* the gentlemen occupied themselves in the same amusement. The question is certainly one of no great moment, but as the merit of these sketches (and, as we have elsewhere said, they possessed considerable merit) has been publicly attributed to a party whose claim to it, to say the least, appears to be very questionable, our readers will pardon us, we trust, for thus relating what has subsequently come to our knowledge.

DEATH'S SERMON.*

“What man is he that liveth, and shall not see Death?”—*Psalm* lxxxix, v. 48.

“Be thou faithful unto Death, and I will give thee a crown of Life.”
—*Rev.* ii. v. 10.

“And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and the name that sat on him was Death.”——“And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains.”—*Rev.* vi. v. 8 & 15.

WHAT wild creation of a fev'rish brain
Is this, which mocks my sight with ghastly forms
Of skeletons—grotesque yet terrible?
Is't an illusive vision, conjured up
To cheat the eye and scare the tim'rous soul?—
Ha!—no—'tis real! see—one moves! he speaks!
And in the attitude of PREACHING stands—
His book before him, resting on a desk
Made up of human bones!—Ah! now I see
'Tis DEATH! gaunt PREACHER! whose rude pul-
pit's placed

* Vide FRONTISPIECE.

Within the precincts of the charnel-house ;
Where bones on bones, in heaps unnumber'd, lie,
And fetid exhalations taint the air !
There, on the mould'ring relics of mankind,
The all-subduing Monarch of the Tomb
His station takes—as if to make frail man
With man's inevitable fate familiar.—
Mark ye his outstretch'd arm and withering look !
While tones sepulchral from his lipless jaws
Resound, like thunder in a troubled sky
When Nature is convuls'd, and man and beast
Quail at the crash, and dread the fiery bolt !
And see—the hollow sockets of the eyes
Gleam with a lurid light, which fearless none
Can view ! O how terrific is the scene !——
Now all is hush'd ; for e'en the last faint sound
Of murm'ring echo dies away. The pause
How drear !—Now, now again, his deep-toned voice
Is heard, in accents superhuman, loud,
And awfully sublime !

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“ Though truth may sound
Ungracious to the ear, where flattery pours
Its honied poison—still the truth I'll speak ;
And though my form appalling to the sight

Be deem'd—still shall that form be view'd.
MERCY and MIGHT with Death go hand in hand !
And Mercy bids me throw aside the veil
That screens mortality from outward ken,
And keeps mankind in ignorance of *self* !

“ The great Deliverer of Man am I,
Although of mortal Life the Conqueror ;
For though at human pride my shafts I hurl,
And into atoms crush the vaunting fools
Who, with prosperity intoxicate, affect
To heed me not—yet from the direst woes
I rescue the oppress'd, and with a wreath
Of never-fading glory bind their brows.
And shall my wondrous attributes remain
Unnotic'd or contemn'd—my pow'r forgot,
Which earth, and air, and sea encompasseth ?
Shall I not use that glorious privilege,
Which both to *mercy* and to *might* belong—
Now striking terror in obdurate hearts,
And punishing men's crimes—now turning from
The error of their ways the penitent,
And leading them in paths of righteousness ?—

“ When hydra-headed Vice o'er all the earth
Triumphant stalks—and man is sunk in crime ;

When mad Ambition, Av'rice, lust of Power,
Hate, Rapine, Envy, and fierce Discord reign;
And when the child of Merit droops his head,
And pines in want, while bloated Ignorance
Luxurious revels in his splendid halls;
In vain shall MAN exhort his fellow man:
A worm, alas, remonstrates with a worm!
In vain shall Preachers, whatso'er their creed,
Anathemas denounce, or woo their flocks
With promises of pardon and of peace:
Though gifted with persuasive eloquence,
Though every precept spoke a truth divine,
Without MY aid would Preachers preach in vain,—
Their words—as evanescent as the wind
That whispers in the grove at eventide,
And then is heard no more.

“ But *I* am *fear'd* !

For my dominion over all extends,
And naught can circumscribe my sov'reign will.
To ME, though not in homage, all men bow !
Yea, e'en the mighty puppets of the earth,
Surrounded by the minions of their will,
And deck'd in all the mockery of state,
Crouch, like the veriest slaves, at my approach,
And try, by pray'rs, and vows, and floods of tears,

To crastinate their sure impending doom.
Yet such is oft their arrogance and pride,
And such the madness of the vassal crew,
Who blindly follow in the vain pursuit
Of glittering glory and of noisy fame;
That were not *I* to check their vile career,
Ills, far more grievous than Egyptian plagues,
The world would so infest, that Honour, Truth,
Love, Friendship, Hope, and heav'n-born Charity,
To other spheres would flee, and leave this orb
To man's unbridled violence a prey.

“ Yet, though none dare dispute my boundless sway,
My actions none will bear in memory.—
When foam-crown'd billows sweep across the deck,
The awe-struck seaman, clinging to the mast,
Sees me with terrors arm'd, and dreads the surge
That soon may overwhelm him in the deep:
But when the storm subsides, forgotten quite
The waves which, tempest-toss'd, dash'd o'er his head,
And but an hour before had fill'd his mind
With all the horrors of a wat'ry grave!——
'Tis thus with all mankind. When near I'm view'd,
Appall'd by guilty fears, they dread my dart;—
But seen afar, or veil'd in some disguise,
They act as though my power they despised,

Or treat me as a bugbear, fit for naught
But keeping fools and children in subjection.

“ ’Tis strange—’tis wonderful—that MAN, endow’d
With reasoning pow’rs—with faculty of speech—
With clear perceptions, knowing right from wrong;—
That Man, who bears the impress of his God;—
That Man, to whom the sacred truth’s reveal’d
That mortal life is but probationary;
And that his *essence*, purged from fleshly sin,
Shall at the LAST GREAT DAY e’en Death and Time
O’ercome, and take its flight to realms of bliss,
Surrounded by the spirits of the Just,
And angels, hymning great JEHOVAH’S praise;—
’Tis wonderful, that Man, of this assur’d,
And the dread certainty before his eyes
That everlasting woe the wretch awaits
Who scorns high heaven’s reward—should plunge in
 crime,
And rush, regardless, tow’rds a precipice,
Beneath whose frightful brink perdition yawns!

“ What! will ye risk your soul’s eternal peace,
To gain some perishable gewgaw here?
Or, what more likely is,—to lose the substance
And the shadow too,—to earn men’s curses first,

Then die the martyr of some guilty wish,
Some meditated, unrepented crime?
Alas! ye will. Then *am* I man's best friend,
And most his friend, when speedy aid I give,
To save him from himself—his direst foe!

“ Dark is the picture, but the tints are true;—
For though the gloss of flattery I despise,
No shades unreal, for effect, I use ;
'Tis colour'd from the life—*the life of man!*

And what is LIFE?—at best, a dream of Hope,
Where fairy visions of delight appear
To dance before the eye; but vanish quite,
And leave a dreary blank behind, when those
Who trust in their reality, awake!
O 'tis a pageant—unsubstantial, vain,
And falsely gay!—And what are all its joys?
Mere childish baubles—playthings of an hour—
Call'd pleasure, wealth, or fame; which if possess'd,
Bring with them anxious cares and countless toils,
In lieu of earth's best treasure, sweet CONTENT!

“ From infancy to age, the scenes of Life,
Howe'er the colours vary, all abound
With sombre shadows of mortality.—

The laughing eye and dimpled cheek of YOUTH,
Though bright and blushing as the rosy morn,
At unrequited love or blighted hope
Change fearfully.—In all the pride of strength
MANHOOD may walk erect; but soon the brow
With care's deep furrows is engrav'd—the eyes
With tedious vigils red—the firm, bold step,
Cautious and timid grows—while anxious fears
Are painted on the sallow cheek, where health
Once bloom'd, and manly beauty shone.—Then AGE
(If Life's contracted span to Age extend)
Comes tott'ring on, in sad decrepitude,
Bending beneath a load of pain; while scanty
Locks of silvery hair, and eyes grown dim,
And ears which sluggishly their task perform,
Are Nature's never-failing messengers,
Old Age to warn, that Death *in mercy* comes
To close the scene, and from its bondage free
Th' imprison'd soul, which pants for liberty!

“ Thus having Life's brief hist'ry fairly sketch'd,
Now let me turn to what Life leaves behind.—
Look here! around me lie the frail remains
Of rich and poor, of weak and strong, of sage
And fool, of culprit and of judge. *This* skull,
Now crumbling into dust, was once th' abode

Of brains which teem'd with scientific lore ;
And when its owner dropt into the grave,
(But not till then) the giddy multitude
Enamour'd grew of that which erst they scorn'd,
And treated as a maniac's rhapsodies.
The reason's plain. Int'rest his soul ne'er sway'd ;
He neither truckled to the great, nor bent the knee
At Mammon's shrine ; gold he accounted dross ;
And spurn'd all laws save those by Virtue made.
He heeded not the scoffs and sneers of men :
Science his mind illum'd ; Hope cheer'd his path ;
And when I call'd him hence, his placid eye
Was lighted up by an approving conscience,
That gave assurance of eternal bliss.
That was the cranium of a senseless dolt—
One of those barren spots on Nature's map,
Where mental tillage is a hopeless toil :
Yet while *he* liv'd, although his ev'ry act
Was folly, and stultiloquence his speech,
The world applauded him,—and flatt'ers round
His table throng'd, like drones about a hive :
And why ? The dunce was rich, and lavish'd all
His wealth upon the fawning knaves who bow'd
Before this ' god of their idolatry.'

“ See what a motley and incongruous heap,
In undistinguish'd fellowship, are here !

The head which once a proud tiara wore,
Unconscious, rests upon a ploughman's cheek;
And that which, animate, promulged the law,
Serves as a pillow for a felon's skull.
Huge legs, that once with sinews strong were brac'd,
And arms gigantic, that, encas'd in steel,
Wielded the sword, or rais'd the massive shield,
Now rest in quiet with the stripling's limbs,
Or relics sad of beauty's fragile form.
And where's the diff'rence *now*?—What boots it, then,
To know the deeds or qualities of either?
Rank, honours, fortune, strength Herculean,
Fame, birthright, beauty, valour, or renown,
What trace is left of ye? What *now* denotes
Th' imperial ruler from the meanest boor—
The recreant coward from the hero brave?—
Here all contentions cease. The direst foes
Together meet—their feuds for ever past;
No burnings of the heart, no envious sneers,
No covert malice here, or open brawls
Annoy. All strife is o'er. The creditor
His debtor no more sues; for here all debts
Are paid,—save that great debt incurr'd by Sin,
Which, when the final day of reck'ning shall
Arrive, cancell'd will be, or paid in full!
Let, then, this solemn truth your minds impress—
In your hearts' core O let it be engraved—

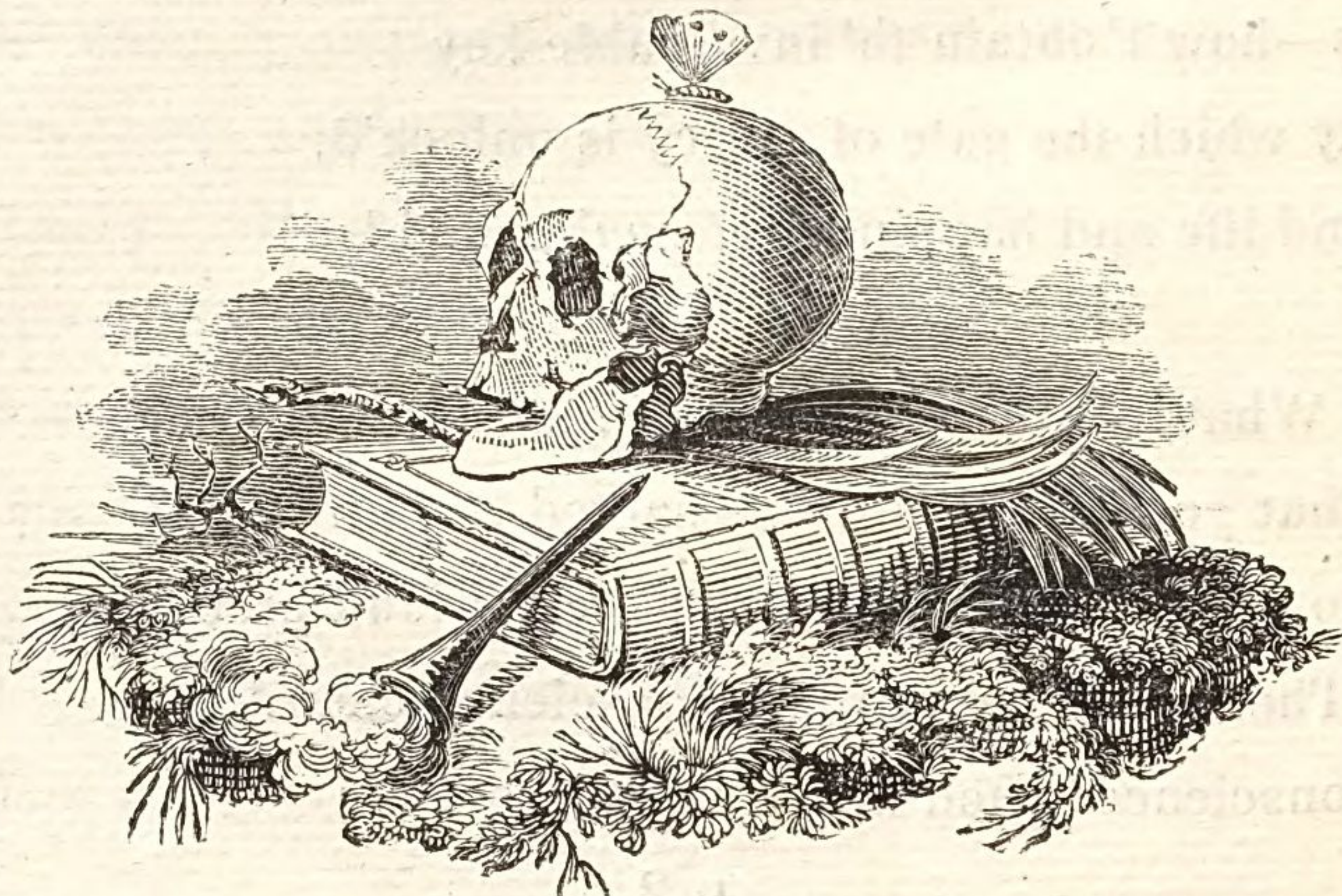
That, though the *body* in the silent tomb
Be laid—though greedy worms the flesh destroy,
And ‘dust to dust return’—the *soul* shall live
Eternal in the heav’ns, or dwell in realms
Where fell Despair and endless Terror reign.
Then—if the dazzling lustre of high birth
Shall fail to shield you from the woes of life;
If grandeur be accompanied by care;
If under glory’s mask, or fame’s disguise,
There lurk the latent seeds of deadly strife;
If ills prolific fill the breast of pride,
And pomp external hide deep inward griefs;
If jealousy on beauty’s vitals prey,
Or envy give a jaundiced hue to eyes
Which else with genius’ brightest rays would shine;
In fine—if perfect happiness on earth
Exist but in the visionary’s dream;—
The first great object of your soul’s concern,
Is—how t’ obtain th’ invaluable key
By which the gate of mercy is unlock’d,
And life and happiness *eternal* gain’d?

“What! do I read in your inquiring looks
That you would fain this sacred treasure find?
Go, then, and Virtue ask;—she’ll loud proclaim,
‘The key to heaven is a conscience clear.’
Conscience! thou never-erring monitor;

Throughout life's pilgrimage the faithful guide;
 Conscience! by whom the soul of man is warn'd
 To shun the quicksands of a treach'rous world;
 How little art thou heeded!—Yet Life's bark,
 Though toss'd by storms of trouble and despair
 Upon the billows of uncertainty,
 Guided by Conscience, safely shall arrive
 At that bless'd port of everlasting rest,
 That haven of perpetual delight,
 Whose waves pellucid lave JEHOVAH's throne."

Ha!—see, the awful PREACHER disappears!
 His desk and book are gone—and once more all
 Is still!—Yet, there's the charnel-house; and there
 The auditors in wild amazement stand!—
 O let me homeward turn, and meditate
 Upon the solemn scene.

S. M.



THE LAST OF THE GRACES.*

(*By the Author of "The Arabs."*)

LET the chill Stoic look upon thy reign,
 O Beauty ! as a pageant, fleet and vain,—
 Whate'er, through life, his varied course may be,
 Man's pilgrim heart shall turn, sweet shrine, to thee.
 Not thine the fault, if false allurements claim
 The fool's blind homage in thy sacred name :
They are not fair who boast but outward grace—
 The naught but beautiful of form or face ;
They are the lovely—they in whom unite
 Earth's fleeting charms with Virtue's heavenly light ;
 Who, though they wither, yet, with faded bloom,
 Bear not their all of sweetness to the tomb.

I had a dream, which, in my waking hour,
 Seemed less the work of Fancy's airy power
 Than Reason's deep creation ; for the hue
 Of life was o'er it :—life approves it true.

* Written as an Illustration of the *Skeleton Trio* in the Vignette Title-page.

Methought that I was wandering in a room,
Whose air was naught but music and perfume ;
A thousand lights were flaming o'er my head ;
And all around me flitted feet, whose tread
Roused not the listening echoes, for each bound
Was but the mute response to softest sound.
Sweet eyes, whose looks were language, and bland
tongues,
Whose accents died into Æolian songs,
Were there the things of worship ; and man's sigh
The incense of his heart's idolatry.
High swelled each breast within that proud saloon ;
For midnight there was Fashion's sparkling noon :
The vain beheld a sun in every gem ;—
That room was all the universe to them.
But they were not the happy :—who can hide
Th' intranquil heart ?—their looks their lips belied.
Stiff in the gorgeous masquerade of state,
The miserably rich, the joyless great,
The beautiful, whose beauty was a care
More deep than wrinkles, sighed, yet *would* not share
E'en the dull calm which mere exhaustion throws
O'er silken couches—soft without repose.
Foremost, and most conspicuous of the dance,
I now beheld three glowing forms advance,
Who seemed the envy or the boast of all :—
For they were deemed the Graces of the ball.

The first,—in spangled vesture—as she came,
Shot from her eye keen Wit's electric flame,
Whose sparks, tho' playful, like the lightning's dart,
Fall on the cold, alike, and feeling heart.
The next had veiled beneath a dazzling dress
Of vain adornments her own loveliness,
Resembling but that elegant deceit,
The rose of Art—superb, without a sweet.
The last was gentlest ; but her soul—all love,
Unveiled as Venus in her Paphian grove—
Burned on her lips and quickly-heaving breast,
As they were things but purposed to be press'd.
With arms entwined, these Graces of a night,—
WILD WIT, FALSE TASTE, and AMOROUS DELIGHT,
Praised by the many, by the few admired,
Performed their part, then suddenly retired :—
The dance stood still—men watched the closing door !
Sighed—turned—and all went gaily as before.

Contemplating the scene, my sight grew dim ;—
The ceaseless whirling made my senses swim :
Quick o'er my frame there came a torpid chill ;
The tapers died ; and all was dark and still ;
All, save the glimmerings of a sullen lamp,
And the cold droppings of sepulchral damp,
Which, falling round me, through the lurid gloom,
Told that I trod the charnel of the tomb.

It was a mausoleum, vast and high,
Whose soil was reeking with mortality :
There, in the midst, O sight of horror ! stood
Three forms whose aspect chilled my vital blood :
Grouped on a grave's cold slab, like things that
 breathed,
Three skeletons their fleshless arms enwreathed ;
But moveless—silent as the ponderous stone
Whereon they stood :—and I was all alone !
“ O for the Ethiop's sable charms to hide
Those hideous vestiges of Beauty's pride !”
To this I heard a hollow voice reply,
“ Behold the GRACES !—mortal, feast thine eye !”
But I did turn me, sickening with disgust ;
For I beheld them mouldering into dust.

“ And is this all, O Beauty !—this the close
Of thy brief transit ?—this thy last repose ?”
As thus I spake, a slow expanding ray
Broke through the gloomy mist, like opening day ;
Unfolding to my gaze a spacious scene
Of hill and valley, clothed in fadeless green.
On every side, a thousand varied flowers
Seemed dropping from the sun, in odorous showers :
And there were groves and avenues, all graced
With Temples and with monuments of Taste ;

Where Sculpture, Painting—all that polished Art,
Combined with useful Science, could impart,
Blended harmonious ; whilst th' ethereal soul
Of Music poured its sweetness o'er the whole.
I looked around ; and, in the east there shone
Three stars of beauty, burning 'neath the sun,
E'en with increase of splendour ; for their rays
Were such as wooed the brightness of his blaze.
But tho' they seemed like spheres of heavenly birth,
Their path was not in heaven, but o'er the Earth ;
And they advanced towards me :—as they came,
Their orbs dilated into thinner flame ;
And, softly from the circumambient light,
Three Angel forms emerged upon my sight.
The first—if either first engaged mine eye—
Bore in her own the tear of sympathy :
Ne'er looked the sun upon a fairer cheek ;
Ne'er met his glance a glance more mild and meek.
The next had, in her delicate caress,
Far more of majesty than playfulness :
And tho' her eye was kind—'twas chastely clear
As fountain-drops, beneath the moon's pale sphere.
The last—possessed of woman's sprightlier charm—
Bloomed like the blush-rose, pure, yet inly warm :
Pure as its leaves the thought her bosom bore—
Her generous heart as glowing as its core.

Linked hand in hand, I saw them onward move,
Until they faced the rosy bower of Love ;—
When, mingled with the music, breathing near,
These gladsome accents fell upon mine ear :
“ Hail, PITY ! CHASTITY ! BENEVOLENCE !
Sweet is the calm your gentle smiles dispense !
Hail, Sister GRACES, who adorn the Fair !
Fresh be your garlands—happy they who wear !”
And, thus proceeding, all on which they cast
Their radiant glances, brightened as they pass'd :
And I did follow them with eye and heart,
Until I saw their fading forms depart :
Again they slowly melted into light ;
Again like stars became distinctly bright ;
And, hovering o'er the dimmed horizon, shed
Soft rays like those which linger o'er the dead—
Those lovely halos which dispel the gloom
When Memory hangs o'er Virtue's early tomb.
Thus did I gaze until some flickering beam
Of fancy passed, and broke my fitful Dream.

H. A. D.



THE POET.

THE POET

There are many who say that the poet
 Is a man who has seen the world
 Like one who has seen the world
 And who has seen the world

And who has seen the world
 And who has seen the world
 And who has seen the world
 And who has seen the world

And who has seen the world
 And who has seen the world
 And who has seen the world
 And who has seen the world

And who has seen the world
 And who has seen the world
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 And who has seen the world



THE POET.

THOU art vanish'd ! Like the blast
Bursting from the midnight cloud ;
Like the lightning thou art past,—
Earth has seen no nobler shroud !

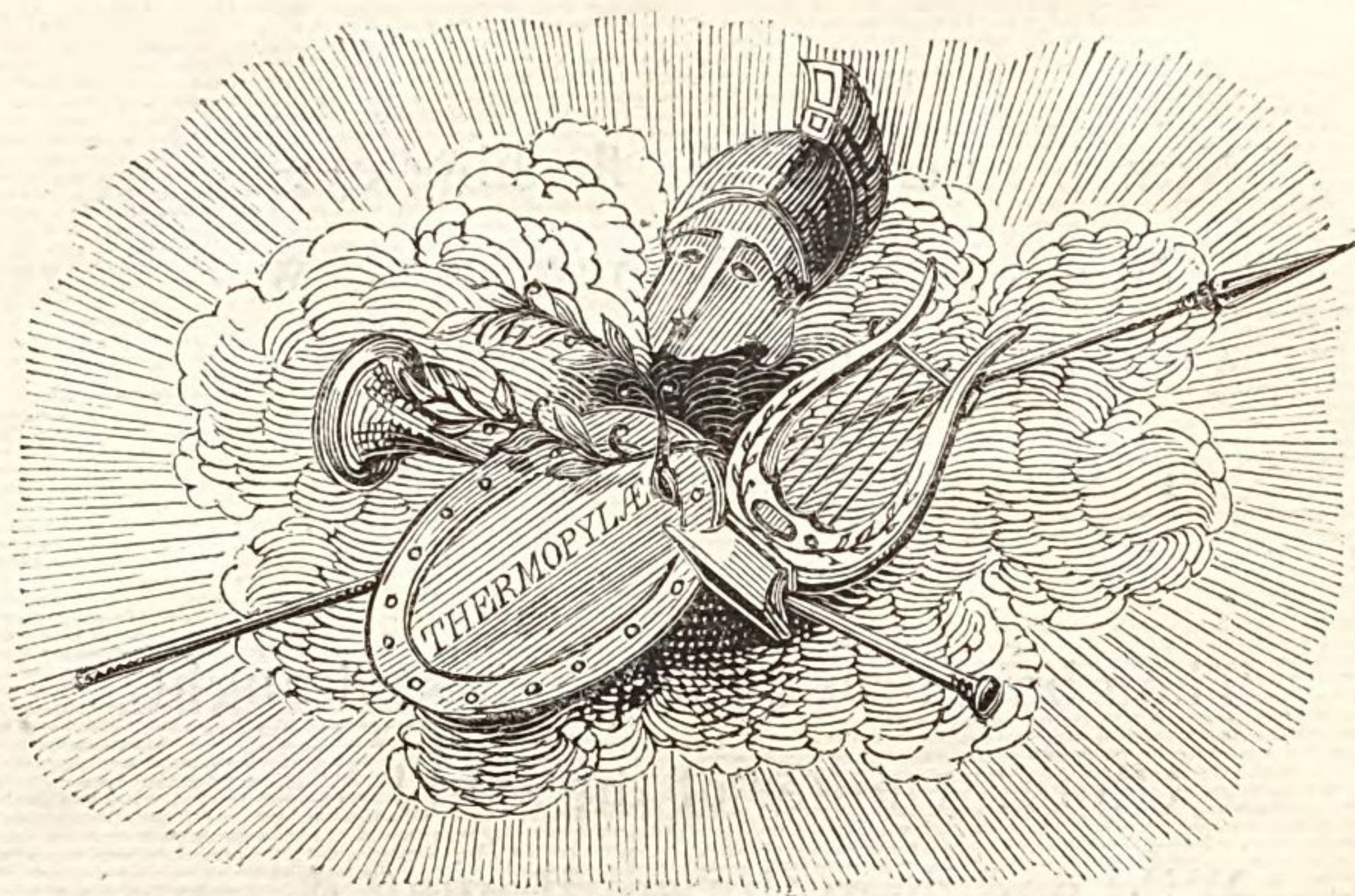
Now is quench'd the flashing eye,
Now is chill'd the burning brow,
All the poet that can die ;
Homer's self is but as thou.

Thou hast drunk life's richest draught,
Glory, tempter of the soul !
Wild and deep thy spirit quaff'd,
There was poison in the bowl.

Then the haunting visions rose,
Spectres round thy bosom's throne.
Poet ! what shall paint thy woes,
But a pencil like thine own ?

Thou art vanish'd! Earthly Fame,
See of what thy pomps are made!
Genius! stoop thine eye of flame!
Byron's self is but a shade.

ALFRED.



DEATH AND THE POET.

A DREAM of darkness and of dread
Hath pass'd upon my brain—
A vision of the past—the dead—
That ne'er may come again ;
And there was on my weary heart
The weight of many years,
And woes that were the sternest part
Of all its griefs and fears.

I have not wept—no ! I may weep—
Nor sigh again for aught,
It was a long and dreary sleep
Of the heart's inward thought ;
I saw the frowns of worldly men,
The scorner and the proud—
I felt my spirit dark as when
It first beneath them bow'd.

But hail thee, Death ! thy bitterness
And fearful sting are past—
I feel but now the weariness
Of one whose lot was cast,
With curbless heart and reckless mind
To toil for what he scorns,
Upon a land where few e'en find
The rose amid its thorns.

Yet life has been to me the clue
Of an enchanted grove,
Where over paths of varied hue,
We track the bower of love.
I've seen upon this troublous earth
At times a heavenly gleam,
That warn'd the spirit of its birth,
As in a glorious dream.

I've felt, oh yes ! they knew not how
Who trod this earth with me—
How deep hath been the kindling glow,
The bosom's inward glee,
When thought hath borne itself along,
A pilgrim of delight,
And found, like its own realm of song,
A realm for ever bright.

My lot hath been a lonely one—
The loneliness of mind,
That makes us while the heart is young
Half scorers of our kind;
The panting of the soul that yearns
For love it hath not known,
The stoic pride of soul that spurns
At love not like its own;

These have, at times, it may be, shed
A gloom upon my path,
Hope—baffled hope—and passion fed,
The spirit—and its wrath—
But what my earlier wrongs have been,
It boots not now to think,
There was too clear a light within,
For holier hope to sink.

'Twas well—I have not felt in vain—
Life's weariness and woe,
The thoughts that wring the heart with pain,
None but itself can know,
Have better taught my soul to dare,
Its own high path of bliss,
Unmov'd—unbow'd—unchang'd—to bear,
Far darker pangs than this.

Oh Death ! thou com'st to me as when
Thy step was o'er the tide,
And thou unveild'st thy form to men,
Where He, th' Athenian, died ;
Or, gentler, when with vigils sweet,
Upon the midnight air,
Thou com'st where chasten'd souls repeat
Their last and cheeriest prayer.

I see the land where Hope hath made
Her everlasting rest,
And peace, that was long wont to fade,
Leaves not my soothed breast ;
The strains that o'er my slumbers hung,
The forms my pathway crost,
The lov'd in thought—each perish'd one,
The sear'd heart loved, and lost—

They are around me, bright'ning still,
From their ethereal clime,
Not clouded, as before, with ill,
With mortal woe or crime—
And far away with them I track,
Thy deep, unfathom'd sea—
Hail to the hour that calls us back !
Pale Vision, hail to thee !

H. S.



THE PILGRIM.

THE PILGRIM.

AND Palmer, grey Palmer, by Galilee's wave,
 Oh! saw you Count Albert, the gentle and brave,
 When the crescent waxed faint, and the red cross
 rushed on,
 Oh! saw you him foremost on Mount Lebanon.

* * * * * *

The ladye sat in her lonely tower,—
 She woke not her lute, she touched not a flower;
 Though the lute wooed her hand with its silver string,
 And the roses were rich with the wealth of spring:
 But she thought not of them, for her heart was afar,
 It was with her knight in the Holy war.

She look'd in the west;—it was not to see
 The crimson and gold of the sky and sea,
 Lighted alike by the setting sun,
 As rather that day than night were begun;

But it was that a star was rising there,
Like a diamond set in the purple air,
The natal star of her own true knight—
No marvel the maiden watched its light :
At their parting hour they bade it be
Their watch and sign of fidelity.

Amid the rich and purple crowd
That throng the west, is a single cloud,
Differing from all around, it sails,
The cradle of far other gales
Than the soft and southern airs, which bring
But the dew and the flower-sigh on their wing ;
Like some dark spirit's shadowy car,
It floats on and hides that lovely star,
While the rest of the sky is bright and clear,
The sole dark thing in the hemisphere.

But the maiden had turned from sea and sky,
To gaze on the winding path, where her eye
A pilgrim's distant form had scann'd :
He is surely one of the sacred band
Who seek their heavenly heritage
By prayer and toil and pilgrimage !
She staid not to braid her raven hair,—
Loose it flow'd on the summer air ;



THE SCROLL.



She took no heed of her silvery veil,—
Her cheek might be kiss'd by the sun or the gale :
She saw but the scroll in the pilgrim's hand,
And the palm-branch that told of the Holy Land.

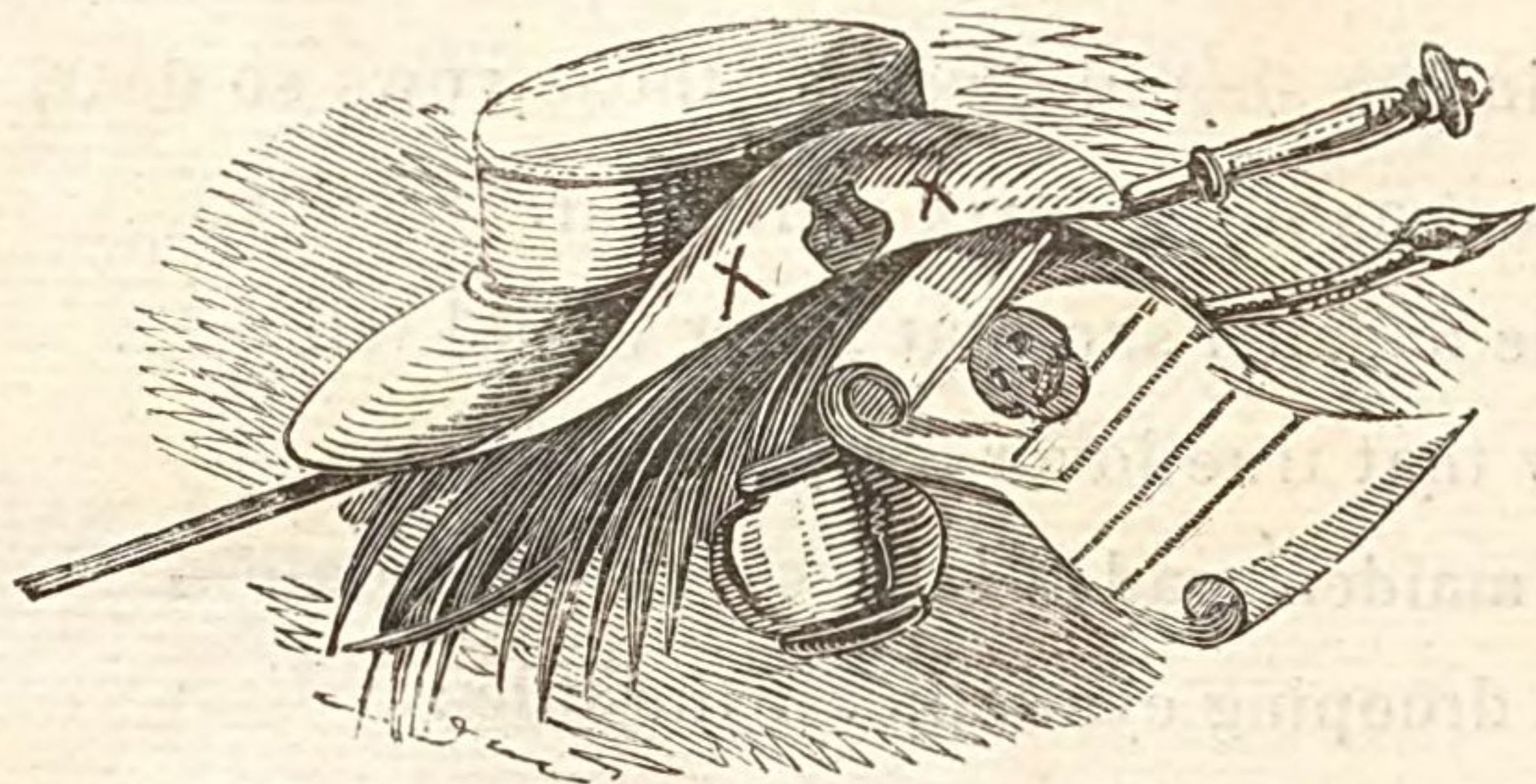
L. E. L.

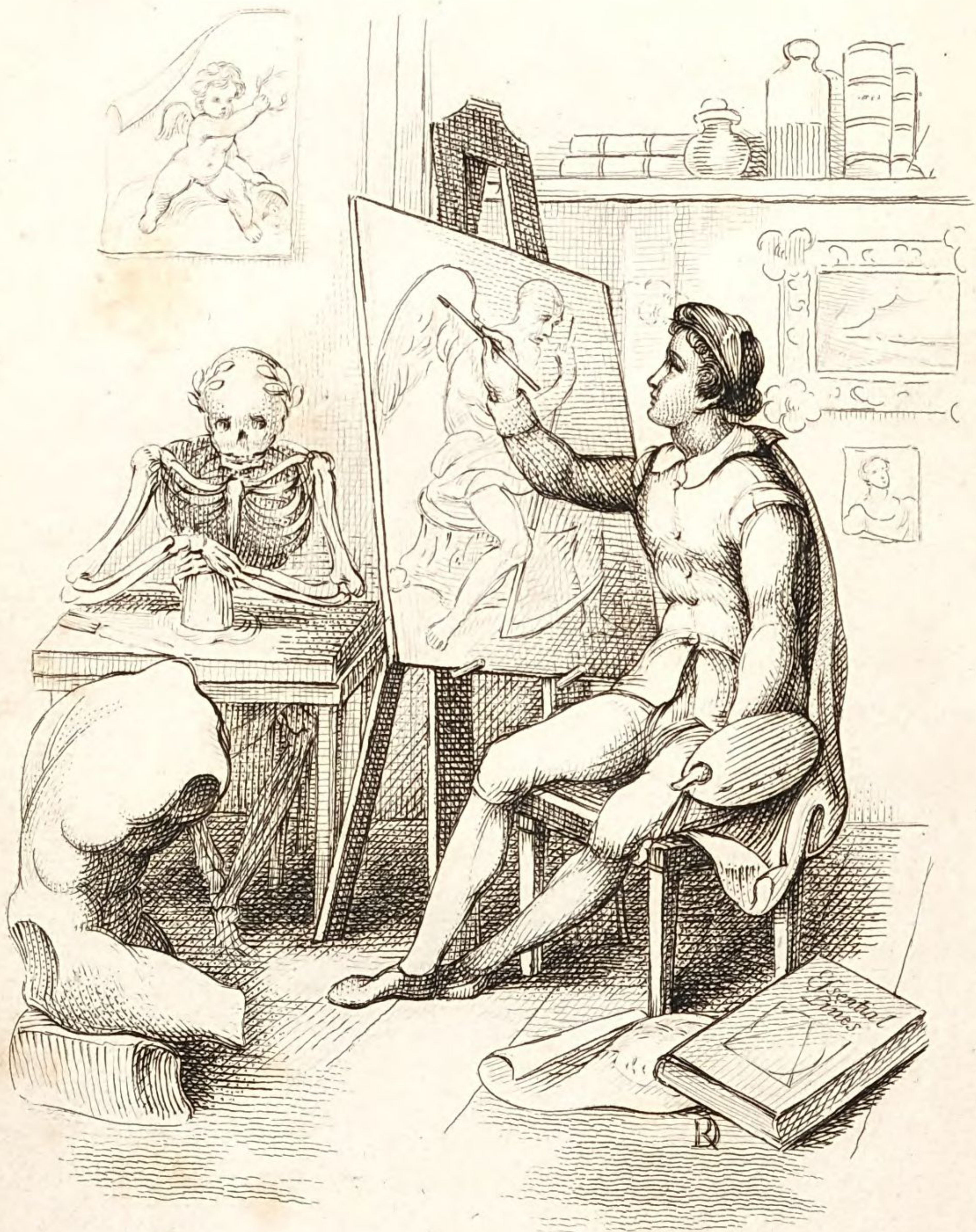
“ THE SCROLL.”

THE maiden's cheek blush'd ruby bright,
And her heart beat quick with its own delight;
Again she should dwell on those vows so dear,
Almost as if her lover were near.
Little deemed she that letter would tell
How that true lover fought and fell.
The maiden read till her cheek grew pale—
Yon drooping eye tells all the tale :
She sees her own knight's last fond prayer,
And she reads in that scroll her heart's despair.
Oh ! grave, how terrible art thou
To young hearts bound in one fond vow.
Oh ! human love, how vain is thy trust;
Hope ! how soon art thou laid in dust.

Thou fatal pilgrim, who art thou,
As thou fling'st the black veil from thy shadowy brow?
I know thee now, dark lord of the tomb,
By the pale maiden's withering bloom :
The light is gone from her glassy eye,
And her cheek is struck by mortality ;
From her parted lip there comes no breath,
For that scroll was fate—its bearer—Death.

L. E. L.





THE ARTIST.

THE ARTIST

AND what is genius? 'Tis a ray of Heaven
Illuming dim existence;
That flashes
Like summer lightning, which, in a moment's time,
Inwreath the midnight clouds with rose and flame;
It gilds Imagination's darkest scenes
With splendid spots, like those meteoric gems
That spread their splendour o'er the polar skies.
O, 'tis a strange, wild thing, through the storm,
Flung on the clouds, which reflect,
In burning brilliancy, the face of Heaven;
It is the morning light, outpouring all
Its flood of splendour on the bloomy towers
Of God's own Paradise!

Though hapless oft
His fate, how bless'd the ARTIST who beholds,
With mind inspir'd and genius brighten'd eye,
Those beauties which eternally shine forth,



THE ARTIST.

AND what is genius?—'Tis a ray of Heaven,
 Illuming dim mortality ; a gleam
 That flashes on our gloominess by fits,
 Like summer lightnings, which, in radiant lines,
 Inwreath the midnight clouds with tints divine ;
 It gilds Imagination's darkest scenes
 With splendid glory, like those meteor gems
 That spread their richness o'er the polar skies.
 O, 'tis a straggling sunbeam, through the storm,
 Flung on the cluster'd diamond, which reflects,
 In burning brilliancy, the borrow'd blaze :
 It is the morning light, outpouring all
 Its flood of splendour on the bloomy bowers
 Of God's own Paradise !

Though hapless oft
 His fate, how bless'd the ARTIST who beholds,
 With mind inspir'd and genius-brighten'd eye,
 Those beauties which eternally shine forth,

Nature, in all thy works ! To him, high wrapp'd
In passion'd fancies, feelings so allied
To something heavenly, that to all on earth
They give their own rich tinting. What delight
The morning landscape yields ; when the young sun
Flings o'er the mountain his first bickering ray,
And tips with wavering gold the embattled tower ;
When the first rosy gleam the waters catch,
Like smiling babe just waking from soft sleep
On its fond mother's bosom ; while the woods,
That ring with bird-notes sweet, are dimly wrapp'd
In mistiness and shade. What joy is his,
Amid the forest depths to wander on,
O'er flower-empurpled path, and list the tones
Of the deep waterfall, at silent noon,
Drowning the woodlark's song ; and, then, to view
Its angry flood, headlong from rock to rock,
Leaping in thund'rous rush, with silvery arch,—
Melodiously sublime ! while o'er its mists,
That to the sun a mimic rainbow spread,
The guardian oaks bend lovingly their arms,
And drink the pearly moisture : in their shade
The lily blossoms on its mossy bank,
And through their boughs wildly the summer
breeze,
An ever-wandering harper, sings unheard.

And, oh ! how sweet to him the sunset hour,
When, high amid the evening's glowing pomps
That light the west, the mountain lifts its head,—
A rich empurpled pillow for the God
Of Day to rest on, as he, like a king
In coronation splendour, gaily bids
His worshippers farewell, ere he retires
With Ocean's potentates, his rosy wine
To quaff amid their gem-wrought banquet bowers ;
Then on the painter's ear the hymn of love
Falls in full harmony ;—the lake outspreads,
With all a brother artist's beauteous skill,
Another landscape to his ravish'd eye,
Gorgeous with radiant colouring ; deep the groves
Are cast into the shade, where flocks and herds
Are wandering homeward to the tinkling sound
Of their own tuneful bells, and pastoral reed
And song of milkmaid fill up every pause
In Nature's vesper anthem, while the spire
And sun-gilt tower glow with the day's last beam.

To him what grand sublimity appears
In the vast ocean, with its cloud-wreathed cliffs,
Rocks, shores, and isles, and vessels wind-caress'd,
Sheeted in glittering sunshine, or enwrapp'd
In all the tempest's dark magnificence !

And, oh ! to him, how sweet, when copying all
The coy bewitching charms of moonlight eve !
Then the rich woods voluptuously their gold
Fling loose t' th' wanton winds, whose amorous song
Is heard amid their inmost bowers, where rests
The love-talking nightingale, discoursing sweet
To her patroness, the radiant queen of Heaven.
Then, bathed in dew, the full-blown roses fling
Their odours all abroad, and jasmine flowers
And rich carnation buds their honey-cups
With nectar fill, and to the night-breeze yield,
Like virgin bride, their richest treasur'd sweets ;
While flow the streams in silver, and the towers
Of time-worn castles, and dismantled aisles
Of pillar'd abbeys, break the shadowy mass,
With beamy outline, of the deep obscure.

'Tis not the soft and beautiful alone
The youthful painter loves to imitate :
The strife of arms is his—the battle-field,
Where rings the stormy trumpet, is the scene
Where oft he pants to win immortal fame ;
Great as the hero who, with spear-riven arms,
Mows down with his red brand whole ranks of foes ;
While chariot-wheels and war-steed's iron hoof
Trample the dead and dying in the dust.

Deeds, too, of holy history often fill
His waking dreams, till his wide canvass glows
With characters divine—with wond'rous acts,
Miraculous, of Him who lived and died
To save a guilty world.

But, oh ! what toils,
What studies, night and day,—what hopes, what
prayers,
What aspirations, what ecstatic thoughts,
And wild imaginings of fancy bright,
Are his, as up the weary steep he climbs
To win renown,—to win that glory which
Must only shine upon his early grave !
Oh ! he had hop'd to gain renown as great
As that which to Italia's sons belong ;
To blend his name with Raffaele, Angelo,
Parmeggiano, Titian, and Vandyke ;
Hop'd that the radiant tints would all be his
Of Rubens,—his that painter's grand effects,
Combin'd with every excellence that graced
Albano's sweetness and Correggio's taste.
Alas ! ill-fated artist, thy proud hopes
Were, like the bard's, to disappointment doomed !
Thy expectations all cut off—thyself
Left in thy prime to wither, like the bud,—

The flower-bud rich of promise, by the frost
Cut off untimely! With thy beauteous tints
Thy tears were mingled oft; the dart of Death
At length, in pity, smote thy burden'd heart,
And gave thee freedom: dying, thou didst think,—
Painfully think, of what thou mightst have been,
Had fortune on thy opening merit smil'd,—
Then slept to wake in bliss!

And now mankind,
In generous mockery, pay that tribute due
To thy transcendant talents, and the grave
That hides thy cold remains with laurels deck!

J. F. P.

DEATH AND THE ARTIST.

“THE pale-faced artist plies his sickly trade,” saith the poet. And what then? The daring genius will not be appalled in his pursuit of glory; the enthusiastic painter would yet spread the pigments on his palette, though the King of Terrors were at his elbow, playing the part of levigator. A fig for life, to gain a deathless fame!

Death, the everlasting bugbear to wights of common mould, hath no terror to the philosopher, whether he be poet, painter, sculptor, or other, bent on those scientific pursuits that lead to immortality. Let sordid souls tremble at his name—these mental heroes start not for worthless gold, but run the race for glory.

The poet takes his flight above the region of terrestrial things; and, though allied to earth, before the time allotted to baser souls, ere he quits his

mortal tenement, he leaves, in imagination, earth behind, and revels midst a world of spirits ; and, but for the loud rapping of the dun, would not awaken from his reverie, till Death, reminding him of life, translates him to eternity.

So the sculptor chips the rude block, and labours on, inspired, heedless of sublunary things, until the cold marble breathes beneath his animating hand ; and then that hand which gave it life is cold itself as marble. Glorious end ! for, ere the enthusiast's tongue is mute, or eye is dim, he smiles on Death, and, dying, cries—Behold, I live for ever in that wondrous statue !

So with the happy hero in this piece : wrapped in his art, he heeds not him who is so close at hand, regardless of that hole that is about to ope beneath his feet, deep as eternity. He labours on serene, and, having given the last finishing to Time, yields to him who is Time's vassal, and calmly receives that dart which finishes himself. Yet, as he sinks beneath the blow, he points him at his handy-work in exultation, and, with his last breath, taunts the despot on his impotency, touching that living fame which never dies !

He is most wise who fears the despot least ; for, grim sprite, all bones, as he was seen when Apelles hight his picture drew, or as this hero of the grave came forth of Phidias' chisel, some twenty centuries ago, or as we see the said dread spectre, Death, carved to the life, by Roubilliac, within the last hundred years—Immortal still—he is the same—and come he will, in his own time, when least expected : and, when he comes, it is well for those who stare him in the face, if face he has that flesh hath not, and greet him as your men of science have been wont to do, with—Well, ho ! thou art come at last ; then welcome, king !

Death !—What is he not ? Assuming far more shapes than ever did Italian posture-master,—yea, more forms than Proteus himself !—So swift of foot, that even Mercury, were he a mortal, for all his winged feet, could not outstrip the speed of this pursuer ; so sudden in his movements, too, that even Argus, with his hundred eyes, might yet be pounced upon, with all his vigilance !

The wily enemy waylays the alderman in the last spoonful of turtle ; he makes the gamester his own in a losing card ; seizes the agile tumbler in the midst of his somerset ; grasps the hand of the close-

fisted miser, as he opens the iron chest to add another guinea to his hoard : he defrauds the gaoler of his fee, by arresting the midnight burglar at the mouth of a blunderbuss ; lays his never-erring hand alike upon the careless and the wary, and holds tight in his grasp the strong and the weak—the evil and the good—the wise man and the fool—the poor and the rich. Even gold cannot swerve this agent of the grave from his duty ; for, though the chief of universal corruption, he is impartial in his office, and himself incorruptible.

Vain, indeed, were the attempt to elude this monarch of the grave ; for who shall ken his hiding-place ? The soldier is sent to seek him in that field where murderous bullets fly in showers, as thick as hail, but meets him not in war : yet, when least expected, finds him lurking between the sheets, in a damp bed, beneath the roof of peace.

The sea-tossed mariner, with glaring eyes and hair erect,—with mournful oaths in lieu of prayers, looks for the spectre in each rolling wave, though thence he cometh not. Now safe on shore, all danger past, as it should seem, he tempts him with the cheerful bowl, and trips him up as he, with other jovial wights, is reeling home,—and there's an end of him.

Hogarth, who drew from the living that mortal drama which immortalized his genius and his name, having accomplished his great and multifarious works, took up his palette and his other painting tools to make that last study,—FINIS, which, with his usual fitness, being about to bid adieu to Life, he dedicates to Death. Where will you name the hero who met the mortal enemy like he?

A few months before this genius was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its greatest ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work in question; the first idea of which is said to have been elicited in the midst of his friends, whilst the convivial glass was circulating round his own social board. “My next subject,” said the moral painter, “shall be the END OF ALL THINGS.”

“If that be your determination,” said one, “your business will be finished; for then will be the end of the painter’s self.”

“Even so,” returned the artist; “therefore, the sooner my work is done, so much the better.” Accordingly, he began the next day, continuing his design with all diligence, seemingly with an appre-

hension that he should not live to complete the composition. This, however, he did, and in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the *end of all things*: a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt-end of an old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the *sign-post* of a tavern, called *The World's End*, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chain which held it dropping down—Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play-book opened, with *exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature. “So far, so good,” exclaimed Hogarth; “nothing remains but this,”—taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a *painter's palette broken*,—“FINIS,” exclaimed the painter; “*the deed is done—all is over.*” It is remarkable, that he died within a month after the completion of this tail-piece. It is also well known, that he never again took the pencil in hand.

EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE.

THE PURSUITS OF ART.

THE pursuits of art, like those of literature, have their flowers, their fruits, and, it may be added, their thorns. Like the spring, they are full of hope and blossom: but, like the spring, they are subject to blights and nipping frosts; so that the summer fruits fall short of the fair maturity which might have been expected from the culture and toil bestowed upon the plant of promise. And even when the fruits of art are cherished and ripened by the sun of encouragement or the hotbeds of patronage, there is a bitter mixed up with their sweets, or a thorn springing up with their growth.

But, to wave metaphor, nothing can be more delightful than the pursuit of art; for few things are more productive of pleasure and advantage than the cultivation of that knowledge which is essential to the practice of it. The pleasure and advantage are so obvious, that to point them out (at least to the

intelligent) would almost be an insult to the understanding.

But there is a reverse to this picture.—The devotedness with which the votaries of art cling to their favourite study is liable to so many rude shocks, is attended with so many privations, often from the free air and common light of heaven, but more generally from neglect and the various contingencies attending the developement of talent,—that it is not wonderful the frame should be shaken, and the mind at length alienated or rendered incapable of enjoying pleasures that dawned upon the first efforts in art. Those who see nothing but the results of the painter's skill, who hear nothing but the praises (often exaggerated) that are bestowed upon his works, catch only at the information given by sight or hearsay, and imagine the path to be that of pleasure, or, at least, one of enviable contentment. Neglect, however, is sometimes overcome by perseverance, and opposition by toil and industry; but the sorest evils of all are the remarks of the ignorant and the sarcasms of the critic:—

Whate'er may be the painter's merit,—

Though Raphael's genius he inherit,

Though all the skill of all the tribe

To aid his pencil should subscribe,

He will not, in the critic's view,
 Be any thing while he is new.
 Alive! his works are all a blunder;
 But dead—all join in praise and wonder:
 His forms are melted into grace,
 And none a blemish now can trace;
 His colours, though with time they're fled,
 Leave fancied beauties in their stead;
 Death gives a sanction to his name,
 And hands him o'er to future fame!

* * * * *

Imagination, too, can preach
 Of something even out of reach,—
 Can prate of miracles in art
 That only in the fancy start.

* * * * *

The painter still must bear the lash,
 E'en though the terms be "vile!" or "trash!"
 And this, too, blurted in his face
 By some pretender of the race
 Of connoisseurs, who having found
 Through fortune some advantage-ground,
 Some smattering of virtu or taste,
 And, fearing it should run to waste,
 Deals out his blunders by the dozens—
 The wonder of his country cousins.

That these are some of the drawbacks on the profession will, I believe, be readily admitted by the great majority of its members:—

But yet there is in art the power
 To give to life its sweetest hour;

To show the charms on Nature's face,
To fix the forms of truth and grace.
And whether on Creation rude,
Or rock, or desert solitude,—
O'er ocean, cloud, or tranquil sky,
The painter throws a heedful eye ;
And not a shrub, a flower, a tree,
But holds some latent mystery,
To which the artist's skill alone
Can give substantial form and tone.

Yes ! and while the elasticity of his mind remains, he can draw pleasure from stores ever at hand. His imagination can range the wilds of his own creation, and see no bounds to the power of his art. Seduced by the delusive nature of his employment, Time glides imperceptibly away, while he paints him at rest ; and the insidious foe to life marks, in the ardour of his pursuit and the intenseness of his application, the seeds of destruction, and, in the flame that lights up his genius, the consumer of his days.

R. D.



THE CRICKETER.

THE GAME OF LIFE :

Or, Death among the Living.

When men are in a sorrowful mood,
And gravely talk about the things of life,
Of which poor souls are full of grief,
 'Tis soon to say,
 That, ere they are dead,
They shake their heads, and make this sage reflection:
That life is transitory, fleeting, vain—
 A very bubble!
With pleasures few and brief—but as for pain,
 And care, and trouble,
There's more than *quantum suff.*—
 Nay, quite enough
 To make the stoutest heart afraid,
And cloud the merriest visage with dejection.
And then, what dismal stories are invented
About this "vale of woe"—
Zounds! 'twere enough to make one discouraged,
Whether one *would*, or *no*!



THE GAME OF LIFE ;
 Or, Death among the Cricketers.

WHEN men are in a moralizing strain,
 And gravely talk about the brittle stuff
 Of which *poor human life* is made,
 'Tis ten to one,
 That, ere they've done,
 They shake their heads, and make this *sage* reflection:
 That Life is transitory, fleeting, vain—
 A very bubble !
 With pleasures few and brief—but as for pain,
 And care, and trouble,
 There's more than *quantum suff.*—
 Nay, quite enough
 To make the stoutest heart afraid,
 And cloud the merriest visage with dejection !

And then, what dismal stories are invented
 About this “vale of woe”—
 Zounds ! 'twere enough to make one discontented,
 Whether one *would*, or *no* !

Now LIFE, to *me*, has always seem'd a GAME—
Not a mere game of *chance*, but one where skill
Will often throw the chances in our way—
Just like (my favourite sport) the Game of Cricket;
Where, tho' the match be well contested, still
A steady Player, careful of his fame,
May have a *good long Innings*, with fair play,
Whoever bowls, or stops, or keeps the wicket.

Softly, my friend! (methinks I hear DEATH cry)
Whoever bowls! you say;—sure you forget
That in LIFE's feverish fitful game
I am the Bowler, and friend TIME keeps wicket:—
Well! be it so, old boy,—is my reply;
I *know* you do—but, Master Drybones, yet
My argument remains the same,
And I can prove *Life's like the Game of Cricket!*

Sometimes a Batsman's lull'd by Bowler DEATH,
Who throws him off his guard with *easy balls*;
Till presently a *rattler* stops his breath—
He's *out!* Life's candle's snuff'd—his wicket falls!

In goes another *mate*: DEATH bowls away—
And with such art each practis'd method tries,
That now the ball winds tortively along,
Now slowly rolls, and now like lightning flies,

(Sad proof that DEATH's as subtle as he's strong!)

But *this* rare Batsman keeps a watchful eye

On every motion of the Bowler's hand,
And stops, or hits, as suits the varying play;—

Though DEATH the ball may *ground*, or toss it high,

The steady Striker keeps his self-command,
And *blocks* with care, or makes it swiftly fly:—

Still bent on victory, Old Drybones plies
With patient skill—but every effort fails,
Till TIME—that *precious* Enemy—prevails.

O envious TIME! to spoil so good a game!
Fear'dst thou that Death at last had met his match,
And *ne'er* could bowl him out, or get a *catch*?
Yea, verily, Old TIME, thou *seem'dst* to doubt

The Bowler's skill—and so, to save *his* fame,
Didst watch the *popping-crease* with anxious eye,
Until the wish'd-for opportunity
Arriv'd, when thou couldst *stump* the Batsman out!

O, what a Player! how active, cheerful, gay!
His “Game of Life” how like a summer's day!
But yet, in vain 'gainst DEATH and TIME he tries
To stand his ground—they bear away the prize—
And, foil'd at last, he yields his bat, and—*dies*!

Some are bowl'd out before they've got a *notch*,

But mates like these can *helpmates* scarce be
reckon'd;

Some knock their wickets down—while others botch
And boggle so, that when they get a *run*,
It makes TIME laugh ;—DEATH, too, enjoys the fun,
Shakes his spare ribs to see what they have done,—
Then out he bowls the bunglers in a second !

And yet, although old Messieurs DEATH and TIME
Are sure to come off winners *in the end*,
There's something in this "Game of Life" that's
pleasant ;
For though "to die!" in verse may sound sublime—
(*Blank* verse I mean, of course—not doggrel rhyme),
Such is the love I bear for Life and Cricket,
Either at single or at double wicket,
I'd rather play a good long game, and spend
My time agreeably with some kind friend,
Than throw my bat and ball up—*just at present !*

S. M.

VERSES IN PRAISE OF CRICKET.*

BY THE REV. M. COTTON.

ASSIST all ye Muses, and join to rehearse
 An old English sport, never prais'd yet in verse;
 'Tis Cricket I sing of, illustrious in fame,—
 No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.

* Our thanks are due to Mr. T. W. BOWER, Mathematical Master in the School of Winchester College, for the MS. copy of this Song, written more than half a century since, by the Rev. M. COTTON, who at that time was the Master of Hyde Abbey School, in that city. Instead of offering any excuse for giving it a place in "Death's Doings," we think we may fairly urge the following as reasons why it ought not to be withheld:—first, that it is eloquent in the praise of the game of Cricket; secondly, that it not only commemorates the successful prowess of the far-famed Hambledon Club, which at one time was the pride of Hampshire and the envy of "all England," but affords us an opportunity of introducing a biographical sketch of the last survivor of the original members of that club; and, thirdly, that its Author was the Conductor of a School which has had the honour of enrolling in its list of pupils many talented youths who, in after-life, have filled the most distinguished stations—of which we may (without appearing invidious to others) adduce a brilliant example in the person of the present enlightened Secretary of State, the Right Hon. George Canning.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Great Pindar has bragg'd of his heroes of old—
Some were swift in the race, some in battle were bold;
The brows of the victors with olive were crown'd;
Hark! they shout, and Olympia returns the glad
sound!

What boasting of Castor, and Pollux,—his brother!
The one fam'd for riding,—for bruising the other!
Compar'd with our heroes they'll not shine at all;
What were Castor and Pollux to Nyren and Small? *

* The whole of the Hambledon Club have now been bowled down by DEATH; Mr. John Small, Sen. of Petersfield, Hants, who was the *last* survivor of the original members, having terminated his mortal career on the 31st of December, 1826, aged nearly NINETY!

The *great* have their historians, and why should not the *small*?—nay, since every one in the present day exercises his right of publishing his “reminiscences,” if he can but find a bookseller who is bold enough to venture on the speculation, we trust we shall stand excused for preserving a few stray notices of this venerable Cricketer, whose exploits were once the theme of universal praise, and whose life was as amiable as his station was humble.

John Small, sen. the celebrated Cricketer, was born at Empshott, on the 19th of April, 1737, and went to Petersfield when about six years of age, where he afterwards followed the trade of a shoemaker for several years; but being remarkably fond of Cricket, and excelling most of his contemporaries in that manly amusement, he relinquished his former trade, and practised the making of bats and balls, in the art of which he became equally proficient as in the use of them; and, accordingly, we find that these articles of his manufacture were, in the course of a short time, in request wherever the game of Cricket was known.

Mr. Small was considered the surest batsman of his day, and as a

VERSES IN PRAISE OF CRICKET.

Here's guarding, and catching, and running, and
crossing,
And batting, and bowling, and throwing, and tossing;
Each mate must excel in some principal part,—
The Pantathlon of Greece never show'd so much art.

The parties are met, and array'd all in white;
Fam'd Elis ne'er boasted so pleasing a sight;
Each nymph looks askew at her favourite swain,
And views him, half stript, both with pleasure and
pain.

fieldsman he was decidedly without an equal. On one occasion, in a match made either by the Duke of Dorset, or Sir Horace Mann (for we cannot exactly call to mind which), England against the Hambledon Club, Mr. Small was *in* three whole days, though opposed to some of the best players in the kingdom; nor did he at last lose his wicket, his ten mates having all had their wickets put down! At another time, in a five-of-a-side match, played in the Artillery-ground, he got seventy-five runs at his first innings, and went in, the last mate, for seven runs, which, it is hardly necessary to say, were soon scored. On this occasion the Duke of Dorset, being desirous of complimenting him for his skill, and knowing that Small was as passionately fond of music as he was of Cricket, made him a present of a fine violin, which he played upon many years, and which is now made use of by his grandson. We shall not, however, enter into a detail of the numerous proofs he gave of his skill as a Cricketer, nor of the flattering testimonies of approbation he at various times received from the patrons of the game; suffice it to state, that the first *county* match he played in was in the year 1755, and that he continued playing in all the grand matches till after he was SEVENTY!

Mr. Small was also an excellent sportsman and capital shot. He

DEATH'S DOINGS.

The wickets are pitch'd now and measur'd the ground,
Then they form a large ring and stand gazing around;
Since Ajax fought Hector in sight of all Troy,
No contest was seen with such fear and such joy.

Ye bowlers, take heed—to my precepts attend;
On you the whole fate of the game must depend;
Spare your vigour at first, nor exert all your strength,
Then measure each step, and be sure pitch a length.

held the deputation of the Manor of Greatham and Foley for many years, as gamekeeper, under Madam Beckford, and retained it under her son and successor, till the property was parted with, which did not happen till Small was nearly seventy years of age; yet such was his strength and activity at that time of life, that, before he began his day's amusement, he regularly took his tour of seven miles, frequently doing execution with his gun which, to relate, would appear almost incredible.

We ought also to mention that, among other active exercises for which Mr. Small was famed, was that of skating. Those who have witnessed his evolutions on Petersfield Heath Pond (a fine sheet of water, a mile in circumference), have no hesitation in pronouncing him equal to any who have figured away on the Serpentine, how-much soever they may have “astonished the natives.”

But we turn from Mr. Small's athletic amusements, to notice his taste for music; and though we cannot say that his excellence as a musician was equal to his excellence as a Cricketer, still among his compeers he was pre-eminent; and we have no doubt that to the soothing power of music he was not a little indebted for the equanimity of temper he possessed, and the tranquil delight he felt in the company of his friends;—for those who knew him can conscientiously declare that no man was more remarkable for playful wit, cheerful conversation, or inoffensive manners.

So early did he display his taste for music, that at fourteen years of

VERSES IN PRAISE OF CRICKET.

Ye fieldsmen, look sharp ! lest your pains ye beguile
Move close, like an army, in rank and in file ;
When the ball is returned, back it sure—for, I trow,
Whole states have been ruin'd by one overthrow.

And when the game's o'er, I O victory rings !
Echo doubles her chorus and Fame spreads her wings ;
Let's now hail our champions, all steady and true,
Such as Homer ne'er sung of, nor Pindar e'er knew.

age he played the bass in Petersfield Choir; of which choir he continued a member about *seventy-five years*, having performed on the tenor violin there within the last twelve months, and that, too, without the aid of spectacles!—After what has been said, it will not be a matter of surprise to hear that Mr. Small was highly respected by all the gentlemen who patronized Cricket; and, as they knew nothing could gratify him more, they frequently joined in a concert with his musical friends after Cricket was over for the day.

His two surviving sons, John and Eli, not only inherit his love for the game, but the first-mentioned particularly excels in it, and both are equally celebrated for their musical attainments; indeed, during their father's life this musical trio ranked high among the performers at all the amateur concerts in the neighbourhood.

O that our readers would but tolerate our “fond garrulity,” for much could we yet inform them concerning John Small! We should delight in telling them that he was not merely a *player* on the violoncello and violin, but that he was both a *maker* and a *mender* of them!—with pleasure should we descant on his mechanical, as well as his musical skill, and show that his proficiency in each was the result of his own untutored ingenuity, proving that he had a natural genius for fiddle-making, as well as for bat and ball making—we should bring proof that he once made a violoncello, aye, and a right good one too, which he sold for two guineas—nay, we should further prove, that the old instru-

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Birch,* Curry,* and Hogsflesh,* and Barber,* and
Brett,*

Whose swiftness in bowling was ne'er equall'd yet:
I had almost forgot—they deserve a large bumper,
Little George* the long-stop, and Tom Suetor* the
stumper.

Then why should we fear either Sackville† or Mann,†
Or repine at the loss of Boynton or Lann?

With such troops as these we'll be lords of the game,
Spite of Miller,† and Minchin,† and Lumpy,† and
Frame.†

ment which his son, the present John Small, plays on at church every Sunday (made by Andria Weber, Genoa, 1713) was thoroughly repaired by him, and an entire new belly put thereto, and that since it has been so repaired, an eminent professor has pronounced it to be worth as many guineas as would reach from one end of it to the other—we should but we have not forgotten the old proverb which says “too much of a good thing is good for nothing;” and we desist, fearing that too much *may* be said even of our old friend, John Small. But, notwithstanding our deference to the proverb, and our wish to be as taciturn as possible, there is *one* more musical anecdote which we must be allowed to narrate, inasmuch as it not only shows that our praises of his skill are by no means exaggerated, but because it cannot fail to be regarded as a corroboration of a most important fact—the influence of music upon the brute creation—or, to speak in the language of the poet, an additional proof that

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage *beast*!”

In his younger days Mr. Small was in the habit of attending balls

* Part of the Hambledon Club.

† “All-England Men.”

VERSES IN PRAISE OF CRICKET.

Then fill up your glasses ! he's best that drinks most ;
Here's the Hambledon Club ! Who refuses the toast ?
Let us join in the praise of the bat and the wicket,
And sing in full chorus the patrons of Cricket.

When we've play'd our *last game*, and our fate shall
draw nigh,
(For the heroes of Cricket, like others, must die,)
Our bats we'll resign, neither troubled nor vexed,
And give up our wickets to those that come next.

and concerts ; sometimes contributing to the delight of the gay votaries of Terpsichore—at others, forming one of the instrumental band which met for the gratification of himself and his amateur friends. Returning one evening, with a musical companion, from a concert in the neighbourhood, they were rather suddenly saluted, when in the middle of a large field, by a *bull*, who in no very gentle mood gave them reason to believe that, to insure their safety, they must either hit upon some expedient to allay his rage, or make a hasty retreat. Mr. Small's companion adopted the latter plan ; but our hero, like a true believer in the miraculous power of Orpheus, and confiding in his own ability to produce such tones as should charm the infuriate animal into lamb-like docility, boldly faced him, and began to play a lively tune. Scarce had the catgut vibrated, when the bull suddenly stopped, and listened with evident signs of pleasure and attention. The skilful master of the bow felt a secret satisfaction on discovering so unquestionable a proof of the influence of sweet sounds ; and, continuing to play, while he gradually retreated towards the gate, quietly followed by the bull, he there gave his quadruped auditor an example of his agility by leaping over it, and unceremoniously left him to bewail the loss of so agreeable a concert.

Having thus given such *memorabilia* in the life of Mr. John Small as

DEATH'S DOINGS.

we conceive ought to be handed down to posterity, and (with humility be it spoken!) hoping to obtain some distinction for ourselves in this necrological, autobiographical, and reminiscent age, we shall close our remarks by observing, that so great a degree of health and vigour did Mr. Small uninterruptedly enjoy, that even during the last three or four years he took the most active exercise as a sportsman, and frequently followed the hounds *on foot*!

Thus it will be seen that, by an attention to temperance and exercise, and by encouraging cheerfulness and equanimity of temper, a man may still attain the age of a patriarch, enjoying, to the last, health of body, peace of mind, and the rational amusements of life.

Were we to write his epitaph, it should be an unlaboured composition of quaint simplicity—just such a one as the parish-clerk himself would indite. Something, for example, after the following fashion :—

Here lies, bowl'd out by DEATH's unerring ball,
A CRICKETER renown'd, by name JOHN SMALL;
But though his name was *Small*, yet *great* his fame,
For nobly did he play the "noble game."
His *Life* was like his *Innings*—long and good;
Full ninety summers he had DEATH withstood;
At length the ninetieth winter came—when (Fate
Not leaving him one solitary *mate*,)
This last of *Hambledonians*, old JOHN SMALL,
Gave up his bat and ball—his leather, wax, and *all*.

S. M.

DEATH AND THE CRICKETER.

“ Hold, cricketer! your game has now been long,
 Your stops and battings, numerous and strong;
 But see! Time takes the wicket, I the bowl—
 'Tis vain to block—your innings are all full.”

THIS allegorical representation of Time and Death engaged at cricket, though of general application, has a more especial reference to an individual, whose skill at an advanced age gave rise to the design, which was suggested by a friend and companion. The following sketch of his character is given by one who knew him long and well.

Poor T—— B——! little did I image to myself in your boyish days of fifty, that I should have witnessed the wreck of so much buoyant mirth and spirits—that I should have seen a kindness of heart bordering on childish weakness, sinking beneath the pressure (not of misfortune, or the common calamities of life, but) of an ill-placed confidence,

and the “sharp-toothed unkindness of a trusted friend.”—But a truce to this—Death has not indeed quite bowled thee out; but Time has taken thy wicket—and thou art now only a looker-on.

T—— B——, like many other men, had his hobby,—it was cricket; but then he had his hacks for ordinary occasions. There was his pugilistic hack,—his game of draughts,—his game, too, of marbles — yes — insignificant as these playthings may seem in the eyes of the sober, the learned, and the scientific, it would have amazed them to see the steadiness of his hand—the correctness of his eye—the certainty of his *shot*. Not the most skilful billiard-player could pocket his ball under the most adverse circumstances, better than could B—— take his adversary's taw in the most difficult situation. It was like magic. The brain of a philosopher might have been set to work by it in considering the wonderful connexion between the eye and the hand, or an engineer might have taken a hint from it for directing his operations in the art of gunnery.

With what pride would our veteran of the bat relate the notches that he made, and the bets that

were laid on his skill,—aye, and the odds that were always taken in his favour, both at cricket and at taw !

If you are not proud, reader, you may in imagination accompany me to the sign of ———, at Walworth, or to the ———, at Battersea, or any other sign in that neighbourhood that signifies the presence of pipes, ale, and tobacco ; where you will see a smooth piece of ground, on which is marked a ring, filled with marbles. But this is not the grand match, it is only the rehearsal ; yet are the players no less in earnest ; nor are the spectators less intent on the play, or less sapient in remarking on the various hits and misses that take place ; while every one is evidently satisfied in his own mind that he can tell how this or that player might have made better shots.

But there is a silent observer, who appears to take no particular interest in the sport, but who at the end of the rehearsal approaches our hero, with this question,—“ Are you not, sir, to play a match at ——— ? ”—“ Yes,” was the reply.—“ Then I’ll not play ; I’ll pay the forfeit.”

This was one of the many triumphs poor B—— obtained, in marbles and at cricket; in draughts, too, equal success awaited his skill; and it was his *own* powers that gained him his victories. It was not his horse, or his dog, that gave him credit, as by proxy. Is the man at Doncaster, York, or Newmarket, an inch the taller, or a whit the better, that the strength or speed of his mare or gelding wins the race? Even his brethren of the turf think him not a skilful, but a lucky dog. B——'s good fortune was of a different kind—it was the work of his own creation.

It may so happen that the possessor and the thing possessed may have mutual relations, and reflect credit the one on the other. The possessor of an English house and grounds may be a man of taste; the collector of pictures, a man of judgment; that of antiquities, a man of virtu; and so on; but to suppose that any or all of these should obtain credit from the *mere* possession, would be idle in the extreme: we might just as well attribute to the vase the sweetness of the flowers it contains, or praise the pedestal that sustains the statue, or panegyrize the frame that holds the picture.

But it is the game of cricket* that should occupy the principal place in these remarks ; and though it

* “ I doubt if there be any scene in the world more animating or delightful than a cricket-match,” says Miss Mitford, in the first volume of “ OUR VILLAGE,” where she describes—“ not a set match at Lord’s Ground for money,” but—“ a real solid old-fashioned match between neighbouring parishes, where each attacks the other for honour and a supper, glory and half-a-crown a man.” Indeed, so full of genuine character—so expressive of rustic feelings—and, altogether, so admirably well related, is her history of a country cricket-match, that we are irresistibly led to quote a very considerable portion of it. Miss M. writes, as will be seen, not only with all the ardour of a partisan, but like one who well understands the subject.

“ Thus ran our list:—William Grey, 1.—Samuel Long, 2.—James Brown, 3.—George and John Simmons, one capital, the other so, so,—an uncertain hitter, but a good fieldsman, 5.—Joel Brent, excellent, 6.—Ben Appleton—Here was a little pause—Ben’s abilities at cricket were not completely ascertained ; but then he was so good a fellow, so full of fun and wagery ! no doing without Ben. So he figured in the list, 7.—George Harris—a short halt there too ! Slowish—slow, but sure. I think the proverb brought him in, 8.—Tom Coper—oh, beyond the world, Tom Coper ! the red-headed gardening lad, whose left-handed strokes send *her* (a cricket-ball, like that other moving thing, a ship, is always of the feminine gender), send her spinning a mile, 9.—Robert Willis, another blacksmith, 10.

“ We had now ten of our eleven, but the choice of the last occasioned some demur. Three young Martins, rich farmers in the neighbourhood, successively presented themselves, and were all rejected by our independent and impartial general for want of merit—*cricketal* merit. ‘ Not good enough,’ was his pithy answer. Then our worthy neighbour, the half-pay lieutenant, offered his services—he, too, though with some hesitation and modesty, was refused—‘ Not quite young enough,’ was his sentence. John Strong, the exceedingly long son of our dwarfish mason, was the next candidate,—a nice youth—every body likes John Strong,—and a willing, but so tall and so limp,

is not apparently so connected with Danger and Death as war, or the hunting of wild animals, it is

bent in the middle—a thread-paper, six feet high ! We were all afraid that, in spite of his name, his strength would never hold out. ‘ Wait till next year, John,’ quoth William Grey, with all the dignified seniority of twenty speaking to eighteen. ‘ Coper’s a year younger,’ said John. ‘ Coper’s a foot shorter,’ replied William : so John retired ; and the eleventh man remained unchosen, almost till the eleventh hour. The eve of the match arrived, and the post was still vacant, when a little boy of fifteen, David Willis, brother to Robert, admitted by accident to the last practice, saw eight of them out, and was voted in by acclamation.

“ That Sunday evening’s practice (for Monday was the important day) was a period of great anxiety, and, to say the truth, of great pleasure. There is something strangely delightful in the innocent spirit of party. To be one of a numerous body, to be authorised to say *we*, to have a rightful interest in triumph or defeat, is gratifying at once to social feeling and to personal pride. There was not a ten-year old urchin, or a septuagenary woman in the parish, who did not feel an additional importance, a reflected consequence, in speaking of ‘ our side.’ An election interests in the same way ; but that feeling is less pure. Money is there, and hatred, and politics, and lies. Oh, to be a voter, or a voter’s wife, comes nothing near the genuine and hearty sympathy of belonging to a parish, breathing the same air, looking on the same trees, listening to the same nightingales ! Talk of a patriotic elector !—Give me a parochial patriot, a man who loves his parish ! Even we, the female partisans, may partake the common ardour. I am sure I did. I never, though tolerably eager and enthusiastic at all times, remember being in a more delicious state of excitation than on the eve of that battle. Our hopes waxed stronger and stronger. Those of our players, who were present, were excellent. William Grey got forty notches off his own bat ; and that brilliant hitter, Tom Coper, gained eight from two successive balls. As the evening advanced, too, we had encouragement of another sort. A spy, who had been despatched to reconnoitre the enemy’s quarters, returned from their

yet a service of danger, and has been fatal to many : and I remember it is related by Wraxall, that his

practising ground, with a most consolatory report. ‘ Really,’ said Charles Grover, our intelligencer—a fine old steady judge, one who had played well in his day—‘ they are no better than so many old women. Any five of ours would beat their eleven.’ This sent us to bed in high spirits.

“ Morning dawned less favourably. The sky promised a series of deluging showers, and kept its word, as English skies were wont to do on such occasions ; and a lamentable message arrived at the headquarters from our trusty comrade, Joel Brent. His master, a great farmer, had begun the hay-harvest that very morning, and Joel, being as eminent in one field as in another, could not be spared. Imagine Joel’s plight ! the most ardent of all our eleven ! a knight held back from the tourney ! a soldier from the battle ! The poor swain was inconsolable. At last, one who is always ready to do a good-natured action, great or little, set forth to back his petition ; and, by dint of appealing to the public spirit of our worthy neighbour, and the state of the barometer, talking alternately of the parish honour and thunder-showers, of lost matches and sopped hay, he carried his point, and returned triumphantly with the delighted Joel.

“ In the mean time we became sensible of another defalcation. On calling over our roll, Brown was missing ; and the spy of the preceding night, Charles Grover,—the universal scout and messenger of the village, a man who will run half a dozen miles for a pint of beer, who does errands for the very love of the trade, who, if he had been a lord, would have been an ambassador—was instantly despatched to summon the truant. His report spread general consternation. Brown had set off at four o’clock in the morning to play in a cricket-match at M., a little town twelve miles off, which had been his last residence. Here was desertion ! Here was treachery ! Here was treason against that goodly state, our parish ! To send James Brown to Coventry was the immediate resolution ; but even that seemed too light a punishment for such delinquency. Then how we cried him down ! At ten, on Sunday night (for the rascal had actually practised with us, and

present Majesty's grandfather got his death (though not immediately) by the blow of a cricket-ball;—to

never said a word of his intended disloyalty), he was our faithful mate, and the best player (take him for all in all) of the eleven. At ten in the morning he had run away, and we were well rid of him; he was no batter compared with William Grey or Tom Coper; not fit to wipe the shoes of Samuel Long, as a bowler; nothing of a scout to John Simmons; the boy David Willis was worth fifty of him—

‘I trust we have within our realm

Five hundred good as he,’

was the universal sentiment. So we took tall John Strong, who, with an incurable hankering after the honour of being admitted, had kept constantly with the players, to take the chance of some such accident—we took John for our *pis-aller*. I never saw any one prouder than the good-humoured lad was of this not very flattering piece of preferment.

“John Strong was elected, and Brown sent to Coventry; and, when I first heard of his delinquency, I thought the punishment only too mild for the crime. But I have since learned the secret history of the offence (if we could know the secret histories of all offences, how much better the world would seem than it does now!) and really my wrath is much abated. It was a piece of gallantry, of devotion to the sex, or rather a chivalrous obedience to one chosen fair. I must tell my readers the story. Mary Allen, the prettiest girl of M., had, it seems, revenged upon our blacksmith the numberless inconstancies of which he stood accused. He was in love over head and ears, but the nymph was cruel. She said no, and no, and no; and poor Brown, three times rejected, at last resolved to leave the place, partly in despair, and partly in that hope which often mingles strangely with a lover's despair, the hope that when he was gone he should be missed. He came home to his brother's accordingly; but for five weeks he heard nothing from or of the inexorable Mary, and was glad to beguile his own ‘vexing thoughts,’ by endeavouring to create in his mind an artificial and fac-

say nothing of the many fractures and contusions incident to this manly and skilful exercise.

titious interest in our cricket-match—all unimportant as such a trifle must have seemed to a man in love. Poor James, however, is a social and warm-hearted person, not likely to resist a contagious sympathy. As the time for the play advanced, the interest which he had at first affected became genuine and sincere: and he was really, when he had left the ground on Sunday night, almost as enthusiastically absorbed in the event of the next day as Joel Brent himself. He little foresaw the new and delightful interest which awaited him at home, where, on the moment of his arrival, his sister-in-law and confidante presented him with a billet from the lady of his heart. It had, with the usual delay of letters sent by private hands, in that rank of life, loitered on the road in a degree inconceivable to those who are accustomed to the punctual speed of the post, and had taken ten days for its twelve-miles' journey. Have my readers any wish to see this *billet-doux*? I can show them (but in strict confidence) a literal copy. It was addressed,

‘ For mistur jem browne
 ‘ blaxmith by
 ‘ S.’

“The inside ran thus:—‘ Mistur browne this is to Inform yew that oure parish playes bramley next monday is a week, i think we shall lose without yew. from your humbell servant to command

‘ MARY ALLEN.’

“Was there ever a prettier relenting? a summons more flattering, more delicate, more irresistible? The precious epistle was undated; but, having ascertained who brought it, and found, by cross-examining the messenger, that the Monday in question was the very next day, we were not surprised to find that *Mistur browne* forgot his engagement to us, forgot all but Mary and Mary's letter, and set off at four o'clock next morning to walk twelve miles, and play for her parish and in her sight. Really we must not send James Brown to Coventry—must we? Though if, as his sister-in-law tells our damsel Harriet he hopes to do, he should bring the fair Mary home as his bride, he will not greatly

Nothing is known of the origin or history of this game but that it is purely English; and it perhaps deserves as many encomiums as Roger Ascham

care how little we say to him. But he must not be sent to Coventry—True-love forbid!

“ At last we were all assembled, and marched down to H. common, the appointed ground, which, though in our dominions according to the map, was the constant practising place of our opponents, and *terra incognita* to us. We found our adversaries on the ground, as we expected, for our various delays had hindered us from taking the field so early as we wished; and, as soon as we had settled all preliminaries, the match began.

“ But, alas! I have been so long settling my preliminaries that I have left myself no room for the detail of our victory, and must squeeze the account of our grand achievements into as little compass as Cowley, when he crammed the names of eleven of his mistresses into the narrow space of four eight-syllable lines. They began the warfare—these boastful men of B. And what think you, gentle reader, was the amount of their innings? These challengers—the famous eleven—how many did they get? Think! imagine! guess!—You cannot?—Well!—they got twenty-two, or rather they got twenty; for two of theirs were short notches, and would never have been allowed, only that, seeing what they were made of, we and our umpire were not particular.—They should have had twenty more if they had chosen to claim them. Oh, how well we fielded! and how well we bowled! our good play had quite as much to do with their miserable failure as their bad. Samuel Long is a slow bowler, George Simmons a fast one, and the change from Long’s lobbing to Simmons’s fast balls posed them completely. Poor simpletons! they were always wrong, expecting the slow for the quick, and the quick for the slow. Well, we went in. And what were our innings? Guess again!—guess! A hundred and sixty-nine! In spite of soaking showers, and wretched ground, where the ball would not run a yard, we headed them by a hundred and forty-seven; and then they gave in, as well they might. William Grey pressed them much to try another innings. ‘There was so much chance,’ as he cautiously observed, ‘in cricket, that, advantageous as our

bestows on his favourite archery, or Isaac Walton pours forth when descanting on the art of angling.

What Dr. Johnson has so judiciously and so elegantly applied in a dedication to Payne's Treatise on the Game of Draughts, might equally be said of the game of cricket, or even of that of marbles.*

“Triflers,” observes the profound critic, “may find or make any thing a trifle; but since it is the characteristic of a wise man to see events in their causes, to obviate consequences, and to ascertain contingencies, your lordship will think nothing a trifle by which the mind is inured to caution, foresight, and circumspection. The same skill, and often the same degree of skill, is exerted in great and in little things.

position seemed, we might, very possibly, be overtaken. The B. men had better try.’ But they were beaten sulky, and would not move—to my great disappointment; I wanted to prolong the pleasure of success. What a glorious sensation it is to be for five hours together winning—winning—winning! always feeling what a whist-player feels when he takes up four honours, seven trumps! Who would think that a little bit of leather, and two pieces of wood, had such a delightful and delighting power?”

* This dedication, under the name of Payne, is “To the Right Honourable William Henry, Earl of Rochford, &c.”

It may also be observed that in drawing a parallel between the game of life and that of cricket, there is more aptness of allusion than may at first strike the reader; for in the former, as in the latter game, there is much to *do*, and much to *guard against*; and if any *runs* are made, in the way of speculation, whether of pleasure or of gain, they must be made with caution, skill, and vigour; or the presumptuous adventurer, through some adverse event, will inevitably be *bowled out*!

BARNARD BATWELL.



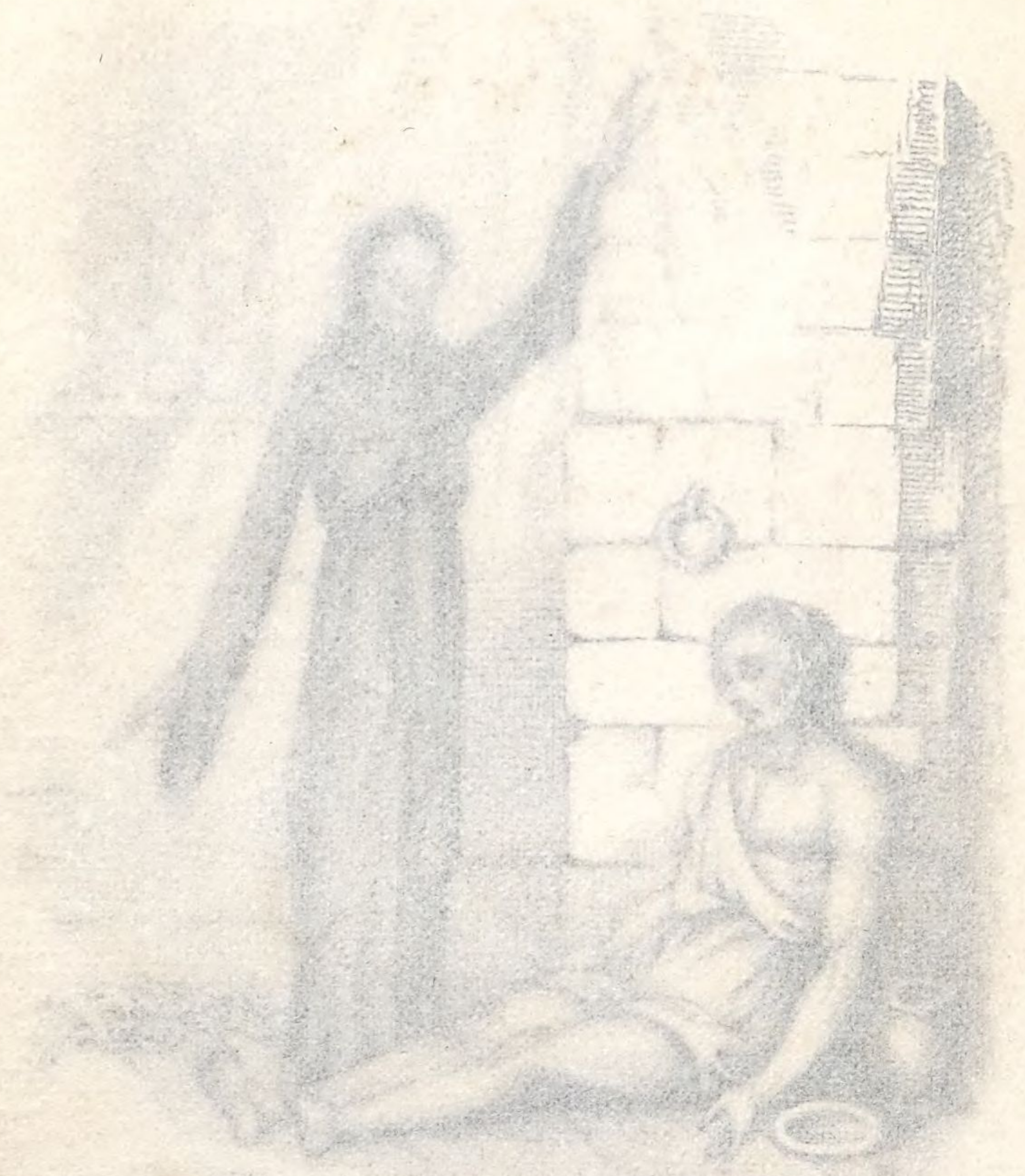
THE CAPTIVE.

DEATH AND THE CAPTIVE.

Liberty! Liberty! thou hast been
My weary prayer of years,
But the plumage of thy wings
Is shorn of its morning gleams,
I am too weary now to rise
Through sun-light and sea air
To bear me to my promised home
Or joy if I were there.

Liberty! Liberty! close heart beat
The prayer of my burning heart,
Till the silent thoughts that were mine
Into life and form would start;
And, oh! the glorious dreams that tell
Like scenes of things that be,
And voices of the night that told—
“The captive and the earth are free.”

* The author, in order, as it would appear, to avoid the almost inevitable monotony of the subject, has represented the Captive as at first mistaking the Vision of the King of Terrors for that of Liberty—the burning passionate hope of the heart, cherished through years of gloom, may well, indeed, be imagined to have this effect in the feverish excitement of struggling nature.—EDITOR.



THE END

DEATH AND THE CAPTIVE.

LIBERTY ! Liberty !* thou hast heard
 My weary prayer at length,
 But the plumeless wing of the captive bird
 Is shorn of its buoyant strength ;
 I am too weary now to roam
 Through sun-light and the air,
 To bear me to my mountain home,
 Or joy if I were there.

Liberty ! Liberty ! thou hast been
 The prayer of my burning heart,
 Till the silent thoughts that were within
 Into life and form would start ;
 And, oh ! the glorious dreams that roll'd,
 Like scenes of things that be,
 And voices of the night that told—
 “ The captive and the earth are free !”

* The author, in order, as it would appear, to avoid the almost inevitable monotony of the subject, has represented the Captive as at first mistaking the Vision of the King of Terrors for that of Liberty—the burning passionate hope of the heart, cherished through years of gloom, may well, indeed, be imagined to have this effect in the feverish excitement of struggling nature.—EDITOR.

Liberty ! Liberty ! I have prayed
To see thy form again,
And borne, with spirit undecayed,
The dungeon and the chain ;
But darkling art thou come to me,
In silence and in dread,
And round thee many a form I see
Of thine own tombless dead.

Oh ! altered is that glorious mien,
That burning brow of pride,
That shone before me in the scene
Where patriot thousands died ;
Oh ! changed since when I bore the brand
In glory and in youth,
And saw my leagued brothers stand
For Freedom and the truth.

Long years of woe have chill'd my breast,
And faint my spirit grows,—
Here now my drooping head might rest,
And here could find repose ;
But darkly as thy shadow gleams
Before my weary gaze,
Thou hast brought back the blessed dreams
Of youth's unclouded days.

Oh ! lead me forth where'er thy reign,
Where'er thy dwelling be ;
I would bear all I've borne again,
To feel one moment free ;
To feel my soul no longer press'd
By this dim night of woe,—
To know, where'er this heart may rest,
The living light shall flow.

Frown not ! I once could brave for thee
The dagger at my side,—
And I have borne the misery
That few could bear beside.
There were who loved me,—where are they ?
Friends, country, home, and name,—
They have passed like a dream away,
But left my heart the same.

I've bartered all to see thee smile
Upon my native shore ;
Nor change I, though my rest the while
Be on a dungeon-floor.
The love of woman, or man's praise,
I sigh not now for them,—
It is enough that distant days
Shall wear thy diadem.

Yet leave me not again to lie
Through untold years of gloom,
I would once more behold the sky
And earth's unwasted bloom ;
Not yet hath hung the chilly air
So murky in my cell,—
The heavy darkness seems to glare,
The dreary night-gales swell.

And art thou she—the holy one !
Whose banner o'er the world,
Before their destined race was run,
Chiefs, prophets, saints, unfurled ;
Art thou the starry form that bowed
Beside the patriot's shield,
When, with clos'd lips and bosom proud,
They bore him from the field ?

Thou art not she,—I know thee now !
The glorious dream is past,—
There is a fever on my brow,
And life is ebbing fast.
Unmoved I bow me to thy power,
Stern friend of human kind !
Thou canst not make the spirit cower,
A dungeon could not bind.

H. S.

THE CAPTIVE.

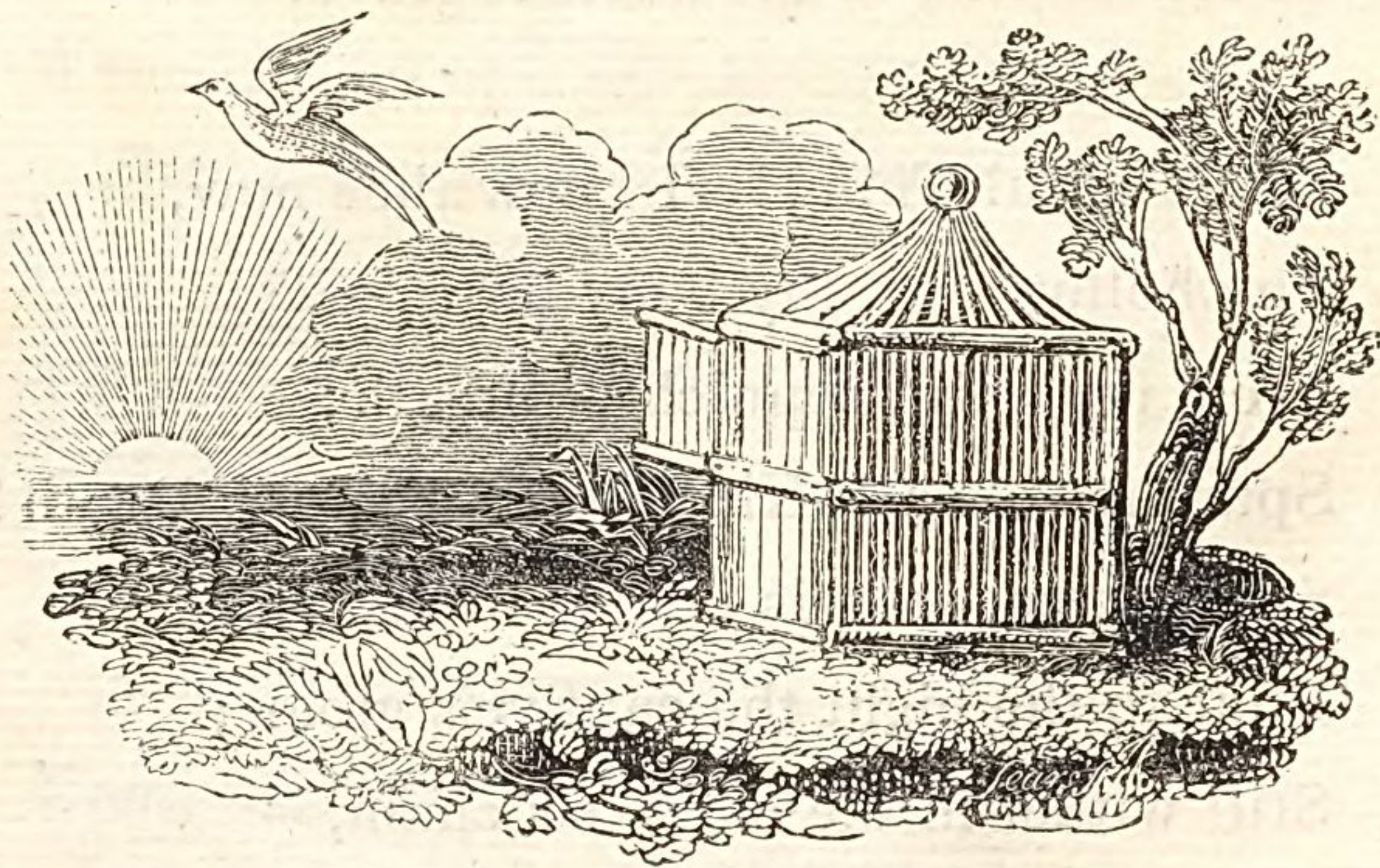
To Death.

Who treads my dungeon, wild and pale ?
 Or do my weary eyeballs fail ?
 And art thou of the shapes that swim
 Across my midnight, sad and dim,
 Where in one deep confusion blend
 The forms of enemy and friend ?
 Shut out by mountain and by wave,
 Or slumbering in the ancient grave.

Ha ! fearful Thing !—I know thee now,
 Thy hollow eye, thy bony brow,—
 I feel thy chill, sepulchral breath ;
 Spare me,—dark King ! pale Terror ! Death !
 Still let me, on this bed of stone,
 Pour to the night the captive's groan ;
 Still wither in the captive's chain,—
 Still struggle, hope, in vain—in vain ;
 Still live the slave of other's will,—
 But let me live, grim Spectre, still !

I faint ; thy touch is on me now—
I feel no sting, no fiery throe :
My fetters fall beneath thy hand !
I see thee now before me stand,
No shape of fear ! My fading eyes
Behold thee, Servant of the Skies !
Crowns thy bright brow the immortal wreath,
Celestial odours round thee breathe,
Spreads on the air thy splendid plume,—
Welcome, thou ANGEL OF THE TOMB !

ALFRED.





THE GAMESTER.

(*By the Author of "Dartmoor."*)

LOUD howl'd the winter storm,—athwart the sky
 Rush'd the big clouds,—the midnight gale was high ;
 O'er the proud city sprang th' avenging flash,
 And tower and temple trembled to the crash
 Of the great thunder-peal. Again the light
 Swift tore the dark veil from the brow of night ;—
 And, ere the far-chas'd darkness, closing round
 As the flame vanish'd, fell still more profound,
 Again the near-heard tempest, wild and dread,
 Spake in a voice that might awake the dead !
 Yet while the lightning burn'd—the thunder roar'd—
 And even Virtue trembled—and ador'd—
 Alone was heard within the gamester's hell,
 The gamester's curse—the oath—the frantic yell !
 Fix'd to one spot—intense—the burning eye
 Mark'd not the flash—saw but the changeful die !—
 And, deaf to heaven's high peal,—one demon vice
 Possess'd their souls—TRIUMPHANT AVARICE !

Loud howl'd the winter storm:—night wore away
Too slow, and thousands watch'd, and wish'd for day;
And there was one poor, lonely, lovely thing,
Who sat and shudder'd as the wild gale's wing
Rush'd by—all mournfully. Her children slept
As the poor mourner gaz'd—and sigh'd—and wept!
Why sits that anguish on her faded brow?
Why droops her eye?—Ah, Florio, where art thou?
Flown are thy hours of dear domestic bliss—
The fond embrace—the husband's—father's—kiss—
Bless'd tranquil hours to Love and Virtue given,
Delicious joys that made thy home—a heaven!
Flown—and for ever;—love—fame—virtue—sold
For lucre—for the sordid thirst of gold;—
The craving, burning wish that will not rest,
The vulture-passion of the human breast—
The thirst for that which—granted or denied—
Still leaves—still leaves—the soul unsatisfied,
Just as the wave of Tantalus flows by,
Cheating the lip and mocking the fond eye!

Yet oft array'd in all their genuine truth,
Rose the sweet visions of his early youth;—
More bright—more beautiful those visions rise,
As cares increase, on our regretful eyes;
And when the storms of life infuriate roll,
Unnerve the arm, and shake th' impassive soul,

Then Memory, always garrulous, will tell
The glowing story of our youth too well ;
And scenes will rise upon the pensive view,
Which Memory's pencil will pourtray too true !
Thus when Repentance warm'd his aching breast,
He turn'd him, tearful, to those scenes so bless'd,
And fresh they came,—a dear, departed throng,
Of joys that wrung the heart, by contrast strong ;—
Lost, lov'd delights that forc'd the frequent sigh,
And chill'd the life-blood while they charm'd the eye !
Could he forget when first—O thrilling hour !
He wooed his Julia in her native bower ?
Forget ?—the tender walk—the gate—the cot—
The impassion'd vow,—ah, could they be forgot ?
Sweet noons—sweet eves—when all—below—above,
Was rapture—and the hours were wing'd by love !
But chief one dear remembrance—one more bright
Than all, though cherish'd, rush'd upon his sight—
The morn that, blushing in her virgin charms,
Gave the wrong'd Julia to his eager arms !—
Ah, wrong'd,—for though Remorse full deeply stung
His bosom, to the damning vice he clung ;
And she, poor victim, had not power to stay
The wanderer on his wild and desperate way ;—
While round her, ever, sternly—fiercely—sweep
Views of the future,—gloomy—dark—and deep !

Prophetic glances !—he has left again
His sacred home, to seek the gamester's den !—
Ah, aptly term'd a *hell*, for oft Despair
And Suicide, twin brothers, revel there !
Awake, infatuate youth, for Death is nigh,
Guides the dread card, and shakes the fateful die !
Awake, ere yet the monster lay thee low,
All that thou lovest perish in that blow !
The strong temptation—firmly—nobly—spurn :
Home—children—wife—may yet be thine ;—return
To virtue and be happy ;—but, 'tis o'er—
Stripp'd of his all—he may return no more !
Ruin'd he stands,—the tempter plies his part—
As the head reels, and sinks the bursting heart !
With fell Despair his glaring eyeballs roll,
And all the demon fires his madden'd soul ;
The bullet speeds—upon the blood-stain'd floor
He lies—and PLAY has one pale victim more !

N. T. C.

G A M I N G.

“ The wife of a gamester came with Death in her looks to seek her husband where he had been playing for two days.—‘Leave me,’ he said, ‘I shall see you again, perhaps.’—He did indeed come to her; she was in bed with his last child at her breast,—‘Rise,’ said he; ‘the bed on which you lie is no longer yours.’ ”

M. de Saulx on the Passion of Gaming.

THE passion for gaming is as universal as it is pernicious: avarice is its origin, and as all human hearts are more or less avaricious, a propensity to gambling is confined to no peculiar country. The savage and the sons of refinement, the scientific and the ignorant, alike admit it within their bosoms. There appears to be a delicious allurements connected with the anticipation of winning, that counteracts all qualmy doubts, and for awhile deprives the soul of its genial sympathies by enslaving it to oblivious selfishness. Some writers have endeavoured to confine the prevalence of gambling to those climes where the frigid sternness of the atmosphere occasions a mental torpor, which is to be relieved only by the perturbations of the heart. But existing facts are a confutation to this limitation; for whether we cast our eye over the fertile

provinces of China, or turn to the uncultivated islands in the Pacific Ocean, we find man yielding himself up to the same destructive passion, and entailing on himself consequences equally appalling.*

A more heart-sickening spectacle cannot well be

* The Siamese, Sumatrans, and Malaysians are warmly addicted to gambling; and the former will sell themselves and families to discharge their gambling debts. The Chinese play by night and day; and when ruinously unsuccessful, hang themselves. The Japanese have secured themselves from yielding to their innate fondness for gambling, by edicting a law, "That whoever ventures his money at play, shall be put to death." Speaking of a running-match performed by the inhabitants of some islands in the Pacific Ocean, Cooke remarks, "We saw a man beating his breast, and tearing his hair in the violence of rage, for having lost three hatchets at one of these races, and which he had purchased with nearly half his property." The ancients too, were gamblers. The Persians, Grecians, Romans, Goths, and Vandals, may be adduced as examples. To the wasteful partiality of the Romans for gambling, Juvenal strongly alludes in his Sat. I.:—

"Neque enim loculis comitantibus itur,

Ad casum tabulæ, positâ sed luditur arcâ."

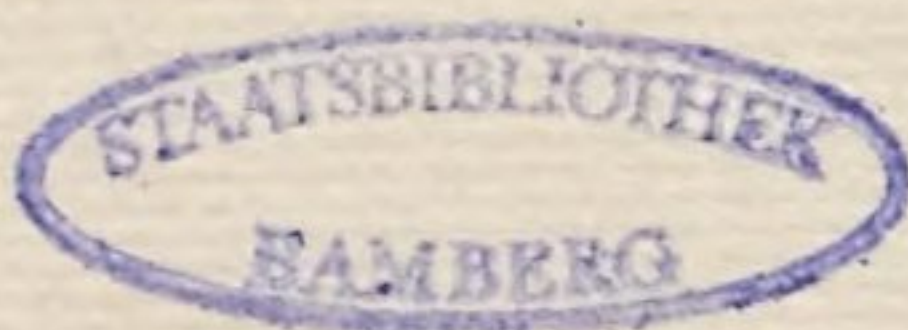
Among the modern nations, the French and English are mournful instances of the horrors and depravities arising from gaming. The annals of every family abound with their sad mementos. *Gamester* and *cheater* were synonymous terms in the days of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare:—late facts will warrant a continuation of the synonyms. Formerly, gambling-houses were established on a more systematic and official plan than the *hells* of the present times. The following is but a *partial* list of the officers then in attendance:—A *commissioner*, a *director*, an *operator*, two *croupers* (who gathered the money for the bank), two *puffs*, a *clerk*, a *squib*, a *flasher*, a *dunner*, a *captain*, a *Newgate solicitor*, an *usher*, with linkboys, coachmen, &c. &c.

imagined than a room replete with regular gambling parties, each engaged at their particular game:—take, for instance, one of the metropolitan *hells*. An *unvitiated* stranger, on his first entrance there, may learn a lesson that will remain indelible while the soul is capable of remembering former sympathies. The mantling glimmer of the various lights, the hushful silence of the room,—rarely disturbed but by the passive footfalls of waiters, and dismal sighs escaping from sorrowed hearts,—the mournful associations that wait on every unhallowed spot, and the deepening consciousness that misery is busied in pensive revels—all commingling, sink on the visitant's soul with appalling reality. Though untainted himself, his tenderest pity and most melancholy presentiments must be awakened for the deluded victims of a selfish passion. While standing by and gazing at one of the attentive gamblers, what room for moralizing compassion! Observe his glittering eye, that rolls so wildly under its fretful lid, the alternate wrinkling and relaxing of his moistened brow, his baking lips, and their frequent despairing mutter of convulsive anguish! His countenance is the faithful mirror of his soul: its internal passions may be seen working there. Now, a trepid gleam of joy illumines his sunken cheek,—

again the smile dissolves, and the gloomy sullenness of disappointment sheds there its monotony of shade. His visage may be compared to a lake on a breezy spring-day, where dizzy sunbeams mellow for a while its placid surface, to be succeeded by pattering rain-drops, and the rippling play of ruffled water. Thus pleasure awhile lights up the gamester's face, the features glow as it passes over them, and then relapse into the emotions of deep-rooted melancholy! Miserable feelings are not only betrayed in the countenance: they are perceived in each movement of the hand, the peevish grasp of the dice-box, or the dubious selection of a card, in the arrangement of the tricks and disposition of the counters: the whole air of his denotes a *mental* struggle. Suppose he be the momentary winner:—even then his delight is but a mockery of felicity, while the losing adversary awes down its demonstration by the livid contortions of his visage, and the patient sternness of avarice writhing for speedy retaliation.

He who endures the pangs of unmerited woe, may have a hapless lot; but the very consciousness of its being undeserved, is a source of a fitful consolation. Like the day-god, which, amid the dark thunder-

clouds that overshadow his empyreal radiance, will sometimes gleam through the cleft gloom, so is the heart of the guiltless mourner occasionally shone upon, by that sweet beckoner, Hope. But what source of consolation has the gamester? What relieving balm when tortured by his wretchedness? His soul is then a volcano of rioting passions and remorseless fires. The past is a scene that yields no retrospective calm; the present is but its faithful commentator. Suppose, as it frequently happens, that during his gambling course he has risen on the ruins of a fallen victim; and the wrecks of decayed youth and blasted genius: what then are the phantoms of misery that hover round his reflections? To have ruined one's self is a doleful consummation; but add the remembered distraction of those we have traduced, and there is nothing equivalent to the recollection of the circumstances. I can easily imagine such a one before me—picture him attempting to repose within the curtained loneliness of his chamber. There is but little slumber to visit his eyelids! He is haunted, like the murderer, by the shadowy resemblances of the murdered. The blossoming hopes he blighted, the promise of years that he wrecked, and the once light bosom he burdened with affliction now felt by his own,—all throw a ghastly



hue on his imagination, and wake up the phrensies of his brain. Perhaps he was the elder, and once would have shuddered at the idea of tempting to destruction the counselled associate of his early days. He may have beheld the mother's sainted fondness for her son, and the father's united cares for the welfare of their offspring,—what are the horrors of his recollections! Who was it, that deadened by despair to the sympathies of honour and friendship, allured him from his principles, and charmed away the bashful regret on his first appearance at the haunt of the gamblers?—Himself:—and can he forget the dreariness of aspect, the wildness of his stare, and the convulsions of his person, when he last rushed, like a maniac, from his presence,—stripped of honour, virtue, and happiness? Convicting conscience condemns him as the traducer of the inexperienced, and answerable for all the unknown woes of his after-life. Then, as for himself,—what is he?—The perpetrator of his own destruction,—a reduced, degraded wreck of guilt and crime that seem too deep for penitence to absolve. It is probable, too, he may be the destroyer of domestic felicity, that depended on his welfare for its continuance. He may look round and meet the gaze of a heart-broken wife,—observe the clinging

children whose beggary he has earned,—a parent whose hoary fondness claimed his most pious solitudes. Methinks I can see the remorseful victim with the cold sweat of anguish on his brow, and hear his whispered groans as he turns restlessly on his bed!—There is nothing overdrawn here: many are his resemblances in the metropolis at this hour.

And what can the successful gamester possess to create *his* happiness? If happiness, as we are told, arise from the mind, the gamester's is too inhuman to be of a mental nature. Suppose him a swindler,—will not the dread of detection harrow his bosom and corrode his soul? Will the griping clutch of hundreds from a defrauded novice, repay him for his moments of uncommunicated torture? The transitory flush of joy for fortunate guile, is succeeded by the vengeance of conscience, that elicits tortures even amid his struggles of fancied delight. Then, what dreamy shadows of remorse are ever floating before his imagination! Miserable indeed is penitence wrestling with fondness for crime. If virtue be pursued, the haunts of guilt must be deserted; the dice-box and long-accustomed fellowships are to be relinquished, and the stinging jeers of insulting folly must be endured: nor is this all. Tears must be the precursors of resolutions, and his plundered

victims must be repaid, or peace resides not in his breast. But where are the thousands which honour and justice are to restore?—lavished in dissipation or rendered the purveyors of criminal delight. The gambler therefore feels it is easier to practise than to forsake crime; and thus his heart, after hovering, like the descending eagle, between remorse and love for vice, returns to its dreadful propensities.

The idea of one human being extracting enjoyment from another's misery, is dreadful even for consideration. High play is but savageness refined. The barbarian can pierce his victims with venomous arrows, or deliver them to the devourment of his native beasts; but in this case, death speedily closes his agonies. He that deliberately seats himself down with the ardent hope of rising on his adversary's downfall, is, in principle, far more cruel than the barbarian. True, he plunges no weapon into the flesh; but how deep and cureless are the vulnerations of the loser's mind, while he leaves him enraptured at his conquest and splendid from the completed ruin? It may be objected, that both are equally in fault; since they endeavour for mutual spoliation;—and, consequently, cruelty is too harsh an application. But does the reciprocity of the deed

remove its attendant fierceness? On the contrary, it only renders it more lamentably observable. It should be remembered, too, that the *finished* gamester seldom combats with his peer, but seeks a novice for his plunder. The truth is, gambling is an inexcusable disgrace to this country; and an attempt to connect it with innocent *amusement* is only a wretched perversion of the term. A social game of cards is, perhaps, not culpable, where, we suppose, pleasure will not degenerate into excess, or benevolence into selfishness. But the routine of the regular gambler, one who makes it his profession, and braves all consequences, deserves no epithet but greedy and merciless. There seems to be a living paradox in the present age: charity is the colloquial subject of the drawing-room, sympathy and tenderest sentiments drop glowing from ready tongues, and yet dinner-parties retire from the feast for reciprocal endeavours of plunder! The host will frequently invite his guest, and repay the hospitality of the table by sending him purseless to his abode! It is a notorious and sickening fact, that many of the metropolitan resorts of *amusement* often contain the daughters and mother quadrilling in the ball-room, while the father is ruining himself and their fortunes at the card-table. This speaks volumes on the moral degeneracy of the times.

Even women now,—they, whose bosoms should be the stainless sanctuaries of none but soothing passions, are becoming gamblers. What a repulsive spectacle, to observe a female face expressing all the feelings of a thorough blackleg! to observe eyes that were made for beaming fondness, darting glances of inward spleen and resentment;—lips whence delicate tones should only be breathed, curled up in anger and masculine sternness! Once more, and we will leave this topic. May we not expect that future years will increase the prevalence of feminine gamesters? Women, whose weight of years should be supported by matronly dignity and reverential aspect, are now employed from midnight to morn at the gambling-table, and betray all its concomitant vices in the presence of their youthful offspring. What must be the state of society when fashionable mothers thus wantonly forget their character, and permit their children to witness their depravity—in after-times to *represent* it!

Theodore was the son of a country gentleman, equally blessed in the affection of father and mother: the days of his childhood were attended with those cares and prudent indulgences so necessary to mould the future man for active life and virtuous consistency. Early initiated into the duties of self-

cultivation, and taught properly to estimate the good qualities of the heart, at nineteen he was such a son that a father might be proud to recognise. Each vacation found his studies greatly advanced, and his capacity enlarged for the enjoyments of taste and intellectual pursuits. His versed acquaintance with the bards of Greece and Rome, together with the delicious ones of his own country, had engendered a love for the muse; which, though unexpressed in words, was embalmed in the *heart*. He examined Nature with the eye of a poet, and drew an indescribable inspiration from her varied scenery. The grouping clouds of an evening sky folding round the sun, as if in homage for the light of day, were to him not merely *beautiful*—something beyond this—a spectacle that awoke visions which were shadowed forth in fancy and pensive ecstasies. The stars of night,—the verdant spread of the distant meadow,—the peering mountain and the sleeping vale,—all were looked on by him with a mental delight. Those who, at this period of his life, beheld him accomplished, gentle, and amiable—one who would have trembled at wilful vice—could scarcely have imagined that he would ever be the victim of vicious folly; but such the conclusion of this brief sketch will show him. These traits of Theodore's youthful character are mentioned, in

order to illustrate the force of corruption, even on a *refined* soul and *cultivated* imagination.

At the decease of his father, Theodore arrived in the metropolis, to pursue the usual course of his chosen profession. Dr. Johnson has remarked, “to a man whose pleasure is intellectual, London is the place.” Theodore felt this; and had he been blessed with as much *firmness* as refinement of soul, he would have realized all his fancy had pictured. He entered on the busy arena of the metropolis with sanguine hopes, and resolutions which, he thought, would never be broken. His mother, aware of the many perilous temptations in London, fondly and earnestly alluded to them on their farewell evening. She did not *expect* he would be imprudent, but she had known others, similarly situated, to fall; and, therefore, her parting tear was not an omen of her son’s misfortune, but the fond betrayer of internal anxiousness for his welfare. A tear from his mother’s eye was ever followed by another from Theodore’s with instantaneous sympathy, and, as he sealed his last kiss on her lips, the language of his heart was,—“Can I ever deceive, or pain *such* a mother—never!”

Theodore had not resided long in London, ere his

father's grave was opened to receive his mother. But alas ! a few years had deteriorated his principles and debased his heart. The death of a mother for awhile carried him back to the hours of childhood,—he thought of what he *was*, and what he *had* been. It was true his letters had deceived her, and that she left the world with the conviction of his future prosperity ; still conscience was not yet sufficiently stifled not to upbraid him. But he was leagued too closely with his ruin to escape it ! It would be tedious to trace his career, from the moment of his arrival in London, to the morning on which he was informed of his mother's death. It will be enough to account for the conclusion, to state that his profession had introduced him to the acquaintance of some dissipated young men ; his natural goodness of heart for awhile foiled each temptation ; but as long as this was the case, he was too companionless to be happy. He did not continue his resistance ; one visit to a gambling-house was speedily followed by others. At first, fortune attended him, and he returned for several evenings with increased property. But it was this very luck that occasioned his ruin : he now hazarded to play high, and at one game lost all his former gains. By various means he had contrived to dispose of his property to supply his exigencies, and was now

about to risk his last sum. Many were the palpitations of his heart throughout the day. Sometimes he determined to retire for ever from the scene of his ruin ;—but then the remembrance of his losses, and the hope that this last risk would recover them, interrupted the half-formed resolution, and allured him to the trial. The hour came at last, and with a thrilling bosom did Theodore take his accustomed seat at the gambling-table. He knew that his *all* was risked, and this fatal truth chilled every limb, and woke up the cautiousness of terror and hope. If he rose a winner, he should then be free to renounce his present mode of life, and return to that of peace and virtue ; if not, there was nothing but despair to refer to, and its dictates to follow ! He sat tremblingly opposite his adversary, and commenced the game. The first two throws of the dice were equal on both sides,—it now depended on the last one for the termination of the contest. Theodore threw—the number was low, though not so low but his adversary's might be more so. He watched with breathless anxiousness the raising of his arm,—heard the dice rattle,—too plainly saw the icy sternness of his adversary's features,—murmured a tone of anguish,—the dice were thrown by Death !

R. M.



MADE

THE SERENADE.

'Tis midnight, and there is a world of stars
Hanging in the blue heaven, bright and clear,
And shining, as if they were only made
To sparkle in the mirror of the lake,
And light up flower-gardens and green groves.
By yonder lattice, where the thick vine-leaves
Are canopy and curtain, set with gems
Rich in the autumn's gift of ruby grapes,
A maiden leans :—it is a lovely night,
But, lovely as it is, the hour is late
For beauty's vigil, and to that pale cheek
Sleep might give back the roses watching steals.
Slumber, and happy slumber, such as waits
On youth, and hope, and innocence, was made
To close those soft blue eyes. What can they know
Of this world's sorrow, strife, and anxiousness?
What can Wealth be to the young mind that has
A mine of treasure in its own fresh feelings?
And Fame, oh woman! has no part in it; and Hate,
Those sweet lips cannot know it; and Remorse,
That waits on guilt,—and Guilt has set no sign

On that pure brow : 'tis none of these that keep
Her head from its down pillow, but there is
A visitant in that pale maiden's breast
Restless as Avarice, anxious as Fame,—
Cruel as Hate, and pining as Remorse,—
Secret as Guilt ; a passion and a power
That has from every sorrow taken a sting,—
A flower from every pleasure, and distilled
An essence where is blent delight and pain ;
And deep has she drained the bewildering cup,
For Isadore watches and wakes with Love.

Hence is it that of the fair scene below
She sees one only spot ; in vain the lake
Spreads like a liquid sky, o'er which the swans
Wander, fleece-clouds around the one small isle,
Where lilies glance like a white marble floor,
In the tent made by pink acacia boughs ;
In vain the garden spreads, with its gay banks
Of flowers, o'er which the summer has just pass'd,
The bride-like rose,—the rich anemone,—
The treasurer of June's gold ; the hyacinth,
A turret of sweet colours ; and, o'er all,
The silver fountains playing :—but in vain !
Isadore's eye rests on that cypress grove :
A bright warm crimson is upon her cheek,
And her red lip is opened as to catch

The air that brought the sound upon the gale.
There is a sweet low tone of voice and lute,
And, oh! Love's eyes are lightening,—she has caught
A shadow, and the wave of a white plume
Amid those trees, and, with her hair flung back,
She listens to the song :—

Lady sweet, this is the hour
Time's loveliest to me;
For now my lute may breathe of love,
And it may breathe to thee.

All day I sought some trace of thine,
But never likeness found;
But still to be where thou hast been
Is treading fairy ground.

I watched the blushing evening fling
Her crimson o'er the skies,—
I saw it gradual fade, and saw,
At length, the young moon rise.

And very long it seemed to me
Before her zenith hour,
When sleep and shade conspire to hide
My passage to thy bower.

I will not say—wake not, dear love,—

I know thou wilt not sleep ;

Wilt thou not from thy casement lean,

And one lone vigil keep ?

Ah ! only thus to see thee, love,

And watch thy bright hair play

Like gold around thine ivory arm,

Is worth a world of day.

Gradual he had drawn nearer and more near,

And now he stood so that his graceful shape

Was visible, and his flashing eyes were raised

With all the eloquence of love to her's :

She took an azure flower from her hair,

And flung it to him.—Flowers are funeral gifts,—

And, ere his hand could place upon his heart

The fragile leaves, another hand was there—

The hand of Death.

Alas for her proud kinsmen !

'Tis their work ! the gallant and the young

Lies with the dagger in his faithful breast,—

The destiny of love.

L. E. L.



THE TOILET.

DEATH AT THE TOLLER

By the Author of "The Toller" — "The Toller" — "The Toller"

It seems that every body, as it were, of sort,
 Finds Death a striking subject to write of,
 He who counts syllables, or seeks long word,
 With rhyme, his hapless mission to bore,
 And he who strikes the highest-boarding chord,
 Who with immortal eloquence can soar:
 Yet nothing make of *Death*, with all the power,
 But, that he nothing means to make of us

And some appear intolerably grieved,
 While dolefully lamenting earthly woes,
 To think that they must one day be relieved:
 And gain through *him*, a season of repose.
 But I, thank Heaven! have never yet perceived
 That I am likely to be one of those:
 For, gratefully admiring Nature's plan,
Death seems to me the comforter of man.



DEATH AT THE TOILET.

(By the Author of "*The Lollards*," "*Witchfinder*," &c. &c.)

It seems that every bard, or clown, or lord,
 Finds Death a striking subject to talk o'er,
 He who counts syllables, in each long word,
 With rhyme, his hapless relatives to bore,
 And he who strikes the highest-bounding chord,
 Who with immortal eloquence can soar;
 Yet nothing make of *Death*, with all this fuss,
 But, that he nothing means to make of us.

And some appear intolerably grieved,
 While dolefully lamenting earthly woes,
 To think that they must one day be relieved:
 And gain through *him*, a season of repose.
 But I, thank Heaven! have never yet perceived
 That I am likely to be one of those:
 For, gratefully admiring Nature's plan,
Death seems to me the comforter of man.

From this folks may presume that I am heir
To some old gentleman of property,
Or ancient dame, who to assuage my care
Has been sufficiently polite to die ;
Or else a widower, whose *black* despair
Has after six long mourning weeks gone by.
But *I*, though Death is certainly my pet,
Have to acknowledge no such favours yet.

I like him for the lesson he gives pride,
And those we “groundlings” call of “high degree.”
The heartless rich, by him laid side by side,
Are fairly levelled with poor rogues like me.
Thus feeling, sometimes I have almost cried,
Death’s circumstances so reduced to see ;
For vaccination—stomach-pumps—and peace,
I thought would make mortality decrease.

“Great king of terrors ! I commiserate
Thy lot severe, for deeply thou must feel,
Through peace, the long postponement of the fate
Of thousands, whom the grave would else conceal.
No longer used for stocking thy estate
Are powder, conflagration, lead, and steel ;
Whilst undertakers in the general joy
Turn suicides, their workmen to employ !”

Thus I exclaimed, when lo! before me stood

Grim Death himself. I must confess this hurt
My feelings rather, but his civil mood

Restored composure, nay, I soon grew pert,
Though to my blushing face, up rushed the blood,

At being thus with one who wore no shirt;
With one indeed, it may be said, who owns
Not even a skin to hide his naked bones.

Yet skeletons I like to view, because

No veil there screens a mean perfidious heart;
No vertebræ inclines, to feign applause

Where scorn is felt, but finished life's brief part
The limbs with seeming dignity can pause,

Nor shake with terror nor with fury start;
And Death as seen by me, was I must own

A very gentlemanly skeleton.

We spoke of various matters—of Life's ills—

Of sportive subjects now, and now of grave;
I, (thinking of my aunt's and grannam's wills)

Lamented cooking Kitchener should save,
Or Abernethy with his d—ns and pills,

So many, whom of right Death ought to have;
And still, to give discourse a friendly turn,
On his account expressed sincere concern.

“ Your love I thank,” said he, and grinn’d a smile ;

“ I will explain, but must be brief and free,
For I to-night shall journey many a mile,
And you would hardly wish to go with me.

Rightly you have imagined that my toil
Makes life a little like what it should be.

Few, very few, would care on earth to stay,
Were I for one whole century away.

“ For how terrific were the tyrant’s rod,
Had he no dread that Death might be at hand !

And how relentlessly would Avarice plod,
How domineering would be all the grand,

If me they could forget, as they do God,
And hope to live for ever in the land !

I make proud affluence the poor befriend,
Or bring its sordid projects to an end.

“ This, my vocation, sternly I pursue,
In peace or war, submission I compel,

The latter, ’twill sound wonderful to you,
My lists, perceptibly, could never swell ;

Nay, joined with steam, balloons, *safe* coaches too,
Ne’er furnished out a half per-centage knell.

My blows are most repeated, are most sure—
Where wealth and comfort whisper ‘ all’s secure.’

“ I choose not for my arms, the beggar’s meals,
His tatters, or his lodging on the ground ;
No ; but magnificence my arrow feels,
Where pomp presides and luxuries abound :
In dainty viands, to life’s source it steals ;
And costly wines, my instruments are found.
These—these to Death far richer harvest yield,
Than all the slaughter of the battle-field.

“ More would you learn, to Beauty’s toilet go
And see my weapons, in the fair array
Which all around her careful hand may throw,
To decorate her for the festive day.
There, in her gauzes, nets, and muslins know,
My formidable host in ambush stay.
But hast thou seen a nymph, both young, and fair,
For conquest, and for revelry prepare ?”

“ Yes,” I replied, and transport at the thought
Prompted unwonted energy of speech,
“ But yesterday, a blissful glimpse I caught
Of that which mortal excellence may reach ;
And this idea to my mind it brought,
However eloquently churchmen preach,
Though with it strange extravagance breaks loose,
Yet love’s idolatry claims some excuse.

“ I gaz’d on all that’s fragrant, gay, and bright,
In Heaven above, on earth, or in the sea,
Celestial blue in Chloe’s orbs of sight,
And starry lustre there enchanted me.
The blushing rose, and lily, now delight
With pearl and coral, in soft unity.
It was a picture, radiant!—glorious!—rare!
Divine epitome of all that’s fair!

“ Superb embellisher of human life!
How dear the joy thy influence can impart!
Blest recompense for scenes of care and strife!
Loved tyrant of the subjugated heart!
Beauty! resistless still in maid or wife!
Through being’s course—but here you almost start
Afraid that I shall covet when I die,
O Mahomet! thy sweetly peopled sky!

“ Source of our bliss! but fountain of our sighs!
The poor for beauty pant—the rich adore;
The madman’s vows, the homage of the wise,
In every age are thine, on every shore.
Thy smile inspires our noblest energies,
The warrior’s prowess, and the poet’s lore;
And our sublimest deeds confess thy sway,
As flowers and fruits date from the sun of May!”

“ But saw'st thou,” Death inquired, “ although so fair
And almost more than mortal to behold,
How Chloe, dressing, to her aid called there
Wreaths, toys, and gewgaws, more than can be told?”

“ I did, and marvelled at the fruitless care,
Thus whitening snow, or gilding purest gold,
And still, when all as I thought had been tried,
Her milliner, new finery supplied.”

“ And while you leisurely could this descry,”
Said Death, “ who waited on her did you ask ?
Know the attendant you beheld—was I !

’Twas I who wore the officious servant’s mask !
The fair was destined in life’s bloom to die ;
To hand the fatal trappings was my task :
Wholly superfluous I deemed open force,
And let the thoughtless beauty take her course.

“ ’Tis thus that Death accomplishes his aim :
Most human beings sigh for what destroys ;
Mirth, Vanity, and Pleasure, play my game,
And crush life’s hopes beneath deluding joys.
More perish from caprice, and Fashion’s whim,
Than by the cannon, battle’s rage employs—
But I must hence,—another glass is out,
And I am going to my lady’s rout.”

LUCY ; OR, THE MASKED BALL.

A TALE.

Who, wandering at early hour,
While dewdrops hang on every flower,
And twinkle, in the slanting rays,
Like stars with irridescent blaze;
While birds, from copse and limber spray,
Welcome with song the infant day:—
Who, wandering then, can coldly view
The smiling Daisy bathed in dew;
The Violet, from her leafy bed,
The sweetest colours round her spread;
And blushing, as her buds disclose
Her all-unrivalled charms, the Rose,
Lovely with Nature's simple grace!
And ever wish to change their place?
The Daisy in the rich parterre
Would, cheerless, smile unnoticed; there,
Vainly, the Violet dispense,
Her perfume on the pamper'd sense,
Which scarce can rouse from apathy
The scents of Ind and Araby;

And, but contemned her native grace,
Droop the wild Rose in such a place.

Like these young Lucy blossomed, ere
Her bosom knew the pangs of care :
A floweret meet for peaceful vale,
Green glen, or still sequestered dale ;
A village maid, in simple dress,
All meek retiring loveliness :
Her joys so pure and innocent,
She scarcely knew that Discontent,
Corroding Envy, Hate, and Care,
Inhabitants terrestrial were :
For, in the hamlet where she dwelt,
Their pestilence had not been felt ;—
Her world, within whose narrow bound
Those gentle sympathies were found,
Which harmonize frail human kind
As earth and heaven were conjoin'd.

But, where from earth is Grief exil'd ?
Young Lucy was affliction's child !
Her sire had for his country bled
And died, on Honour's gory bed ;
And, far from towns, his widow sped ;
Hoping, in this sweet solitude,
She might the scorn of Pride elude ;

For well she knew, that the world's eye
Falls cold upon adversity.

In a green glen, embowered in trees,
Yet open to the western breeze,
Lay the small village, where she chose
To seek for shelter and repose.
Few were its habitants, and these
Nature's rude sons; yet, if they knew
But little, vice was absent too.
The only solace that beguiled
Her melancholy, was her child,
Whose smile of love and fond caress
Oft cheer'd her spirit's loneliness;
And as she hung with pure delight
Upon her neck, in colours bright,
Hope would the future paint, and through
Her grief-cloud ope a spot of blue;
A fitful gleam, which passed; and, then,
Gloom settled over all again.

Time wings his flight, the rosebud blows;
The child to lovely woman grows;
The beauty of the infant face
Is heightened by maiden grace;
Lucy is artless Lucy still,
But, in her swelling bosom, thrill

Feelings and thoughts, which all declare
The infant is no longer there.
The archness of her blooming face
To modesty hath yielded place ;
Her cheek glows with a fainter red,
Save when quick kindling blushes spread
Their damask flush, and tint the snows
Of her bosom's lilies with the rose :
Her eye, a sparkling diamond set
Within the lustre-softening jet
Of the fringed lid, no more repays
Responsive every passing gaze ;
The parted lip, the dimple's wile,
Only betray the chastened smile ;
While, beaming with expression sweet,
For angel woman truly meet,
Each feature bears the stamp of mind,
By culture moulded and refined,
For her sole parent strove to store
Her opening mind with useful lore ;
Spread Nature's volume to her eye,
Pure fount of true philosophy,
Source whence the streams of knowledge flow,
And of the flowers that round them blow.
And, save her sacrifice to heaven,
To Lucy all her hours were given ;

For Lucy all her bosom's care,
Her morning hymn, her evening prayer.

Oft has the mother's eye survey'd
The change Time in her child had made,
And onward glanced, although a tear
Would now, and now a smile appear,
As Fear and Hope, alternate, threw
Their clouds and sunshine on the view,
Yet, in the future, would she see
The promise of felicity.

As when autumnal morning breaks,
And earth from her soft slumber wakes,
While the first rays scarce pierce the clouds
That wrap the vale in hazy shrouds,
Above the sea of mist, is seen
Some tufted knoll, like islet green,
Or summit of gigantic oak,
Or hidden cot's blue rising smoke ;
Till, as if dream of phantasy,
The orb of day, uprising high,
Flings back the vapoury veil, and lo !
The landscape glitters bright below.
But, ah ! ere noontide hour, is gone
The splendour which we gazed upon !

And who hath found, who shall e'er find
Fortune immutable and kind ?
The purest flake of fallen snow
Is crushed the peasant's foot below ;
The brightest stream of mountain spring
Runs troubled in its wandering ;
And Lucy's life, through sun and shower,
Was chequered to its closing hour.

And, now, across the stubbled field
The fowler stalked, and, harshly, peal'd
The gun's hoarse note. The timid hare
Cowers closer in her sheltering lair ;
And, as her brood she gathers round,
Scared by the death-denouncing sound,
Whose boomings, borne upon the gale,
Startle the silence of the vale,
The partridge feels her little breast
With all a mother's cares opprest.
'Twas in that season—the last beam
Of Even shed a golden gleam,
When Lucy stood beside the rill
Which turned the hamlet's little mill,
And, chaffering its pebbles white,
Glittered beneath the parting light ;

Half lost in thought, half listening
To its sweet chidings, when the spring
Of a dog startled her :—amazed—
She turned—a youth upon her gazed,
Whose garb and bearing, form and face
Bespoke him of a gentle race.
As the doe starts, when the loud horn
Bursts on her ear at early morn,
And forward springs with winged bound,
Then stops and listens, glancing round
Quick panting, yet delays to fly ;
So Lucy meets the stranger's eye,
All perturbation : and, as turn
Homeward her trembling feet, and burn
Her cheeks with blushes, as impell'd
By some strong power, while onward held
Her trembling limbs, each step she flies,
Turn backward her inquiring eyes ;
While the fond youth, her cause of care,
Stands moveless as he marble were.
“ Such matchless beauty ! such a mien !
Is she a mortal I have seen ?
Do dreams on waking sense obtrude ?
Or, in this earthly solitude,
Exiled awhile from heaven's bourne,
Is sent an angel to sojourn ? ”

So mused the youth.—O'er Lucy stole
A pensive listlessness of soul :
In sleep, her dreams,—awake, her thought
The rill before her ever brought ;
And, when eve came, she wist not why,
Turned there her steps unconsciously.
Need we describe the lover's eyes
Encountering in Love's emprise ?
How oft they met, and gazed, and strove
To give an utterance to love ;
Yet, silent gaz'd, as if afraid
The air would whisper what they said ?
For thus, since love on earth has dwelt,
Have looked his votaries and felt.
At length, a tongue each bosom found,
And vows were pledged, and hearts were bound ;
And holy rites and blessings o'er,
Lucy and Edmund part no more.

The moon hung in the vault of sky,
A thousand bright stars twinkling nigh :
Dancing beneath her silver sheen
The ripples of the rill were seen ;
But, as if soothed their chafferings,
They babbled in low murmurings.
The soft light spread a soothing gleam
On bank and brae, on cot and stream ;

And, straggling through the leafy grove,
Chequered the path of whispering love :
While the breeze scarcely breathed a sigh
As it kissed the flowers in passing by,
Stealing the odours of their breath
For incense to the sleeping earth :
For Nature lay in balmy rest
Soft as babe's on a mother's breast ;
And all on earth, in air, in sky,
Seemed tuned to perfect harmony.

Such was the night when Lucy took
A last and melancholy look
Of her loved vale. Can words impart
The conflict of the bursting heart,
When to the spot our childhood knew
And loved, we bid a first adieu ?
Where path, and bank, and stile, and tree
Have witnessed our felicity,
And seem as friends, who still should share
Our bosom's pleasures and its care ?
'Tis vain !—Say we that Lucy's mind,
Yet scarcely to her fate resign'd,
That deep affliction keenly felt
As on the past it fondly dwelt.
Her arms were round her husband flung,
And, weeping, on his neck she hung.

The past was all a fairy dream,
A joyous hour, a sunny gleam :
While Doubt upon the future flings
His dark, foreboding shadowings.
But tears, in lovers' bridal hour,
Are droppings of a summer shower,
Soon spent : and, if to man be given
A foretaste of the bliss of heaven,
It is, when, at Affection's shrine,
Two faithful hearts their fates conjoin.
Alas ! that all so short should be
Their dream of young felicity !
Like scene, depicted by the eye
Of Fancy, on an evening sky ;
Scarce formed, before it fades from sight
Behind the curtain of the night.
For since, in Paradise, began
The influence of Love on man,
The hour of rapture still hath been
Short as the twilight's closing scene.

Now changed the daisied mead, the hill,
The vine-clad cot, the grove, the rill,
Nature and all her green retreats
For squares, and palaces, and streets :

And Lucy, simple village maid,
As Fashion's votary arrayed,
Gracing with beauty Rank and Pride,
Is hailed as wealthy Edmund's bride.
But true to Nature, for a while
Lucy saw only splendid toil
In fashion, and oft sighing, cast
A wistful look upon the past:
But Edmund still was kind; and he
Declaimed of wealth's felicity;
And she believed; and quickly shone
Of Fashion's stars the brightest one.

Her mother wept the change, in vain,
And sought her solitude again:
While midnight hours, routs, concerts, balls,
The feverish sleep till noon, the calls
Of heartless visitors, the ride
For morning air at eventide;
Meeting old dowagers in shops,
The gossip of intruding fops,
Scandal, the fulsome flattery
Of those who prey on vanity,
Dress, news, the opera, the play,
Fill'd Lucy's hours from day to day.

But, ah ! no more the blushing rose
Of health upon her soft cheek glows ;
For Death, beneath whose blasting lower
Already drooped the fragile flower,
Had glared on her. The toilet nigh
Tended he oft assiduously ;
And whispering soft, as Bridget dare,
What slight habiliments to wear,
What rouge the faded cheek could dye
In mock of Nature's mastery,
On her fair bosom breathed :—the air,
Envenomed, chilled the current there
Of life's warm flood, and its fell load
Left in that bosom to corrode.
Poor Lucy ! weetless of thy fate,
Like bird by serpent fascinate,
Pleasure allures thy careless heart,
But rankles there the poison's smart !
Why that commotion ? wherefore all
Those ornaments in room and hall ?
Upon the walls are festoons hung,
With roses and with lilies strung ;
While ivy wreaths the columns bind,
By nicest skill of art design'd ;
And, carved in purest gold, the vine
Their lofty capitals entwine.

Pictured upon the floor, is seen
The story of Cytherea's queen
Just risen from the waves, while nigh
Cupids on wanton pinions fly.
From sculptured urns, fresh flowers distil
Their sweetest scents the air to fill;
And, Art with Nature striving, seem
All realized which poets dream;
And Edmund's house a temple smiles
For Pleasure's ever-witching wiles.

The cards are sent, the night draws nigh
For the masked ball's festivity:
And, with the toilet's tasteful cares,
Lucy to meet her guests prepares.
Her graceful ringlets, trained to throw
Soft shadows on the bosom's snow,
Are bound with wreath, where rubies made
The flowers, on leaves of diamond laid.
Strings of pale, orient pearls lie
On that fair bosom's ivory,
Whose heaving charms the kerchief's gauze
Scarce from the wandering eye withdraws;
While, on the cheek, is lightly spread
The rouge's softly blended red,
For the live rose that blossomed there
Withered in Fashion's atmosphere.

Circling her slender waist, the zone
Was clasped with a large onyx stone,
On which was carved, all disarray'd,
Of beauteous form, a stooping maid
Laving her feet with crystal wave
That issued from a gelid cave.

But, vainly, dress and jewels try
Her native charms to amplify ;
And, vainer still, to stay the dart
Death levels at her youthful heart.
He, grisly tyrant ! silently
In the pearly lustre of her eye,
Marking how slow his poison wrought,
Impatient, for an instant, thought
To strike the blow : but paused, and o'er
Her bosom breathed as before.
Like northern sleety blast it fell
And froze life's current to its well ;
Shook her whole frame, through limb and arm,
And all was horror and alarm :
But, soon revived, Lucy is found
The gayest of the festive round.

What needs it that gay scene describe,
The dazzling lights, the masked tribe,

The music's melody, the feet
That, glancing to its measures beat;
What needs it say, how were display'd
The characters in masquerade?
The matron, in the maid's attire,
Cloaking with modesty desire;
The sober squire of seventy
Tottering in guise of chivalry;
The widow, in her second weeds,
As nun devout with cross and beads;
The faithless wife as vestal pure;
The rake in clericals demure;
The clown, the king, the saint, the thief,
Lawyers who never saw a brief,
Priests, soldiers, madmen, England, France,
Love, Folly, DEATH, all mingled in the dance.

What youth is he, whom Lucy's eye
Still follows so assiduously?
Who ever tracks, from place to place,
That nymph in habit of a Grace,
Whose interchange of amorous glance
Bespeaks the future dalliance?
Oh! hapless moment!—weight of woes!
'Tis Edmund, and him Lucy knows.
Can words the wounded feelings speak
That flushed with ire her angel cheek!

Can language paint the deep distress
Which changed that flush to pallidness ?
Now swims the room before her eyes ;
Quenched seem the lights, the music dies ;
She feels a horror o'er her creep ;
She sobs, but tries, in vain, to weep ;
But, uttering shrieks of wild dismay,
Sinks to the ground and swoons away.

Is there a sight more full of woe
In the wide range of ills below,
Than youthful loveliness, when laid,
Bereft of sympathetic aid,
On couch of sickness ?—and is nigh
No breast, on which the head may lie,
No hand, to wipe away a tear,
No voice, to whisper in the ear
Sweet words of Hope :—but her last moan
The sufferer must breathe alone ?
Ah ! none :—yet such was Lucy's fate,
Though crowds of menials on her wait,
When Death's fell breathings tainted all,
Even the cup medicinal.

Still, wildly, her delirious eye
Would roll, her mother to descry ;
And, “mother,” that endearing name,
Her tongue a thousand times exclaim.

Ah, Lucy! when it was too late,
Thy mother, and thy faithless mate,
Both wept beside thee.—Woke to shame,
A humbled penitent he came
And pardon craved.—She turned her eye,
Like a pure angel from the sky
Smiling in peace, and mildly said—
“Edmund, ’tis given,”—then droop’d her head.
’Twas o’er—but, yet, the smile remain’d:—
’Twas all of Lucy *Death* had gained.

A. T. T.





THE MOTHER.

TO THE MOTHER.

NAY! youthful Mother, do not fly,
Though pleasure lure, and flatt'ry court thee,
Soothe thy sick infant's moaning cry,
And wake the smile that must transport thee.

Life has no charm so deep, so dear,
As that soft tie thou blindly leavest—
No love so constant and sincere,
As that which fills the heart thou grievest.

In all the bloom of beauty's pride,
In all ambition's vainest splendour,
Ne'er was thy woman's heart supplied
With bliss so pure, with joy so tender.

Canst thou forsake that joy so soon?
Canst thou forget the lips that bless'd thee,
When, bending o'er this precious boon,
The Father wept whilst he caress'd thee?

Is it for gauds of dress, and dance,
Thou canst renounce a claim so holy,
To win the warm, insulting glance,
And woo the praise of idle folly?

Then go!—a fair, but fragile flower,
A dazzling, heartless, careless beauty,
To risk thy fame—to lose thy power—
That power which dwells alone with duty.

Go!—and thy bosom's lord offend,
Consign thy suff'ring babe to sorrow—
Death, the kind nurse, its woes will end—
Thy boy shall grace *his* arms to-morrow.

B. H.

TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY INFANT NIECE.

[OB. FEB. 6, 1826—ÆT. 2.]

FOR ever gone?—sweet bud of spring!

Yes;—from its parent stem 'tis riven!

Scarce had it drank the morning dew,

Or oped its petals to our view,

Ere destined 'twas, aside to fling

Its earthly form, and bloom in Heaven!

Yes—thou art gone!—nor pray'rs, nor sighs

Can aught avail!—'twas Death who sought thee!

Those cherub smiles, that lisping tongue,

Those arms which round thy MOTHER clung,

Had mark'd thee for the Tyrant's prize,—

And in his cold embrace he's caught thee!

How oft, when lulling thee to sleep,
I've seen thy MOTHER fondly press thee!
How often, kiss away thy tears,
And hush thy cries, and calm thy fears,—
And when thou still wouldst sob and weep,
With what affection she'd caress thee!

For, as she watch'd thy opening bloom,
Predicting future days of pleasure,
She little thought misfortune's blight
So soon would wither her delight;—
She dreamt not that an early tomb
Would close upon her infant treasure!

Great were her hopes!—yet, doubtless, fears
With all her cheering hopes were blended;
For, haply, none like parents feel
The hopes and fears they'd fain conceal,—
Increasing with increasing years,
Till Life and all its cares are ended.

Yet, who could view thy dimpled cheek,
And look for aught but years of gladness;
Or see thy laughing dark-blue eye,

And think that sorrow was so nigh ;—
Or hear thee first essay to speak,
And then forebode this scene of sadness ?

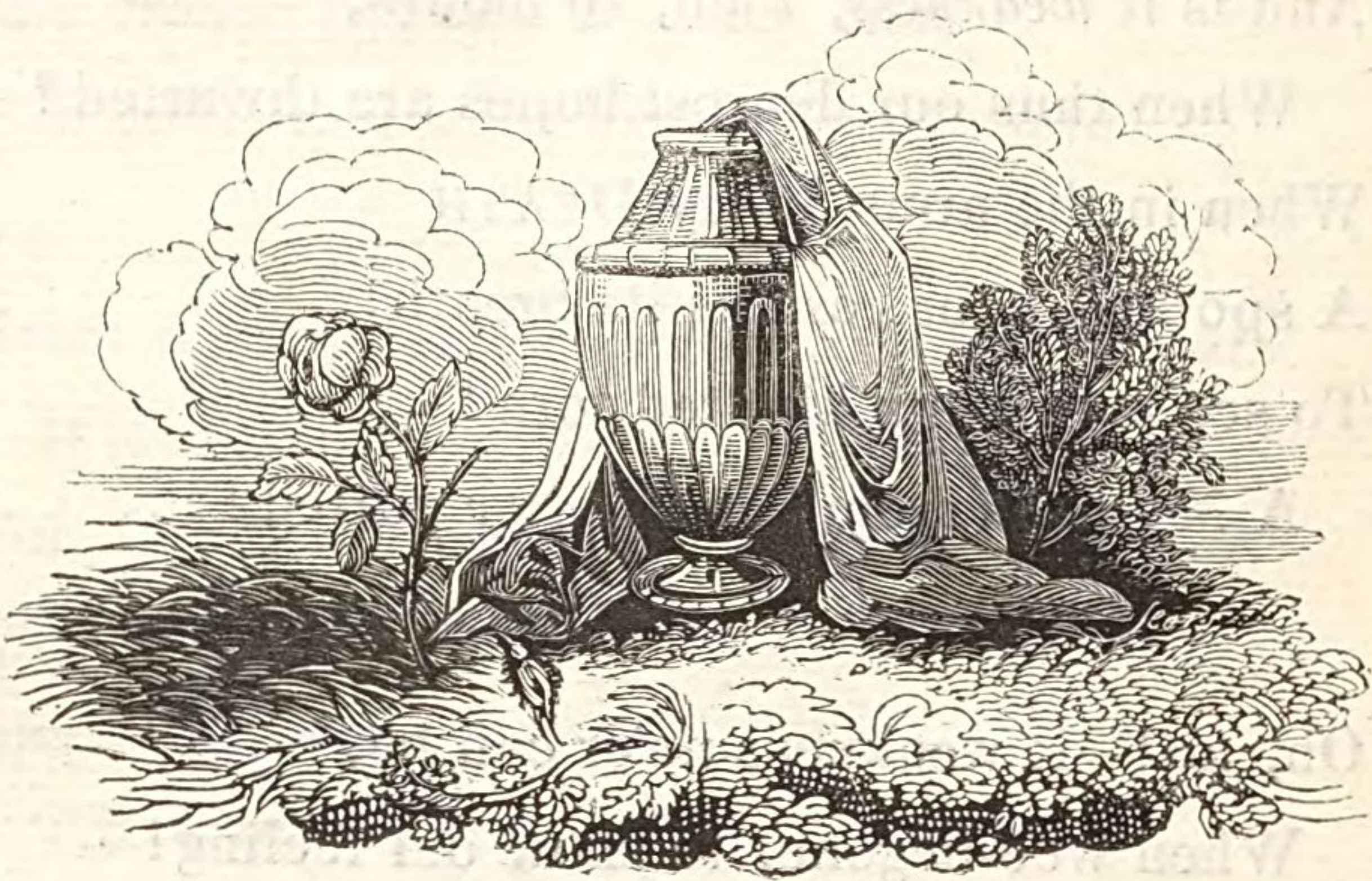
But, ah ! our prospects—oh, how vain !
Our anxious cares—oh, how requited !
A Mother's love—a Father's pride—
How near to misery allied !
Their joy, how soon exchanged for pain !
Their every hope, how quickly blighted !

And is it *weakness*, then, to mourn,
When thus our dearest hopes are thwarted ?—
When in the arms of icy DEATH
A spotless babe resigns its breath !
To see it from its kindred torn !
A MOTHER from her INFANT parted !

Oh, no !—it weakness ne'er can be,
When woe-begone, to show our feeling !—
To shed the sympathetic tear
In mournful silence o'er the bier
Of one so lov'd in infancy !—
Such grief, alas, there's no concealing !

But since the fatal die is cast,
And unavailing now is sorrow,—
O grant, kind Heav'n! that future joy
And bliss serene, without alloy,
Exchanged may be for troubles past,
And skies unclouded gild the morrow!

S. M.



T H E B A L L.

“EVEN if I were not prevented by this unlooked-for engagement from accompanying you to the ball to-night, my love,” said the Honourable Alfred Seymour to his beautiful young wife, “you must nevertheless have declined it, for the child is evidently unwell; look how the pulses throb in this little throat, Sophia!”—“So they always do, I believe. I really wish you were less of a croaker and caudle-maker, my dear; however, to make you easy, I will send for Doctor Davis immediately: as to the ball, as I am expected, and have gone to the trouble and expense of a new dress, and have not been out for such a long, long time, really I think I *ought* to go.”

“You would not leave my boy, Lady Sophia, if” —“Not if there is the least danger, certainly; nor if the doctor should pronounce it *ill*; but I do not believe it is so—I see nothing *particular* about the child, for my part.”

As the young mother said this, she cast her eyes on the child, and saw in its little heavy eyes something which she felt assured *was* particular—she saw, moreover, more strikingly than ever, the likeness it bore to a justly beloved husband, and in a tone of self-correction added, “Poor little fellow, I do think you are not quite the thing, and should it prove so, mamma will not leave you for the world.”

The countenance of the father brightened, and he departed assured that the claims of nature would soon fully triumph over any little lingering love of dissipation struggling for accustomed indulgence; and as he bade her good by, he did not wonder that a star so brilliant desired to exhibit its rays in the hemisphere alluded to, which was one in the highest circle of fashion. Nevertheless, as he could not be present himself, he thought it on the whole better that she should be absent. A young nobleman, who had been his rival and wore the willow some time after their marriage, had lately paid marked attention to a young beauty every way likely to console him; and Mr. Seymour thought it would be a great pity if his lady, whom he had not seen for some months, should by appearing before him in the full blaze of beauty (unaccompanied by that person

whose appearance would instantly recall the sense of her engagement) indispose his heart for that happy connexion to which he had shown this predilection.

Unfortunately, the fond husband gave indication of his admiration alike in looks and words; and as the fair young mother turned from him to her mirror, she felt for a moment displeased that her liege lord should be less solicitous than herself to “witch the world” with her beauty; and whilst in this humour she called her maid to show her the turban and dress “in which she intended to appear.”

“Lauk, my lady! why sure you intends it yet—did ever any body hear of such a thing as going for to stay at home when you are all prepared. Why, you’ve been out of sight ever so long because you was not fit to be seen, as one may say; but now that you are more beautifuller than ever, by the same rule you should go ten times as much—do pray, my lady, begin directly—ah! I knows what I know. Miss Somerville may look twice ere she catches my lord, if so be he sees you in this here plume; cold broth is soon warm, they say.”

Could it be that this vulgar nonsense—the sense-

less tirade of low flattery and thoughtless stimulation to error—could affect the mind of the high-born and highly educated Lady Sophia? Alas! yes—a slight spark will ignite dormant vanity, and the love of momentary triumph surpass the more generous wish of giving happiness to others in a sphere distinct from our own.

The new dress was tried on; its effects extolled by the maid, and admitted by the lady, who remembered to have read or heard of some beauty whose charms were always most striking when she first appeared after a temporary confinement. The carriage was announced, and she was actually descending when the low wail of the baby broke on her ear, and she recollected that in the confusion of her mind during the time devoted to dress and anticipated triumph, she had forgotten to send for the medical friend of the family.

Angry with herself, in the first moment of repentance she determined to remain at home, but unfortunately reconsidered, and went before the arrival of the doctor;—'tis true she left messages and various orders, and so *far* fulfilled a mother's duties, but she yet closed her eyes to the evident weakness of

her boy, and contented herself with determining to return as soon as it was possible.

But who could return while they found themselves the admired of all, and when at least the adoration of eyes saluted her from him whom she well knew it was cruelty or sin to attract. The observation forced upon her of Miss Somerville's melancholy looks told her this, and compelled her to recollect that she was without her husband, and therefore critically situated; and as "in the midst of life we are in death," so she proved that in the midst of triumph we may be humbled—in the midst of pleasure be pained; and she resolved to fly from the scene of gaiety more quickly than she had come.

But numerous delays arose, each of which harassed her spirits not less than they retarded her movements, and she became at length so annoyed, as to lose all her bloom and bear herself as much condoled with on her looks as she had a few hours before been congratulated;—she felt ill, and was aware that she merited to be ill, and had a right to expect reproaches from her husband, not less on account of herself than her child; and whilst in this state of perplexity was summoned to her carriage by

her servants, who, in the confusion occasioned by messengers from home as well as from herself, had increased her distress.

The young mother arrived in time to see the face of her dying child distorted by convulsions, and to meet from her husband anger, reproach, and contempt. She was astonished, even terrified, by witnessing the death of the innocent being she had forsaken in a moment so critical; and bitter was the sorrow and remorse which arose from offending him who had hitherto loved her so fondly and esteemed her so highly. These emotions combining with other causes, rendered her soon the inhabitant of a sick-bed, and converted a house so lately the abode of happiness and hope, into a scene of sorrow, anxiety, and death. Lady Sophia, after much suffering, recovered her health; but when she left her chamber she became sensible that although pity and kindness were shown to her situation, esteem and confidence were withdrawn. She had no child to divert the melancholy of her solitary hours, and, what was of more consequence, no husband who could condole with her on its loss—silence of the past was the utmost act of tenderness to which Mr. Seymour could bring himself on this subject, which recurred to him with

renewed pain when his anxiety was removed for the life of one still dear, though no longer invaluable.

And all this misery, the fearful prospect of a long life embittered by self-reproach, useless regret, and lost affection, was purchased by a new dress and an ignorant waiting-maid—a risk so full of danger and so fatal in effect was incurred, to strike a man already refused, and wound a woman who never injured her. Such are the despicable efforts of vanity for temporary distinction, and such the deplorable consequences of quitting the tender offices of affection and transgressing the requisitions of duty.

B. H.

HYPOCHONDRIANA.

THE LAMENT.

Of all the ills foredoomed by Fate,
 That haunt and vex this mortal state,
 None holds such firm and dismal sway,
 Augmenting night, and darkening day,
 As the foul pest—accurst, unholy,
 Sad-eyed, soul-sinking melancholy!

The fears that come without a call,
 The shade that, like a thrice-beaped pall,
 Drops o'er the shuddering, unstrong sense,
 In wild and drear omnipotence!
 The aimless blank, the sightless stare,
 The nerve, with all its fibres bare;
 The shapes grotesque that start to view,
 And, as their victim shrinks, pursue;
 The sickening languor, "last not least,"
 That spreads o'er all the damp chill breast,
 Unnerves the will, and racks the head,
 And brings the tears into their bed;



THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

These are *amongst* the horrors, thou,
Dread Demon, heapest on my brow.

Reader! these are no fancied woes,
For could I to thy view disclose
The visions that torment my sight;
Each grinning elf, each grisly sprite,—
However strong thy neves may be,
Thou wouldst not mock, but pity me.

* * * *
* * * *

Ah! see you not that monstrous birth
Engender'd by yon teeming hearth?
Mark that fantastic shapeless frame,
All head and legs, with eyes of flame!

My vision reels * *
* * * *
* * * *

Maddening, I to my window crawl,—
Alas, alas, discomfort all!
Rain, rain, eternal rain descending,
My weather-glass no change portending;—
The black wet mass of yesterday
In loosening torrents drowns the *May*!
Oh, happy climate! beauteous *Spring*!
Last *Winter* was the self-same thing.

Why not at once give all the slip?—
Yon sleepy potion tempts my lip :
The waning hour-glass seems to say,
“ Thy sand, like mine, has drained away ;”
And by the Death's head on the ground
Again my straining sight is bound.—
One glass suffices—shall I try,
And shift this clinging agony?—
Shall I * * *

Here the desponding MS. from which these lines are copied abruptly breaks off; and we are left in doubt whether the wise suggestion of the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet was adopted by the writer or not.

J. O.

S P L E E N.

CANKEK of Life ! beneath whose baneful sway
 The kind affections wither and decay,
 Whose torpid influence and whose dark control
 Can "freeze the genial current of the soul ;"
 With self-inflicted fears the bosom's lord
 In every dreaded semblance finds accord,
 Shaping a horrid chaos on the brain,
 To forms and colours of the darkest stain.—
 Ah, wherefore had the tyrant-monster birth,
 To blot the fairest prospects of the earth !
 Veiling the richest treasures of the skies,—
 Damping the sounds of pleasure as they rise,—
 Stamping its horrid coinage on the thought,
 Where the base image into visions 's brought !
 'Tis like a substance—that we cannot hold ;
 Speaks like a legend—that may not be told :
 Whose import's felt—imparted without breath—
 Shades to the sight,—but every shade a Death.

EDWARD.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

A TALE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

TOM WUNDERLICH was the son of Jacob Wunderlich, an honest sugar-baker, on Fish-Street Hill, who, having acquired an ample fortune in trade, was anxious to elevate his descendants, above the humble German stock from which he sprung, by marrying into some patrician family of his adopted country, to whom his wealth and interest in the city would make him acceptable. He fixed his choice upon the eldest daughter of Sir Roger Penny, a Baronet, of an ancient family, with much pride, two sons, eleven daughters, and twelve hundred a-year; but the match was not concluded without the stipulation that he would get himself previously knighted, a matter which, although at variance with his sugar-baking ideas, yet, he was convinced, was consistent with the object of his marriage; and, having accomplished it, he quickly transformed Miss Penny into Lady Wunderlich.

My lady gained some long-anticipated points by her marriage. She had acquired the same title as her mother, and, although the rank of her husband was inferior to that of her father, yet, his fortune turned the scale greatly in her favour. She had much at her command; and by her power of occasionally obliging the old lady in pecuniary matters, she obtained an ascendancy over her mamma which consoled her for deficiency of rank. Poor Wunderlich, on the contrary, found that he had spread his bed with nettles. His sugar-baking concern he willingly relinquished, as his fortune was ample; but to quit Lloyd's; his old cronies and city habits; to be forced to enter into the beau-monde; to pay and receive forenoon calls with my lady; attend evening parties, give at homes, balls, and suppers; and, to use his own expressions, "to have his house turned inside out," without daring to exclaim, "My Got, meine ladie! this will not do"—was too much for the worthy knight; whose chagrin, having brought on an attack of confirmed jaundice, terminated his disappointment and his life, a few months after the birth of our hero. Previous to his death, however, Sir Jacob had made a will, leaving a very moderate jointure only to Lady Wunderlich; and the reversion of his property to his son; failing whom it was

to devolve upon a nephew who had succeeded him in the sugar-baking concern. This deed blasted the hopes of any second alliance, in the mind of Lady Wunderlich, and obliged her to devote her life to the superintendence of the health and education of her son, on whom all her expectations now rested.

“ I recollect Tom” (says the writer of this narrative,) “ at school ; a fine spirited boy ; a little wilful, perhaps, and too timid in the play-ground, if a shower threatened, or the wind blew from the north-east. But then, although all the boys quizzed him, yet, they pitied him ; for his mamma sent every morning to inquire after his health. Mr. Bolus, the apothecary, saw him regularly twice a week, when he was well, and twice a day if labouring under the slightest symptoms of indisposition ; and, frequently, when the boys, on a half-holiday, were at cricket on the common, a servant would ride over from the Pavilion, to see whether Tom had cast his jacket ; or, if the air happened to be chilly, whether his neck were encompassed with one of the numerous bandanas her ladyship had sent for that purpose in his trunk. Tom was not devoid of ability, but Doctor Bumpem was ordered not to overstrain his mind ; for being a delicate boy, an only child, and the heir to a

large fortune, learning was quite a secondary concern ; health was every thing, and to secure that all other considerations were to yield. Tom was, nevertheless, a mild, good-natured, friendly boy ; and, although he was frequently laughed at, as much on account of his mother's weakness as his own, yet, he was universally liked. But, as he did little in the way of classical literature, he quitted Bumpem's with the character of being a good-natured, idle, soft-headed boy ; whom the doctor said it would be useless to send to Eaton or to Harrow ; and, therefore, in order to fit him for Oxford, in which university his fortune, in her ladyship's opinion, rendered it necessary he should sojourn, he was placed under the care of a clergyman, near Cheltenham. This arrangement was formed by Lady Wunderlich, in order that Tom, whilst his head was stored with classics by his tutor, should have the health of his body confirmed by the constant use of the waters ; to superintend which, her ladyship took a house in that modern Sinope.*

* The original name of Sinuessa, a town in Campania, celebrated for its hot-baths and mineral waters, was Sinope.—Ovid, *Mét.* 15, v. 715.—Mela. 2, c. 4.—Strab. 5.—Liv. 22, c. 13.—Mart. 6, ep. 42, l. 11, ep. 8.

From this time I lost sight of Tom for nearly ten years, during three of which I have been informed he had lived in Exeter College, Oxford, where he kept a couple of horses and a servant; that, four years after leaving the University, he had travelled to Italy, attended by Dr. Bolus; for the quondam apothecary had procured an Aberdeen diploma, at her ladyship's request, in order to confer dignity on himself, and to add to that of his patron, in the eyes of foreigners. The doctor was chosen for this important office, because he had been acquainted with Tom's constitution from his infancy; and not less on account of his knowledge of that of her ladyship, who was to be the companion of her son and the doctor; for the latter of whom, it was scandalously reported, she had a more than ordinary attachment. How Tom passed through this journey, and what harvest of knowledge he reaped from travel, I could never learn; although I have heard him declaim against the continent generally for its want of comfort and of medical talent; and once descant feelingly on the insupportable heat of Naples and the infernal scorching sirocco which he felt at Nice. Tom, however, having become of age when on his travels, her ladyship and the doctor contrived to

wheedle him out of twenty thousand pounds; and, having united their destinies, Mr. and Mrs. Bolus remained behind at Naples; whilst their son returned to England with a young Scotch physician, who was glad of an opportunity of being franked home. Tom had arrived ten days only, when I happened to meet him in Hyde Park.

It was towards the middle of May: the wind was blowing rather sharply from the north-east, when looking in at the window of a chariot, which formed one of the line of vehicles that moved slowly along on each side of me as I walked my horse up the drive, I perceived a gentleman, whom I thought I ought to recognise, seated in the corner of the carriage, muffled up in a fur cloak. He seemed also to be actuated by the same feeling, for, as if by a simultaneous impulse, his fingers were tapping at the glass at the moment I was turning my horse's head to beckon him to let down the window. I soon perceived he was my old schoolfellow, and waited for a minute expecting the carriage-window to be opened; but finding that, from the shake of his head and his signs, he wished me to go round to the leeward side of the carriage; which, with some difficulty, I was enabled to effect; in a few minutes I

was convinced, from the shake of his hand, that my friend Wunderlich carried in his bosom the same heart, as a man, which had beaten so warmly in it as a boy. “Hah! Dick, my worthy fellow!” said he, “how happy I am to meet you. Let me see! it is ten years since we parted at old Bumpem’s:—how is the old boy?—Ten years! i’faith time has altered both of us, Dick; I have been over half of Europe since we parted, and it is only ten days since I arrived from Italy. But,” continued he, holding a handkerchief to his mouth, “this cursed, variable climate will kill me. Indeed, my dear friend! you must excuse me from talking more at present: but come to me this evening. I have lodgings at the bookseller’s, in Holles Street:—went there to be near my doctor:—good bye, Dick! don’t fail to come, good bye! adieu!” and drawing up the window, he beckoned to the coachman to drive on. I had returned my friend’s salutation with all the warmth in my nature; but after the first “how d’ye”—could not wedge in a single sentence; and remained, as it were, rivetted to the spot, for a few minutes after his carriage drove on, uncertain whether the whole was not a delusion. “If it be not so,” thought I, “the poor fellow must be either on the verge of insanity, if not already insane: but I

will determine the point this evening, by calling at his lodgings;" and, turning my horse, I rode home to dinner, revolving in my mind the oddness of our meeting, after so long an absence.

It was nine o'clock in the evening, when I entered Tom's lodgings. He was seated before a large fire, in an elbow-chair, rolled in a chintz dressing-gown, with his nightcap on, and his feet pushed into a pair of red-morocco slippers lined with fur. On a small table near him, lay his watch, six apothecary's phials, full of medicine, one of which, by the label, was to be taken every fourth hour, and a pill-box containing half a dozen pills. On the same table, also, was a pair of scales, in which I perceived he had been weighing two ounces of biscuit; and a graduated pint measure, which contained one ounce and a half of distilled water. Tom rose and shook me warmly by the hand as I entered the room; but his eye had lost the animation it displayed when we first recognised one another in the park; and he was more emaciated than I had anticipated I should find him. "I am truly grieved to see you in this plight, my dear friend!" said I, glancing my eye upon the garniture of the little table; "what are your complaints?" "Ah!" replied he, forcing a faint smile,

“there’s the rub!—Were my complaints but known, there would be no difficulty in curing them. At least, so says Dr. Frogsfoot, who, however, assures me that it is a gastric affection; and that the uneasy state of my head is merely symptomatic, depending on the connexion between the par vagrum, the symptomatic nerve, and the great semilunar ganglion.” I saw I had hit upon a wrong key. “My learning, my dear Tom!” said I, “does not enable me to follow you into the depths of physic which these terms imply.”—“I know nothing of them either,” replied he, “I only give you the doctor’s words.” He, however, with the greatest politeness changed the matter of our discourse, which gradually became extremely animated; and taking me kindly by the hand, as I rose to depart, he acknowledged that my visit had done him an essential service; that the pain in his eye, which he was apprehensive was an incipient cataract, had completely left him; and he earnestly begged that I would repeat my visits every evening, whilst I remained in town. My hand was upon the handle of the room-door, and he had rung the bell for his servant to attend me to the street-door, when I turned round, recollecting that I had not inquired after his mother; and merely asked “how and where she was?” He started up and ap-

proached me—"You must," said he, "sit down, only for ten minutes, to hear that part of my story." I sat down accordingly. "You know that d——d fellow Bolus?—but, I am forgetting," looking at his watch, "it is time to take my pill and draught." He instantly placed one of the pills upon his tongue, and washed it down with a draught, which he emptied into his mouth from the phial, without evincing the least reluctance to it, in any feature of his face; and, having sat down, again began his narrative.

"You know that fellow Bolus? He became a physician and attended me on my travels, in which my mother also formed a party. He quite mistook my case, and treated me improperly from the beginning; but, at length, he formed a design upon my poor mother; and, as his suit advanced with her, he became more and more negligent of his patient, until he had the impudence to tell me, that my complaints were all imaginary; although the rascal knew that my liver was in the most torpid state, and the secretions consequently vitiated; that my stomach had lost its digestive functions; that the bowels were in such a sluggish condition as to require the constant aid of art; all which had so shaken my nerves that

life was a burden to me, and I would have given a thousand pounds to any wretched bravo, to have blown my brains out." Here my poor friend sunk back in his chair, and seemed almost affected to tears with the recollection of what he regarded as the height of inhumanity in Dr. Bolus. It was in vain for me to interfere. I said nothing, and he soon recovered his self-possession. "I really believe," continued he, "that the fellow would have poisoned me if I had remained longer his patient." I soon convinced him, that the Doctor could have no interest in his death, as his fortune would pass to his cousin, and not to his mother, with the detail of whose marriage with Bolus he had concluded his story. He appeared struck that he should have forgotten this fact; and then, as if he thought I also doubted the validity of his complaints, beseeched me to meet Dr. Frogsfoot on the following day; and concluded by assuring me, that he believed he had water on his brain, for that, "this morning, two drops of as clear fluid as ever distilled from a rock, dropped from his nose whilst he was at breakfast." I promised to be present at Dr. Frogsfoot's next visit, and hurried out of the house, happy again to get into the world of reality; fearful that my own

imagination might become infected, were I to remain long in the imaginary atmosphere of evils which surrounded my unhappy friend.

I entered Tom's apartment, on the following day, at one o'clock, and in less than two minutes the Doctor was announced. He was a tall, spare man, of much gravity of demeanor, rather advanced in years, with a thin sharp visage, an ample forehead, deeply sunk eyes, hollow cheeks, and a hanging of the nether lip, as Shakspeare would express himself, which gave a marked peculiarity of expression to his countenance. He made a slight inclination with his head as he entered the room, and, having seated himself close to my friend, inquired, in a soft undertone of voice, how he felt himself; whilst, at the same time, he took out his watch, and placed his fingers upon the pulse of his patient. Tom said nothing until this ceremony was over, after which he put out his tongue, then drew a deep inspiration, and immediately commenced a voluble detail of all his symptoms and feelings since the doctor's last visit, not forgetting an exact account of the ingesta, and the quality and aspect, to the nicest shade of colour, of the egesta. He had had pains in his legs, arms, head, and heart; he was certain his complaint

was retrocedent Gout ; he was alarmed this morning with straitness in the swallow, indicative of *Dysphagia* ; his perspirations were sometimes so great, that he conceived he must be the first victim to a return of the *Sudor Anglicus* ; and concluded by seriously inquiring, whether *Phlegmasia dolens* ever attacked the arm, as his right arm was so much swelled in the morning, that he was certain it could not have entered the sleeve of his coat, if the swelling had not greatly fallen. I heard, with amazement, Tom's knowledge of diseases, and their names ; the doctor listened to him with patience ; and, at the end of each sentence, ejaculated the word—"Aye !" He then made a few remarks ; told him that he must be galvanized again, on the following day ; wrote on a sheet of paper, "*Pergat in usu medicamentorum*," took his fee, said, "Good day," in his soft, low voice, with a gentle smile on his features ; and, again gently inclining his head, left the room.

"This is really too much," said Tom as the door closed upon Frogsfoot ; "that is the tenth fee which I have given the Doctor, without receiving any more satisfaction than you have heard to-day, or one new prescription. As for his galvanism—my skin is excoriated with the heat of it where the brushes are

placed; and I am certain, that if that hot stream is passed through my spine and liver much longer, I shall be burnt to a cinder. I will write him, this instant, to discontinue his attendance; and procure some other advice. Do you know any good physician, my dear Dick?" As I was convinced that this hasty determination of poor Wunderlich afforded me an excellent opportunity to try the effects of change of air, scene, and social intercourse, in diverting his mind from his corporeal ailments, in which I could not help thinking that fancy had a considerable share, I told him that I knew an excellent physician, who lived near me in the country, and who I was satisfied could cure him. He caught at the information. "But," continued I, "you must go with me into Worcestershire; the air of the Malvern hills, the pure water, the skill of the doctor, and my own good nursing, will do wonders for you. I shall be here, to-morrow, with my travelling-carriage, at twelve: so have every thing in readiness—I will take no refusal." He looked seriously at me, for a few seconds; and then said, "I thank you greatly; but I cannot stand the fatigue of such a journey."—"Nonsense, Tom! trust that to me. Be ready at twelve:" and I abruptly left the house before he had time to utter a negative. "A pretty

scrape I have got into," thought I, as I walked down Regent Street: "to volunteer myself as the keeper of an hypochondriac on the verge of insanity!—yet—he is my friend; and I am rescuing a drowning man, which is the duty of every passenger who sees his danger, be he friend or foe."

I had ordered the carriage to be in Holles Street at twelve precisely; and, anxious to secure my friend, walked to his lodging immediately after breakfast. I was surprised to find the knocker of the door muffled; but only supposing from it that his landlady was in the straw, I inquired hastily of his servant if his master was packing? "Lord, Sir!" said John, "he is in bed." The look of John told me something was wrong, but I was not willing to take the hint; and, stepping into the drawing-room, said, carelessly, "Tell your master I am here." Whilst I waited the return of the servant, I took up several books, which were all upon medical subjects: for instance, the Gazette and the Oracle of Health:—Paris on Diet and Digestion:—Abernethy's Works:—Thomson's London Dispensatory:—and Good's Study of Medicine.—"Alas! poor Tom! if this be your course of reading, my efforts to wean you from your malady will prove fruitless," said I,

soliloquizing aloud, as John entered the room to conduct me to his master.

I found my friend in bed, in a deplorable state. He informed me that he had been attacked with spasms in the night, and could not have survived but for the skilful aid of Doctor Palm, whom he had sent for, and who he, momentarily, expected would repeat his visit. He had scarcely uttered his name, when the bed-room door opened, and the doctor was announced. I had no time to make my physiognomical observations, before the learned gentleman was at the bed-side, which he approached with a light springy step, on tiptoe; and seizing my friend's hand between both of his hands, and leaning forwards, inquired with all the apparent warmth and anxiety of an old associate, into the state of his present feelings. "I trust, my dear Sir!" said he, "that the medicines which I prescribed speedily relieved those frightful spasms?" And, without waiting for a reply, turning to me, with the sweetest smile, voice, and manner imaginable, "I found Mr. Wunderlich in a very critical state." He then seated himself, still holding the hand of his patient, and recommenced his professional queries. I had now an opportunity of observing the doctor. He was below the ordinary stature, and of a meagre form;

plainly, I should almost say shabbily, attired; but his head might have been selected by an artist as the finest model for that of a philosopher. It was partly bald; the forehead beautiful, broad, and elevated; the eyes small and shaded; the cheek bones rather high; the nose straight and projecting, and the mouth large and compressed. The forehead was, indeed, the finest I had ever seen; and although he could not be called good-looking, yet his countenance bore the impression of superior intellect, great gentleness, and an anxious desire to please. When he had finished his inquiries and written his prescription, he politely addressed himself to me;—spoke of the news of the town; inquired if I had read the last Edinburgh Review, made many just and critical remarks upon its merits, and those of its rival, the Quarterly; and entering a little into the characters of some of the leading members of both parties in Parliament, displayed powers for conversation truly enviable. As he rose to take his leave, he again pressed his patient's hand between both of his hands; promised to see him in the evening, and left the room with the same light springy step, with which he had entered it.

“Ah! my dear Dick!” said Tom, looking after the doctor, “if I had met with that worthy man two

years ago, how much misery I should have escaped. Would you believe it, I had, besides Bolus, three different physicians at Naples, five at Rome, two at Geneva, three at Paris, my young Scotch travelling companion and Dr. Frogsfoot since my return; and not one of them understood my case. Now I feel that I shall get well; and be able to visit you, in comfort, in Worcestershire. Did you not admire the tact with which Dr. Palm conducted his inquiries? He is the man." I nodded an assent; and, telling my poor friend that I expected, on my return to town, in eight or ten days, to find him quite recovered, I took my leave, pondering on the delusions which tyrannize over reason, in certain states of our habit; and raising a thousand metaphysical conjectures on the nature of the connexion between body and mind.

Having been detained longer in the country than I expected, twelve days had elapsed before I had an opportunity of again calling in Holles Street. On answering my knock, John received me with a significant smile as he made his usual bow. "We are still here," said he; "and master in the old way. The doctor is with him just now; but you,—I am sure *you* may walk up. My master is in the drawing-room." I followed John;

and was kindly received by my poor friend. I expected to have seen, also, my late acquaintance, Dr. Palm; but the individual who now supplied his place, was the antipode, both in form and manner, of that fascinating disciple of Hippocrates. He was a little, portly figure, with a round, fresh-coloured, pleasant face; and his head, which was rather large, covered with a profusion of white hair, dressed in the fashion of the close of the last century. Indeed, his entire figure and dress were those of a substantial citizen of 1790. He did not rise when I entered; but merely made a slight inclination of his head, and waved his left hand, which held his hat, raising it from his knee on which it rested. He then fixed his eyes steadfastly upon me, whilst I addressed my friend. After a few minutes, turning suddenly round to his patient, he abruptly inquired, "Have you any thing more to say?" Tom assured him that he had not; that he fully understood his orders; "But the pain"—"Stop!"—ejaculated the little man,—"I know what you are going to say; it is all fudge. If you know my orders, follow them." Notwithstanding this specimen of his abrupt manner, I ventured to address the doctor; and stated, as my opinion, that my friend would benefit greatly by a change of air and scene. He again eyed me,

for a few seconds, and demanded, "Are you a physician, Sir?"—"No."—"Are you a surgeon?"—"No."—Then, Sir, what right have you to form an opinion on the subject?"—and, without waiting for a reply, rose from his seat and left the room.

"Your new doctor is the pink of politeness, my dear Wunderlich!" said I, as he shut the room door with a bang. "He is a character;" replied my friend. "You must have heard of him: Mr. Mybook, the eminent surgeon; a man of great learning, consummate skill in his profession; and, although apparently rough and abrupt in his manners, yet, I am informed, possessed of the kindest and most benevolent disposition." He, at this moment, again opened the door; and having peeped in and said "Friday," shut it, this time, in a more gentle manner. "What a pity," said I, "that the diamond has not passed through the hand of the lapidary! But what has become of my favourite, Doctor Palm?" Here Tom informed me, that he and the doctor had gone on very well together for a week; but at length, coming to a stand still, he thought he would try Mr. Mybook, whose work he had perused, and under whom, although he had been only four days, he really thought he was improved. "He relies little upon medicine," said

Tom, “ of which he says, I have taken too much, but greatly upon diet and regimen. I ride out twice a day, dine at an early hour, and eat a certain quantity only of food at each meal; after which I lie down on the carpet for an hour, and then crawl, on my belly, to the corner of the room for my tumbler of water, which is all the liquid he allows me. —You smile, Dick! but, trust me, all this is done upon principles, which experience has verified.” I smiled at the gravity with which my friend had gone through these details: telling him, at the same time, that I approved much of that part of his plan which referred to horse exercise; on which account the country was the best place for him; and that I had come, on purpose, to take him into Worcestershire. He thanked me, but said he could not accept my offer: that he was in the search of health, and must be near advice. I perceived it was a hopeless case; and shaking my poor friend by the hand, with a melancholy foreboding departed.

It was not until the end of August, whilst I was busied in preparing for the shooting season, that I again heard of Tom Wunderlich. I was thinking, one morning at breakfast, how much I was to blame for having neglected so long to inquire after him, and wondering whether he was now well enough to

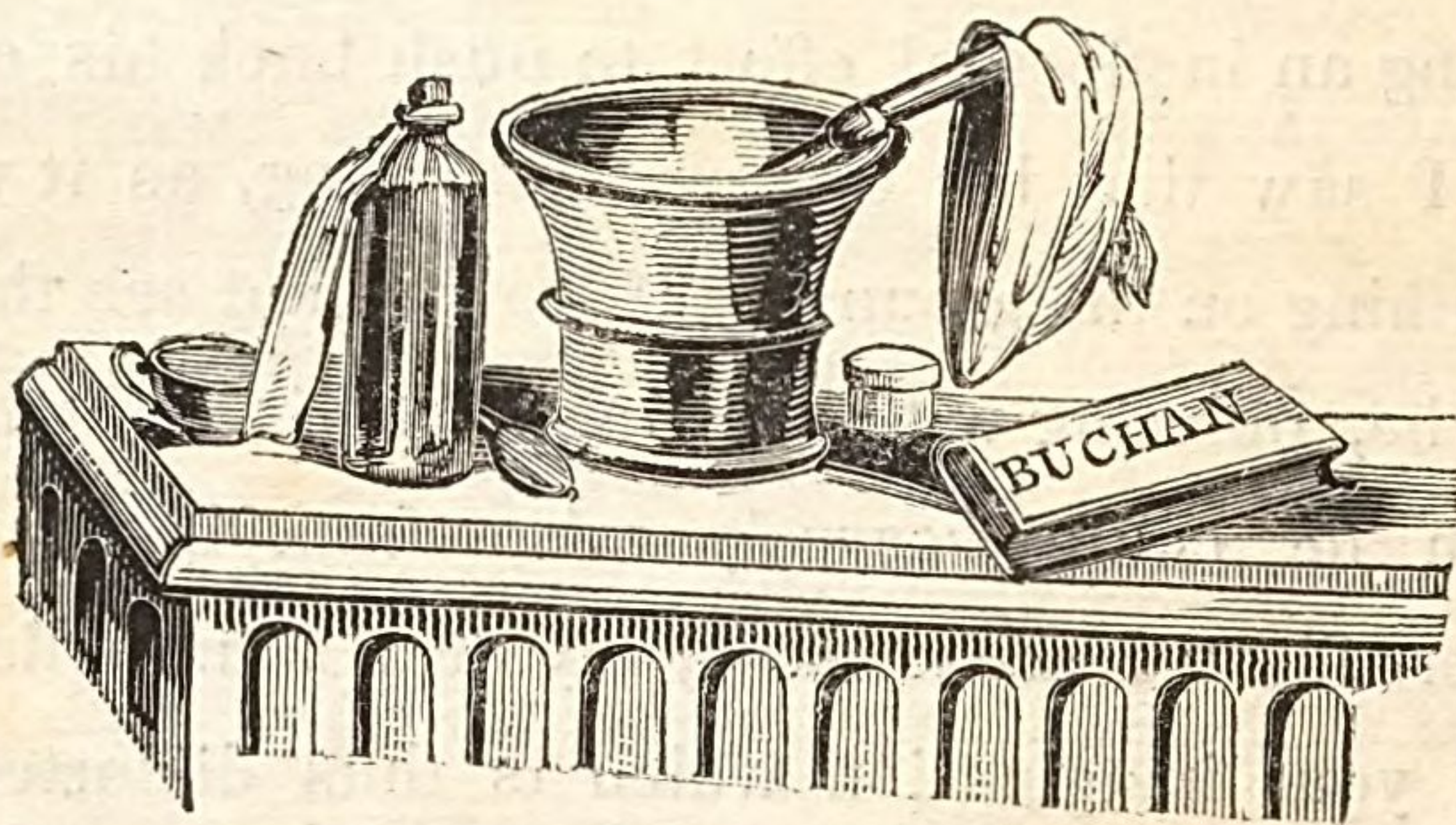
bring down a partridge, when a letter from the poor fellow was put into my hands. It entreated me, earnestly, to come and see him, in the vicinity of Dorking, where he had taken a cottage; and, as his health was worse than ever, he hoped nothing would prevent me from forthwith seeing him. The epistle, indeed, was written in a strain which left me one mode only of decision: and, therefore, ordering my tilbury, I drove over to Gloucester; threw myself into the mail; and on the afternoon of the following day, found myself seated in the little parlour of my friend's cottage. He could not at that moment be disturbed; but John informed me, that he feared his master was now ill in good earnest; that he had retained nothing on his stomach for four days; was delirious, and reduced to "an atomy." I inquired what he had been doing. "Ah! Sir, said John, "you know how fond he is of new doctors: he has had twenty since you saw him; and has taken a waggon-load of physic. Lord, Sir! I have turned many a good penny on the empty phials; but it wont do. I really fear that the poor gentleman is dying." In a few minutes my friend was ready to see me, and I entered his bed-room.

Alas! what a change! a young man, not twenty-six, metamorphosed to an old, infirm invalid of

seventy ; his skin yellow and shrivelled, his cheeks sunk, and his wan eyes almost lost within their bony sockets. He could not rise to welcome me ; but stretched out his skinny hand, and with a hoarse yet scarcely audible voice, said : “ God bless you, my dear Dick ! This is indeed a visit of true friendship.” I took hold of his hand and sat down by him, for my heart was too full to speak. He perceived the state of my feelings ; and as he feebly returned the pressure of my hand, a hectic smile passed over his countenance, to check a tear which stood in the corner of his eye. “ Ah ! Dick !” said he, “ this is a severe trial. After finding that all the regular faculty had mistaken my case, and having at length found a remedy for it, to be unable to avail myself of the blessing.” Here he paused to fetch his breath, for the least effort exhausted him ; and although he was up, yet he had scarcely strength to support himself in the chair. I ventured to inquire of what remedy he spoke. “ It is,” said he, shuddering as he uttered the words, “ a live spider ; and I have the most implicit faith in the prescription : but I cannot overcome my aversion to the insect. I see a spider in every article of food I swallow ; and it, consequently, does not remain a moment on my stomach. Two nights ago I dreamt that I saw a spider, with a body the size and exact

resemblance of a human skull, and legs like those of a skeleton. It crawled up to my mouth, which it was about to enter; and—" Here he was again forced to pause to draw breath: a cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and his fleshless hand was bedewed with an icy moisture. He heaved a deep sigh, and looked me full in the face; and, then, as if recollecting himself, he continued his detail. "This spider haunts me day and night, so constantly, that I am perfectly conscious of its existence; and I am also aware that it is the identical one which I must swallow." At this idea he became so much convulsed, that I called aloud for John, and ordered him instantly to fetch a doctor. My poor friend seemed insensible to the sound of my voice and the order I had given. I felt that he was making an ineffectual effort to push back his chair, and I saw that his eye was following, as it were, something on the ground. "Do you not see there," said he, pointing with the finger of his right hand, which he could scarcely raise from his knee—"there!" "I see nothing, my dear Wunderlich!—it is your imagination which is thus distorted by your disease." He drew himself up with horror: "No! no!" he feebly exclaimed, "it is not fancy:—see, it has crawled up my leg: there—there—it is

on my heart—I feel it ;” and he sunk into his chair. I thought he had fainted ; but in a few seconds, he gave a convulsive sob ; which was succeeded by another at an equal distance of time : these were then followed by a hissing, expiratory sound ; his limbs became powerless, and he would have fallen on the floor, if I had not supported him in the chair. The doctor entered the room : but it was only to confirm my apprehensions. The force of the delusion had overwhelmed his nervous system ; and, *in this doing*, Death, in his triumph over mortality, had demonstrated that life may be expelled from her fortress by a phantom of the imagination.





ILLUSTRATION

LIFE'S ASSURANCE.

'TWAS a wild dream!—I had grown old—
 Dim was my aching sight—and cold
 The blood that crept, in languid course,
 Through each dried vein. Tired Nature's force
 Was spent; yet, yet I longed to live—
 To mingle in earth's crowd—to give
 Another sigh, another tear,
 To those who were by kindred dear—
 To those my heart best loved. I wept,
 In the dark thought that Time had swept,
 Remorseless many a blooming flower,
 The sunshine of my spirit's hour
 Of happiness, away!—Alone
 I wandered forth: no soothing tone—
 No blessing breathed, in accents dear—
 No “Speed thee, Heaven!” to charm and cheer—
 Was mine. I came—and went; a sigh
 Hailed me with its sad minstrelsy;

Shrieks of despair the rude gale swelled,
And demons of the night-storm yelled,
At my departure.—*Could* it be—
She, the beloved one!—where was *SHE*?

Ha! 'twas a sudden flash! that spire,
Seen through the lightning's lurid fire,
Had met my gaze before! Deep, deep,
In Memory's page, awake, asleep,
It dwelt in sacred vividness,
Through weal, through woe, my soul to bless.
MARY!—My vows!—The bright, bright ray
That shone upon our favoured day—
The joyous peal that on our ear
Rang its glad changes, full and clear—
The words that, 'neath that sacred shrine,
Proclaimed thee mine—*for ever* mine!—
Yet sweetly haunted me,—when, lo!
A change came o'er my dream of woe!
It was a rapid, sudden change,
To darkness—mist—moonlight—a range
Of mountains in the distance; then,
A desert heath, from press of men
Removed; and then, a fitful sky
Of battling clouds—of anarchy—

From which the moon, with sullen ray,
Looked down on mortal man's decay.
The place of tombs was frowning there :
Beneath that beam, so coldly fair,
The bones of beauty, youth, and age,
Were bleaching. Winter's fiercest rage,
And summer's gale—the breeze, the blast—
O'er that lone scene unheeded passed,
Nor waked the sleepers.

Midnight dews—
Damp graves—and night's pale flowers, diffuse
A chilling sadness.—Hark ! What sound
Is that from yonder humble mound
Of ungrassed earth?—Poor FIDO here?
Man's fond unfailing friend, whose fear,
Whose hope, joy, sorrow, peace, and love,
Dwell in his master's eye ! Above
The world's cold Janus-smile I greet
Thy honest welcome at my feet !

What means that look—that piteous moan ?
Ah, 'tis a *recent* grave ! The stone—
Sad land-mark, reared by hands of earth
O'er the last home of buried worth—

The name—the story—may reveal,
 Of him who now has ceased to feel
 The thrill of bliss—the throb of woe—
 The pang young minds are doomed to know,
 When Disappointment's withering glance
 Dissolves the spell of fond romance
 That on her heart's proud beatings hung,
 And songs of hope and gladness sung—
 Pæans that told of future fame—
 The heaven-born lay—the deathless name!

I read :—" MARY, *the honoured wife*"—
 MARY!—my worshipped love! the life
 Of life! *My Mary*—art *thou* gone?

* * * * *

Another change.—Lo, now there shone
 A glorious sun in Heaven ;—and yet
 The yew-tree's sable pall was wet
 With tears of night;—and yet the mound—
 Not grassless *now*, but osier-bound—
 Was there ;—and still the moaning gale
 Sighed o'er that stone—that tribute frail.
 But time had dimmed its freshness—moss
 Crept o'er the words that spoke the loss
 My widowed soul had known.—Beneath
 A rank and deadly nightshade wreath

These broken lines I read :—“ *Here sleeps
Her husband*”—“ *LIFE'S ASSURANCE*”—“ *weeps*”—
“ *In anguish weeps.*”

The vision fled—
I was no more amongst the dead—
The world's swift stream—the rushing throng—
Carried me with its tide along,
Like a seared leaf that yet lives on,
When all its kindred leaves are gone.—
Strange, that amidst the ceaseless strife,
Though joy was dead, I longed for life !
Those words—those words—that vision still
Haunted my heart and brain. The *will*,
Without the *power* to live, was mine !
O, for some voice—some voice divine—
To whisper to my secret ear,
“ *Life—Life's ASSURANCE—waits thee HERE !*”

That instant, smiling through the storm,
My mental glance descried a form,
Attired in robes of dazzling white,
With lip of rose, and eye of light.
That lip—that eye—had blessed my gaze
In other, brighter, happier days—
When love was warm, when life was new,
And years like minutes swiftly flew !

In her white hand a cup she bore—
The cup I quaffed in days of yore.
'Twas HOPE—and thus she spake :—“ O, drink !
And though upon the gloomy brink
Of the dark grave, yet thou shalt *live*—
The draught shall LIFE'S ASSURANCE give !”

Life ! Life !—O, *magic* words, whose power
Wrought on my heart in that wild hour
Of visioned woe !—I drained the bowl—
That nectar of a fainting soul !
Would gracious Heaven my days prolong ?
Yes ! for methought my limbs grew strong ;
My breast no longer owned despair,
For HOPE—the syren HOPE—was there !

I gazed around—what words were those ?
What mansion that so stately rose ?
Ha ! “ LIFE'S ASSURANCE !” —Breathe I yet !
I rushed within the gate—I met
The fleshless form—the orbless eye—
The breast without a heart—a sigh—
That man's worst foe declared ! Around—
Huge folios—bags of gold—embrowned
With dust of time :—Was gold the price
Of earth's *still* longed-for Paradise ?

“ Ah ! give me years of vigour—health—
And take, O, take my sordid wealth !”

The spectre grimly smiled, and said :

“ Thou fool—go, rest thee with the dead !

Behold yon feeble withered crone—

Like *thee*, she'd breathe, a thriftless drone—

Like *thee*, she'd live o'er life again,

Through years of feverish grief and pain.

To-morrow, she must meet her doom—

To-morrow, rest within the tomb !

“ THY days are numbered, too. Away !

Thy mother earth now chides thy stay !

Go—and, within her silent home,

Await the life—*the life to come* !”

With gaunt and outstretched arm he gave

A scroll—my passport to the grave.

I shrank, and read with gasping breath—

“ *Thy* LIFE'S ASSURANCE is alone through DEATH !”

T. H.

THE ASSURANCE OFFICE.

“ I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate.”—*Shakspeare*.

To persons ignorant of commercial and financial mysteries, the notion of insuring life seems a strange one. How a house or a ship may be insured is easily comprehended; for the first, may probably never be burnt, nor the second wrecked. But man must, at some time or other, die; and yet, against death, not only the young and vigorous, but the aged and valetudinary, find no difficulty in obtaining, on various conditions, what is technically called a policy of insurance. Is it not rather a sentence of execution, the term of which is not precisely defined?

Slanderers of human nature deny that there is such a thing as friendship. Even the less misanthropic consider themselves remarkably fortunate if they possess one true friend. Shall I inform you how you may make yourself certain of having at least eight staunch hearty friends, who will feel the

greatest interest in you during the whole course of your existence? Go, and insure your life, for a good round sum, at the office of one of the assurance companies. From the very moment of your doing so, the directors of that company will become your warm and sincere friends; friends, whom no neglect of yours, except neglecting to pay your annual premium, can alienate. The “how d’ye do?” of other people is merely the conventional phrase by which conversation is commenced, but with the gentlemen to whom I allude it is a *bonâ-fide* inquiry. To them your health is an object of constant solicitude. They watch with anxious sympathy the expression of your countenance; exult when your eye sparkles with vivacity, and are depressed when your cheek is invaded by “the pale cast” of sickness. And when at length the awful moment shall arrive,—

“For come it will, the day decreed by fate,”—

that is to terminate your earthly career, their grief at your loss will be unmingled with the slightest hypocrisy. Why? The event which puts your nearest connexions in possession of twenty thousand pounds, takes exactly the same sum out of the pockets of these gentlemen. Yes, my dear madam; notwithstanding what you hasten to tell me about

“the emotions of conjugal affection,” and “the tears of filial sensibility,” I maintain that the most inconsolable mourners over a man’s grave are the directors of the company by whom his life has been insured.

There is no rule, however, without an exception. Among the conditions on which a policy of life assurance is granted, is generally one, which it is difficult to describe in terms of sufficient delicacy. The benefits of the policy are withheld from that particular casualty to which a want of due regard for the lives and property of others may unhappily subject any man. In plain English, the insurance company declare that if the person insured should be hanged, they will be hanged if they pay a farthing to his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns. He and the policy drop together. It is clear therefore that this unamiable reservation is likely to produce a little deviation from the otherwise uniformly warm tone of friendship to which I have been adverting. In fact, it must create an anomaly of feeling rather curious. “My dear sir, I have the highest regard for you, and put up daily prayers for your health and prosperity; I am delighted at the ruddiness of your complexion, and the firmness of your

step;—but it would give me infinite pleasure to hear of your making an exhibition, about eight o'clock one of these fine mornings, before the Debtors' Door, Newgate."—Such is not exactly the address one would wish from one's friends.

It has puzzled me for the last half-hour, and if you, my gentle reader, are not clearer-headed than I am, it will puzzle you for the next, to determine whether this awkward proviso be or be not advantageous to the interests of morality. They say, "and I believe the tale," that the love of money is a great temptation to crime. But here the love of money is a great temptation to abstinence from crime. We may be tolerably certain that a person of any *nous*, who has insured his life at a life-insurance office, will take care not to be easily betrayed into the commission of burglary or murder; were it only that he would be ashamed of showing himself so deficient in worldly knowledge.—On the other hand, is that altogether fair towards the insurance company? Ought a humane and honourable man to check his evil propensities, because their indulgence would be beneficial to a certain portion of his fellow-creatures? Is it honest on his part to do all he can by his good conduct to disappoint calcula-

tions and expectations founded on a just view of the degravity of human nature? These are questions which I strongly recommend for discussion at the Westminster debating-club.

After all, and notwithstanding my nice scruples, I believe it must be conceded that the institution of these societies has been productive of great good. By a return which was laid on the table of the House of Commons during the last session of Parliament, it appears that the number of stamps issued for policies of life assurance, has more than doubled during the last ten years. After making every proper allowance for the increase of population, this fact is a strong proof of the growth of kind and moral habits. That man cannot be a very worthless member of the community, whose natural affection induces him to deny himself all, or many of the luxuries of life, and in some cases even to abridge what the self-indulgent consider its absolute necessities, in order that, when he is cold in the grave, his wife, or his children, may be placed in circumstances of ease and independence.

W. H. W.



THE ANTIQUARY

THE ANTIQUARY.

“ There’s a lean fellow beats all conquerors.”

Decker’s Old Fortunatus.

THE Antiquary, wrapt in busy dreams
 Of old world things, the dead alive he seems,—
 The living record of the time gone by,—
 The chronicle of the first century :
 His eye faint glimmering ’neath o’erhanging brow,
 Bespeaks entire forgetfulness of “ now :”
 To modern lore he makes but small pretence,
 And drops the present for the preterite tense.
 Ask of his garb ?—He wears the same cut coat
 Dryden might wear when Dryden lived and wrote.
 His politics ?—To state and country true ;
 Beyond, he knows nor cares no more than you.
 His mansion’s chequered walls attract the eye,
 And round his roof ancestral ravens fly.
 Within—but none save he that now may know
 The wealth of that prodigious raree-show ;
 There in his day-dreams, blest, he musing sits,
 And roams o’er every by-gone age by fits ;

Pores o'er the forms heraldic labours tend,
Or pens a prosing letter to a friend :
For Anno Domini writes A. U. C.,
Or heads his letter with a kind S. D.
In fancy o'er the Via Sacra walks,
Or with a Pliny or a Strabo talks ;
At Horace' Villa culls his early beans,
Or in Etruscan kettles boils his greens.

With rising pride he views his swelling store
Of wonders never mortal owned before ;
Strange relics of all tribes that spoke or speak—
Assyrian, Turkish, Jewish, Roman, Greek.
Busts, statues, images, involved in dust,
Swords, helmets, javelins, precious in their rust ;
Black-letter books, some grass from Trojan's park,
An ephod, and a piece of Noah's ark.
Whatever useless rarity you name
Of ancient date, look here, you find the same :
These he collects, these gathers night and day,—
For these, pounds, shillings, pence, he flings away ;
And though reputed in his senses sound,
He for a Roman penny gives a pound.
But say—what prize, what treasure meets his sight
Unseen before—what promise of delight ?

A shield of price ! with rust corrosive traced,
The true *æru*go of an antique taste.

“ And whence,” he cries, “ the gift ? What gen’-
rous friend

Has fate propitious tempted this to send ?

Say, say from whom ?” his rapture stays his breath ;

Brief the reply—“ From *me* it comes,” quoth DEATH.

He starts—he sees upon the shield his name,

And feels a tremour stealing through his frame ;

Beholds the grinning messenger with fear,

And grieves to find ANTIQUITY too near ;

He drops the shield with fearful import rife,

And quits at once his treasures and his life.

CHEVIOT TICHBURN.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

“A plague,” says Time to Thomas Hearne,
 “Whatever I forget you learn.”

OUR poetical contributor has taken a view of the Antiquary under the idea of what Doctor Johnson calls “Curiosity in Excess,” where straws and trifles occupy that time which might be more seriously or advantageously employed. But this spirit of imagination may be pardoned in a stranger to the pleasures of virtue, when one of its most ardent votaries indulged in the ridicule of a profession he both followed and admired. But Grose, while caricaturing pretensions to connoisseurship, did not consider that a handle might be made of this satire to draw down the contempt of some, ignorant of the pleasure and advantage of antiquarian research; in which there is more than is dreamt of, in the philosophy of many, who wonder that men should be found to puzzle themselves about the *past*, when there is so much to be done with the present.*

* Under the head MISCELLANEA CRITICA in Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1826, is an article which prominently introduces

The labours of the Antiquary serve to trace things up to their source,—to throw light upon the old for the improvement of the new,—to show the advance

the subject we are now attempting to illustrate, and from which we beg to be allowed to glean a few sentences. It thus begins:—"One use of Poetry is to nurse in us the feeling of the Beautiful. Another, among many others, to cherish, or produce, *the love of ANTIQUITY.*" After showing how "essentially poetical" are the manners and transactions of past ages, and what a high-wrought interest the Poet feels in the "remembrance of long-buried generations of our kind," the writer thus proceeds:—

"If there be in the Past, as such, the natural aptitude here supposed for affecting the Imagination, the *affection* will be enhanced by intercourse with *that Art*, which not only especially awakens this Faculty,—but greatly delights to lay open, and draw forth, these particular sources of its pleasure." And how this is effected, we learn from the following sensible observations:—"In the extension of our sympathy with human kind, taking in that portion which may least require it, indeed, the dead—but, further, those living, in whom the old times imaged, live yet:—In the wider field put under the dominion of thought; since that which we learn to love we then first understand:—In the solemnity added to our meditations on man's nature:—In loftier, calmer, juster views of human affairs:—In increased love of our country, itself ancient:—Lastly—among a high-cultivated people a consideration of no slight importance—In the ampler materials placed under the hand of those inventive, beautiful Arts, which are much of the brightness, and give much of the happiness, of distinguished civilization:—if it may not seem too much arguing in a circle, to say that Poetry is useful, by enlarging *its own* powers.—*What* is this LOVE OF ANTIQUITY? Not the coldly-curious taste, sometimes seen, of research into parts of knowledge from most minds hid by rareness, or separated by want of evident, common, compelling interest,—but a *feeling* placed half in imagination, half in our social nature, by which we accept our union of brotherhood with our kind, take concern in them, most distantly divided from us by time, and confess a title to

in some, and the failure of others towards that perfection, which is the ultimate aim of art, science, and literature.

There is, besides what belongs to the useful and important in antiquarian researches, an innocent pleasure and a harmless gratification, that perhaps more exclusively belong to the collector of antiquities than to most other pursuits.

By the aid of his treasures, he can call up past ages, and as it were make them refund the riches they had secreted. His minerals, his fossils, and his gems, discover in part the organization of the material world; his coins and medals connect many links in the chain of history that would otherwise be lost. His ambition raises no armies to disturb the peace or destroy the happiness of mankind; his triumphs are not sprinkled with blood, nor is his path to fame washed with the tears of the widow or the orphan: a more perfect tome, a more rare example

affect us, in their MEMORY, by whatever shapes of matter it may be borne.

“Men, for the most part, love the Present. The joy given them in the consciousness of their living being, is of the hour, the moment: which it fills with animating, sparkling, fires. But the urn of the Past they can believe to contain only extinct and cold ashes,—misjudging,—nor aware how ‘even in our ashes live their wonted fires.’”

of virtu than has yet been acquired fills him with delight; the flame of his ambition is fed on the hopes of obtaining some antique lamp or other curiosity; and while the thoughts of the greater part of mankind are bent on the pursuit of honours or wealth, his may be more quietly engaged in admiring the beauties of an Etruscan vase, or commenting on the form and use of a lachrymatory :

“ Behold I have put thy tears in my bottle.”

Here a passage of scripture is explained,—there a mine of inquiry is sprung, and the ore of the intelligent and useful revealed.

Antiquarian researches are like vessels of discovery,—sometimes fraught with the marvellous, at other times laden with cargoes of the richest materials, the produce of every clime and of every shore; or if these fail, there is matter at hand which, though not of so costly a quality, may by an alchymy (well known to the initiated) be converted into a substance more valuable than intrinsically belonged to it. Such are the legendary tales of the olden time, with their quaint language or grotesque ornaments; beneath whose homely features and rude address are often concealed some important lesson, some stroke of satire or shrewd research; where, if the laugh is

raised, it is at the expense of vice or folly ; or if the bells are jingled, it is for the purpose of obtaining attention to some moral instruction.

It is true, conjecture and fancy will mix themselves up with the solid materials, or in some instances become substitutes for the true meaning ; but then they are often so ingenious and inventive, that the resemblance is readily admitted, as in the case of the Scotch novels, where history and fiction so imperceptibly unite, that they cannot easily be separated ; though what may be lost by the absence of the one, is gained by the skill displayed and the amusement found in the other.

Our design goes simply to show that the Antiquary may be surprised by Death in the midst of his treasured relics ; and that, while recording the wonders of antiquity, a monumental record may be preparing for himself. Not that it would have been impossible to introduce Death as a consequence of antiquarian researches. He might inoculate himself with the canker by licking a coin, or be poisoned in tasting the liquors used in the preserving of certain bodies ; he might die of chagrin, when missing the purchase of a unique or a non-descript. There are other instances in which, like Jonathan Oldbuck,

the Antiquary's temper and frame, even, might receive a shock, when told that his antique of 400 years had by some awkward discovery been deprived of an 0. But Antiquaries do not die of chagrin,—whether there is any “cause in nature,” or in the study of virtue, that fortifies the heart and keeps the brain cool, in the disappointed views, the accidents, or mistakes that attend these pursuits, is not perhaps known or has not become an object of inquiry. True it is, there are men of such phlegm, or of such philosophy, as to bear up against mortifications that would annihilate persons of more morbid sensibilities; nor are there wanting instances in which the most fatal effects have followed the destruction, either designed or accidental, of a favourite plan. Madame Sevigné relates a melancholy instance of this keen and desperate sensibility, as it may be called, where the *maitre-d'hote* of a French nobleman fell upon his sword and expired, because the *roti* was ill served or ill cooked. After all, may it not be the number and variety of his resources which give to the Antiquary's mind a nerve, or elasticity, that shall cause him to recover from a blow or a fall by which another man would be stunned or killed outright. Indeed, had it been possible for an Antiquary to have died of chagrin, it must have oc-

curred in the case below cited,* which we have extracted from the *European Magazine* for March, 1790,

* *ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANECDOTE*, 1789.—“ We hear, that a valuable morsel of antiquity, containing a Saxon inscription, commemorative of particulars attending the death of *Hardyknute*, has been discovered among the foundations of his Palace in Kennington Lane. This memorial is in Saxon characters, sculptured on white marble, which, though discoloured by damp, is still in high and excellent preservation.

“ The curiosity before us, but for an accident, might have returned to its former obscurity. An able and intelligent draughtsman luckily saw it in a window at a cutler's shop on the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge. It was subsequently examined and authenticated by the learned Director of the Antiquary Society; and by him, or his order, was copied and sent (no beautiful detrition, conciliating freckle, or picturesque fissure, omitted) to the Reverend and very acute Mr. SAMUEL PEGGE. He expeditiously furnished an ample comment upon it, which was lately read, to the general improvement of its auditors, in Somerset Place, when formal thanks were unanimously voted for so erudite a communication. Such, indeed, was the effect of this discourse, that the personages present at its recital (as Lydgate observes of the fortunate Trojans who beheld the carbuncle that illuminated the Hall of King Priamus)

‘ ——— mervayled ech one,

Soche lyghte ysprang out of thylk stone.’

“ The inscription aforesaid is expressed with that simple but majestic brevity which marks the performances of ancient times. It states, in unaffected terms, that *Hardyknute*, after drenching himself with a horn of wine, *stared about him, and died*. Our language, however, will not do complete justice to those harmonious and significant words, *ymbstarud* (or, as it should rather have been written—*starude*) and *swelt*.—The sculpture of the fatal horn itself, decorated with the Danish raven, affords sufficient room for belief that the imitative arts, even at that early period [1042], were not unsuccessfully cultivated in England.—The public is now waiting, with every mark of impatience, for a plate

where a learned professor is described as having been betrayed by a hoax into a situation the most

representing this precious marble, as well for a perusal of Mr. *Pegge's* illustration of it, in the next volume of the Society's Archæological Collections.

“ But, notwithstanding this venerable relic has passed the ordeal of such well-instructed and microscopic eyes, a set of ridiculous and shallow critics are to be met with, who either ignorantly or maliciously pronounce the whole inscription, &c. to be the forgery of some modern wag. They say, that it was designedly left with the cutler, as a trap for a certain antiquary, who deliberately and obligingly walked into it:—that its exhibition was accompanied with a specious request from its clandestine owner, that he might be assisted by the learned, in ascertaining the quality of the stone, and the true import of the mystic characters upon it; though he perfectly knew that the substance containing these letters, &c. was no other than a bit of broken chimney-piece, Saxonified by himself in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.—The same malignant junto likewise disseminate a report, that the capitals in question are not engraved, but corroded by aquafortis, a chymical invention posterior to the reign of *Hardyknute*. Nay, to such extremes do real or affected prejudices against a genuine piece of Saxon literature transport these scoffers, that they venture to assert that all the captivating discolourations on its surface are the mere effects of repeated urinary sprinkles, which, by degrees, induced a mellow cast of antiquity over the whole tablet.—They moreover declare, that *ipse doli fabricator* contrived to procure admission for some of his associates, on the very evening when the dissertation of Mr. *Pegge* was read by a Pro-Secretary; and that these accomplices are every where describing it as a production intentionally jocular; and add, that it was as unsuspectingly listened to by the Society, as was the performance of a Dutch translation of Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, which the Burgomasters of Amsterdam received, from first to last, with that profound and silent attention which becomes an enlightened audience at a deep tragedy.—Lastly, they would wantonly persuade their hearers, that the senior Secretary (if experiments were thought needful on the occasion) most zealously offered to drain a horn of equal dimensions with that of *Hardyknute*, provided it were first replenished with ancient and sound

mortifying and trying to the temper that can be imagined. As, from the distance of time, and the scarcity of the work, some of the particulars may not be unacceptable to the reader, and, as it may also serve as a beacon or warning voice to the tyro in virtu, we hope to be excused for having made so long an extract.

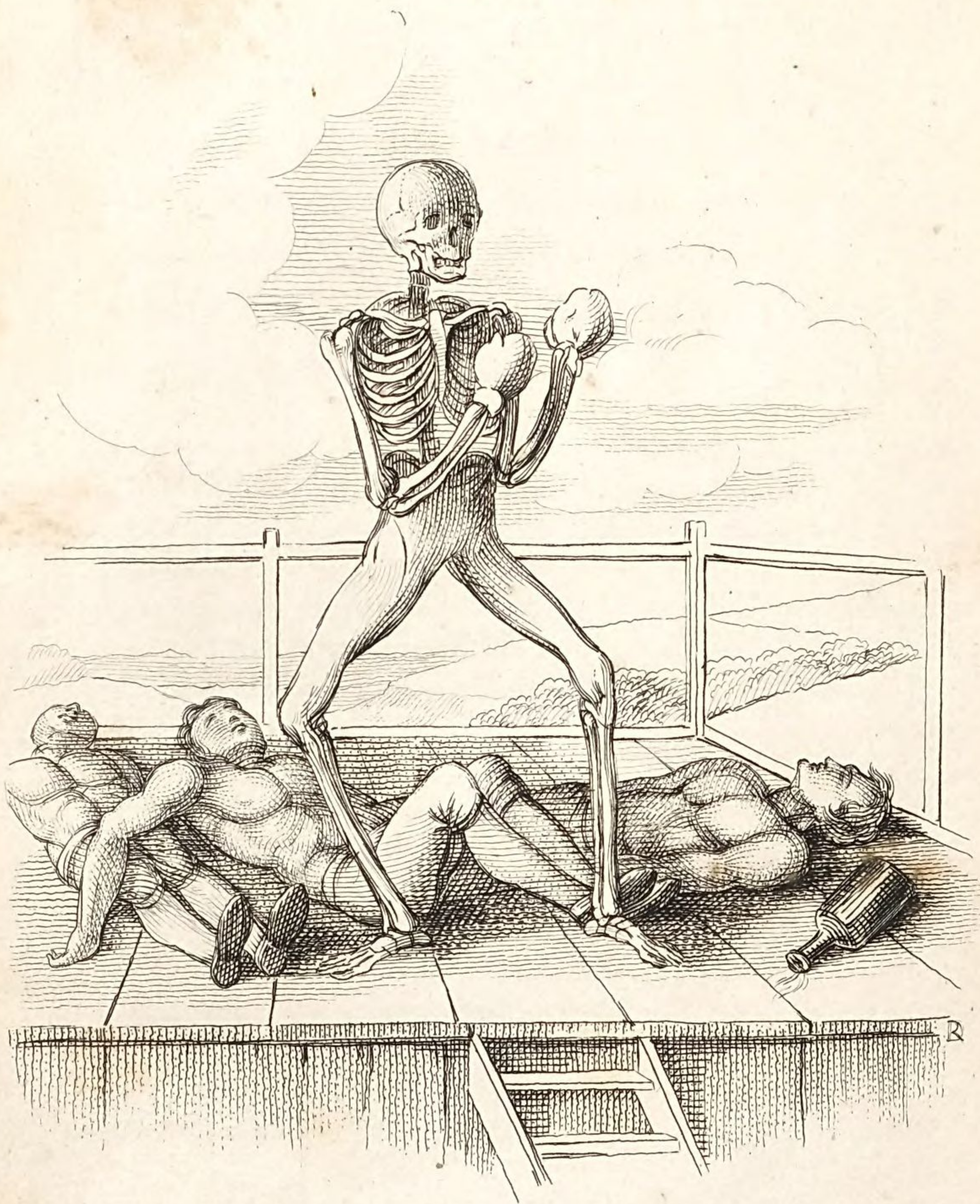
R. D.

port, such as he, the said Secretary, had often quaffed (though with strict moderation, and merely to wash down the cobwebs of Archæology) on Thursday evenings, at the Somerset Coffee-house, in the Strand.

“How much is the impertinent levity of this age to be deplored! Pity it is, that the poems of *Rowley* and the record of *Hardyknute's* death were destined to emerge during such an era of laughter, scepticism, and incredulity.”

The tail-piece here subjoined is accurately copied from a print in the *European Magazine* for March, 1790, where it is given as a correct representation of the “venerable relic.”





THE CHAMPION.

DEATH IN THE RING.*

WELL! so I've 'floor'd' these 'fancy' fighting-cocks,
And 'finish'd' them in style! I'm not a fool,
I know!

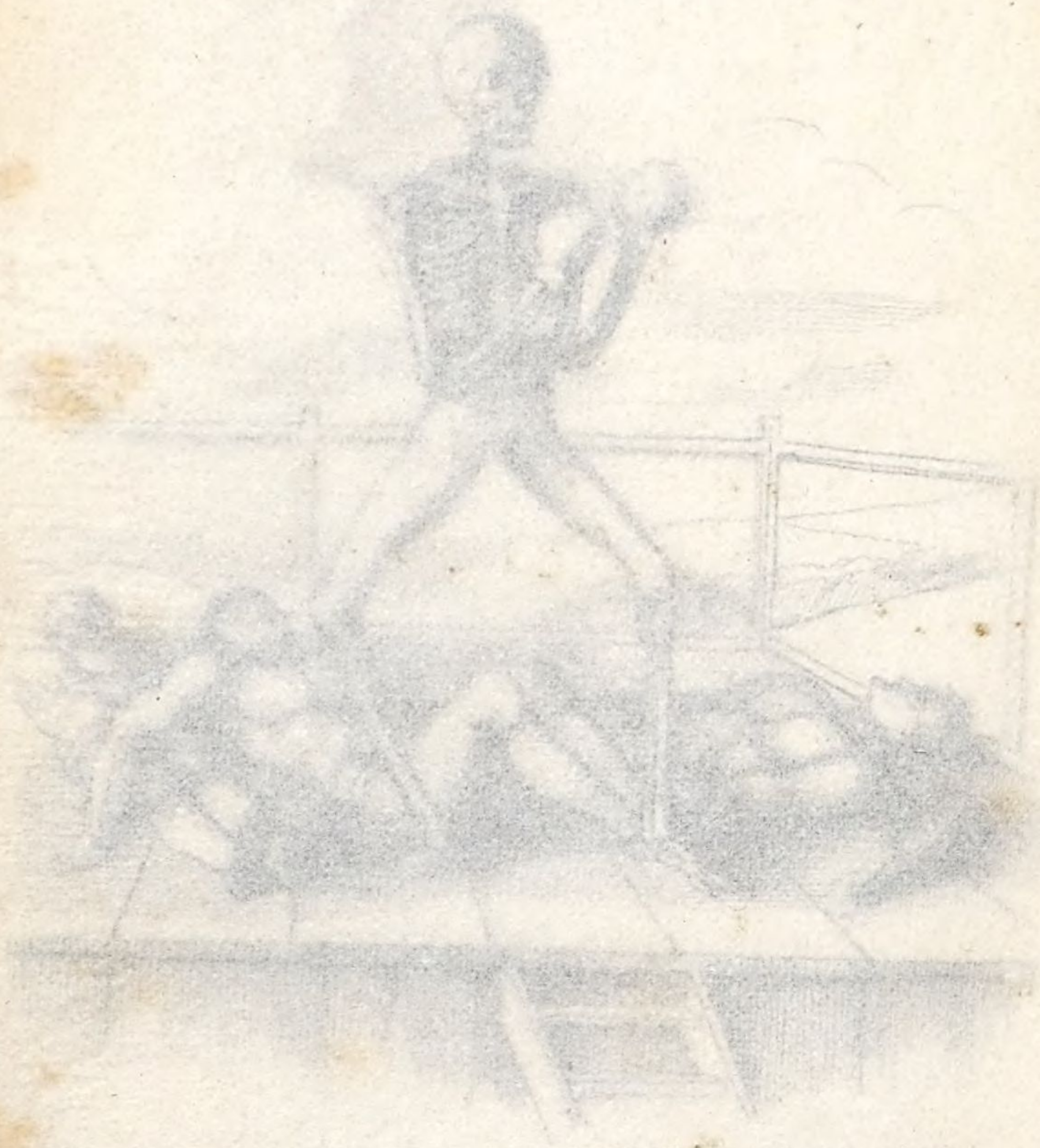
They 'chaff'd' of Science—and, forsooth, would box
With one whose 'hits' are sure to reach the 'bel-
lows'!

Conceited mortals! thus to 'spar' with DEATH,

Whose fame's almost as old as the Creation!

For knock-down blows, which take away the breath,
I've ever had a first-rate reputation:

* Although honourable mention has been made of this poetical trifle by several Reviewers, in their notice of the first edition of 'Death's Doings,' yet some few there are who have, in sober seriousness, lamented that the writer should have lent his aid in giving currency to *flesh*! We certainly thought that the *ironical* language of the concluding note sufficiently disclosed the author's *real* opinion of the subject; but since *critics* have mistaken the *author's* intention, it is incumbent on us to state, that our Contributor is a very antipathetic character, who neither visits the Fives' Court, nor admires the jargon of the 'prize ring,' but who, notwithstanding, kindly consented to furnish the artist with something in the nature of a characteristic illustration of his plate of 'The Champion.'



THE HARRISON

DEATH IN 'THE RING.'*

WELL! so I've 'floor'd' these 'fancy' fighting-cocks,
And 'finish'd' them in style! Presumptuous fel-
lows!

They 'chaff'd' of *Science*—and, forsooth, would box
With one whose 'hits' are sure to touch the 'bel-
lows!'

Conceited mortals! thus to 'spar' with DEATH,
Whose fame's almost as old as the Creation!—
For knock-down blows, which take away the breath,
I've ever had a first-rate reputation:

* Although honourable mention has been made of this poetical trifle by several Reviewers, in their notice of the first edition of 'Death's Doings,' yet some few there are who have, in sober seriousness, lamented that the writer should have lent his aid in giving currency to *flash*! We certainly thought that the *ironical* language of the concluding note sufficiently disclosed the author's *real* opinion of the subject; but since *critics* have mistaken the writer's meaning, it is incumbent on us to state, that our Contributor is a very antipugnacious character, who neither visits the Fives' Court, nor admires the jargon of the 'prize ring,' but who, notwithstanding, kindly consented to furnish the artist with something in the nature of a *characteristic* illustration of his plate of 'The Champion.'

And yet these *heroes* of the science fistic,—

Poor stupid drones!—

Thinking I couldn't 'come it pugilistic,'

Threw up their 'castors,' stak'd the 'ready bustle,'

'Peel'd,' and prepar'd with DEATH to have a tussle—

As though their *flesh*, and *blood*, and *muscle*,

Were proof against my *bones*!

They talk of championship!—what next, I wonder!

Did they imagine DEATH would e'er 'knock under?'

Could they, in fact, suppose

I car'd about their blows?

I! who can 'draw the claret' when I please—

'Fib,' or 'cross-buttock' 'em, or close their

'peepers?'

I! who can 'double up' the 'swells' with ease,

And make 'em senseless as the seven sleepers!*

* Whether DEATH here alludes to the *seven giants*, who, lying down to sleep on Salisbury Plain, slept "to wake no more," as an old west-country nursery legend so *truly* tells; or, whether the simile has reference to some seven animals (the dormouse, &c.) whose torpid existence during the winter months has given *them* the appellation of the "seven sleepers," we pretend not to determine. That there should, however, be a degree of mystery attached to the metaphor will by no means be considered a poetical defect; and as it may probably induce certain learned commentators to discuss the question, and to favour the world with many a curious hypothesis in eliciting the truth, we are right glad, for the sake of mankind in general, that DEATH was not more communicative on the subject.

Shortly after the appearance of the first edition, a correspondent, for

Not I, indeed;—and, so it seems, they found,
For there they all lie sprawling on the ground:
They'll never 'come to time' again—no, never—
At least, not *here*—
For, 'twill appear,
When *I* their business do, 'tis done for ever!

whose opinions we have no slight respect, intimated that the west-country nursery legend above mentioned might, in all probability, date its origin from the 'seven giant sleepers' who, in the time of Dioclesian, were laid asleep, but, according to the infallible testimony of the Romish Calendar, where a festival in honour of the event may be found, awoke again after the lapse of 300 years. This miracle, he adds, is devoutly believed in by all 'good' Catholics, and the festival still commemorated by them.

Another correspondent compliments us on the 'lucky hit' we made in naming Salisbury Plain as the place where the 'giant sleepers' reposed in the arms of Death, and refers us to an article on 'STONEHENGE,' written by Mr. J. F. PENNIE (one of our valued Contributors), and inserted in the Literary Chronicle of January 6, 1827, where not only are divers proofs given of the existence of giants in days of yore, but the most substantial evidence of, at least, one giant's bones and weapons having been dug up on Salisbury Plain. The subject is discussed by Mr. Pennie with much ingenuity, and we shall take leave to extract that portion of the article which more particularly relates to the gigantic remains of the human form which have been found in this country:—

'Why may not, I would ask, the Phœnician giants (for such, if we may credit the historical parts of the Bible, actually did exist at the time of the invasion of Canaan, by Joshua, and emigrated into far distant countries about that period, as is evident from inscriptions found at Tangiers, and other places); why may not they, or some of their race, have erected this astonishing temple at Stonehenge? That giants of

The greatest champions that the world e'er saw,
By turns have bow'd obedient to my law.

Look back at History's page,
In every clime and age,

vast stature once dwelt in this island, is no lying fable of Geoffry of Monmouth, and other still more ancient authors. We have indisputable evidence of their real existence, in the late exhumation of an immense human skeleton, at Weston Super Mare, a small island, some time since purchased by Mr. How, of Bristol, for the purpose of constructing on it hot and cold baths.

‘ Also, in the church-yard of Walton, about five miles from Dorking, in Surrey, was dug up, in the reign of Charles II., a skeleton, which measured nine feet three inches in length !

‘ At Doward Hills, in the parish of Whitchurch, not far from Rosse, in Herefordshire, some men who were digging, found a cavity, which seemed to have been arched over, and in it a human skeleton, which appeared to have been more than double the stature of the tallest man now known. The bones were, not many years ago, in the possession of a surgeon at Bristol.

‘ At Corbridge, near Hexham, in Northumberland, some human bones were found about the close of the last century, of so prodigious a size, that the skeleton to which they belonged must have been seven yards high, the thigh bone measuring two yards ! and at Ailmouth, in the same county, there have been found human bones of so prodigious a size as those at Corbridge.

‘ Camden, speaking of Godmanchester, on the Ouse, says, “ that the bones of divers men dug up there, proved them to have been of far greater stature than is credible to be spoken of in these days.”

‘ But to come nearer home, in point of locality to this very temple, I shall give the following account by Leland, from the *Bibliotheca Eliotæ* : —“ About thirty years past, I myself beyng with my father, Syr Rycharde Elyot, at a monisterye of the regular chanons, called Ivy Church, two miles from the city of Saresbyri, [*Salisbury*] behelde the bones

You'll find I 'mill'd' the mightiest of them all ;
 No matter how they sparr'd,
My blows were *sure* and *hard*,
 And when I threw them, fatal was their fall.
 From Alexander down to Emperor Nap,
 Whene'er I chose to give the rogues a slap,
 Not one could parry off a single rap ;—

of a dead man very depe in the ground, where they digged stone, which beyng held together, were, in length, fourteen feet ten inches, whereof one of the teethe my father had, which was of the quantitee of a great walnutte. This have I written, because some men will believe nothing that is out of the compasse of their own knowledge. And yet some of them presume to have knowledge above any other, contemnyng of all men but themselves, and such as they favour."

'Giraldus Cambrensis says, that the British writers called this temple *Corea Gigantum*, and said, that it was brought from the remotest parts of Africa. "Now," says Aylett Sammes, "to find out an ancient tradition wrapt up in ignorant and idle tales, why may not those giants, so often mentioned, be the Phœnicians, and the art of erecting those stones, instead of the stones themselves, be brought from the fathermost parts of Africa, the known habitations of the Phœnicians?"

'Again, in the *Universal History*, vol. 19, it is asserted, that in one of the barrows on *Salisbury plain*, "was found a weapon like a pole-axe, which weighed twenty pounds, and given to Colonel Wyndham." Now this huge instrument could not possibly have been wielded in battle but by the hand of a giant, possessed of amazing strength.'

Thus it will appear we were quite right when we hazarded an opinion that Death's allusion to the Seven Sleepers would lead to a discussion of the question, and elicit facts which the *great Champion* himself had probably quite forgotten.

No, no!—nor had they each a thousand lives,
Could they have stood against my rattling ‘bunch of
fives!’ *

S. M.

* DEATH has not merely the authority of Pierce Egan, Lexicographer and Chronicler to ‘The Fancy,’ for using the *scientific* terms here introduced, and specially marked for the benefit of the uninitiated, but he is also sanctioned by the classic Blackwood, in whose pages may be found some high encomiums on the transcendant merits of that *eloquent style of composition vulgarly called flash!!* And is not its use also sanctioned by the sweetest of all sweet poets—the ‘bard of Erin?’—What better precedents *would* the Critics have!

THE FANCY.

WITH a disposition little inclined to the violent, either in exercise or in amusement, I am sometimes prevailed on to mix with the multitude, and am then generally carried along with the impulse of feeling and curiosity excited by the occasion. I have an aversion to all brutal *sports* (as they are called), yet I nevertheless make a distinction between those which are voluntary, and those which are inflicted: by the voluntary, I mean pugilistic combats, in contradistinction to those imposed on animals, which, having no choice of their own, are instigated by the will of others who have the power over them.

Having accepted the invitation of a friend to witness some of those trials of skill in the noble art of self-defence, as practised at the Fives Court, I prepared my mind for the expected novelty, and bent my attention to the nature of what I was to expect.

I was perfectly aware that there was nothing new

or peculiar to the present day in the practice, of which I was about to visit the exhibition. I was only puzzled at the name chosen to designate the amateurs in the science of boxing. To be one of the "Fancy" might, by a foreigner, be readily supposed to apply to something of the imagination,—some matters of taste or virtu, in which gentlemen of *fancy* were engaged. I had met with fancy bakers, fancy brushes, and fancy dresses; but of the application of such a word to the sports of the Bear Garden! It was at least an odd fancy.

The entrance to the Fives Court was surrounded by expectant groups of spectators, eager to catch a glance of those who entered, happy if they could recognise a Cribb, a Belcher, a Spring, or any of the other noted bruisers, as he made his way to the chosen spot; and envying those whose means could procure them admission to so gratifying a spectacle.

After securing our pockets as well as we could, we elbowed our way through the motley crowd without, to as motley a crowd within. By this time my own eagerness became apparent, and I was glad to find we were in time, for I was as fearful of missing a blow as any of the combatants could be. Before

the sparring began, I employed myself in observing the various company brought together on this interesting occasion; and nothing could exhibit more of contrast than this mixture of high and low, from the well-dressed amateur to the aproned cobbler. The hum of conversation and the shifting of stations were at length broken and interrupted by notes of preparation. The acting manager of the pugilistic stage announced that —— and —— were about to *set-to*, and, calling them forward, they came from among the crowd, with small marks of likelihood either in their dress or address: the elder, a man little short of fifty, mean in his appearance, and with a head so bald, that it might well be imagined a warm night-cap would be better suited to it than an exposure to the buffetings of his antagonist; who appeared much younger, but whose habiliments and demeanour afforded sufficient evidence that he was one of the same class and character.

They made their bow in the true style of the Fancy, and, after having had their gloves tied on by the aforesaid manager, were left to pursue their sport, divested of their clothes, which showed the body to great advantage even in men not of the best make; and the animation of the countenance at

once obliterated the character of meanness. The head thrown back, and the chest forward; the wary eye, the compressed lips, and the firm station of the legs, bespoke their practice. A short interval was spent in feints and manœuvring, when blows were given and parried with much dexterity, succeeding in rapidity till fresh breathing was required: several rounds went on in this way, till, as if by mutual consent, the first pair of pugilists made their retiring bow, amidst the shouts of the company and the rattling of pence, which, to the eternal disgrace of heroism, were carefully picked up and pocketed.

There now followed several others, most of them very young; these sprigs of laurel showed but little science compared with the combatants whom I have described, their principal object being, to all appearance, to lay on blows till they were out of breath. We came at length to the scientific and skilful men who had distinguished themselves in the severest conflicts.—Belcher and Pullen were announced. They ascended the stage with a bounding elasticity, and, merely throwing off their coats and waistcoats, they went to work with a lightness and dexterity which gave a grace and interest to the sport. It need hardly be mentioned, that here no

largess of copper coin (which in this elegant school I learnt was denominated *browns*) was offered.

Richmond the Black and Isle of Wight Hall came next. The former I had observed among the spectators: his countenance had an expression of menace even in his ordinary address, but when stripped and opposed to his man it assumed a higher character; steady and wary at the onset, it became gradually darker, and, as the rounds increased, was ferocious to a degree. This appeared the more striking, from the contrast it afforded, both in expression and colour, to Hall, whose features never once lost the temper and good humour with which he set out, or rather set-to.

Names of note continued to be given, and frames of the finest athlectic proportion divided the attention, and, to the eye of the anatomist or the artist, afforded subjects of the first class for contemplation. The most manly forms among the antique statues can boast of nothing superior to what was here exhibited; and to the flexibility and varied action of the muscles, a light and shade, and colour were added, from which the painter might have taken his finest tints.

Nearly three hours were spent in witnessing these exploits, when my friend and I thought we had seen enough to satisfy our curiosity. Upon our legs during the whole time, the sameness now became tedious, and we left the Court a little before the sports of the day were brought to a close.

The impressions made upon my mind by the novelty of the spectacle remained for some time; and, in the reflections which followed, I clearly convinced myself that, whether it elevated or degraded the national character—whether it gave to Englishmen true courage or ferocity—still it was not an amusement suited to *my* “fancy.” But so much has been said, and so ably said, both for and against the “manly science,” that I dare not trust myself in delivering an opinion upon that which, while it has found advocates and patrons even among the most distinguished of our senators, has been denounced by others as a blackguard and vicious pastime, calculated not only to check the growth of all that is amiable in the human heart, but to sink man below the level of a brute.

A QUERIST.



DEATH:

A DRAMATIC SCENE

DEATH:

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

(*By the Author of "The Arabs."*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MELPOMENE—THALIA—DEATH.

SUPPOSED SCENE.—*A dark and cavernous foreground, softening into a beautiful landscape in the distance. TIME—Twilight.*

Enter MELPOMENE and THALIA.

MELPOMENE.

THE night is waning, and the moon-eyed owl
 Long since hath hooted from her lone retreat
 The last dark hour which suits my walks with Death.
 All now is fresh and fair; the o'er-watching heavens
 Are full of eyes, and see too much of earth:
 The sullen ocean, in its hollow bed,
 Lies hushed; or doth but murmur in its sleep,
 Dreaming of storms: the clouds, that late were big,
 Have proved abortive; and yon gleamy dawn
 Forebodes a day that suits not with my mood.

O Death! my lonely bosom's only love,
Why dost thou linger?

THALIA.

Nay, my sister sad,
Prithee compose that rueful face of thine,
Lest it affect that buoyancy of heart
Which makes the world so beautiful to me.
Behold—the day-god lifts his radiant eye,
And looks upon the kindling prospect, through
The blue and golden lattice of the morn!
O how his presence will inspire my love,—
Gay, blithesome *Life*!—the wild—the young—the free
The ever-laughing idol of my soul!
Who, scorning sleep, and seeking endless change,
With mirth and frolic, quips and jocund pranks,
Roves through the busy world, from peep of dawn,
'Till morn again outstares the winking stars.

MELPOMENE.

Catching at bawbles—gawgaws of the brain—
That press to air.

THALIA.

Plucking the poisoned stings
Wherewith thy hand would fence the honey'd sweets

Hived in the bosom of the breathing world.
Why war with nature—hang the sun with crape—
And put the saddened earth in mourning-weeds?
Mine is the balm—the heart's catholicon—
Which springs from every gushing fount of joy,
In every season, and in every scene;
But chiefest in the gay metropolis.

MELPOMENE.

The living cemetery, where men walk
Shrouded with woes; where wild Perversion reigns;
Where Misery appears in borrowed smiles,
Virtue in rags, and Infamy in robes;
And each and all, according to their garb,
Meet scorn or homage.

THALIA.

Say it is the scene
Of Fashion, Splendour, Eloquence, and Grace;
The fount of Wit, the focus of Delight:

MELPOMENE.

And what are all the gaieties of earth?—
Turmoil and Trouble, Megrim and Despair,
Tricked in the gaudy trappings of Deceit.

THALIA.

These are *thy* minions, mingling 'midst the crowd
Of better spirits that attend my smiles.
Even the follies of mankind present
An ever-changing aliment for Mirth;
Bustle imparts an impetus to Life;
And Life, through all his Protean attributes,
Gives fire and brilliancy to all around.
Together oft we make our gay career:—
If 'chance, at court, in rich embroidered vest,
We're doomed to wade through billows of brocade,
To catch the corner of a royal eye;
If at some ball, or festival or rout,
Too warmly pressed to feel ourselves at home,
We pant through hours of elegant un-ease;
If, for the theatre, (where thou and I
Preside alternately,) we melt through crowds
Of beaus and flambeaus, to more crowded tiers,
And that to list some fine apostrophe,
Or pretty--witty--ditty of the day,
Crushed by the roar of dissonant applause;—
These may be follies; yet they pass, with Life,
As things of course—the mere exuberance
Of that full feeling which cements mankind.
Rove we the City's mart—the busy 'Change—

That Babylon, confused with many tongues,
No trade, no project, but presents some theme
To feed the comic humour of my vein.
And then the tender passion! how replete
With pleasant thoughts and sprightly incidents!
This is the master-spring, for there would be
No love of Life, without a life of Love.

MELPOMENE.

A dream! a dream!

THALIA.

'Twere better far to dream,
And think us bless'd, than wake, like thee, to woe :
All nature glows with universal love:
All nature smiles;—shall we then frown on *her*?
The sky's blue ocean, and the deep's blue heaven,
The laughing valley, and the mountain free,
Invite us to a gaiety of heart.
And why was man made noble—woman fair?
Is beauty not a treasure to be prized?

MELPOMENE.

By eyes that fade as soon;—dizzy to-day
With dreamy longings, and to-morrow dim
With doting age:—what are thy treasures then?

THALIA.

May they not live in glowing portraiture,
Ages of splendour and unfading youth?
Art *thus* can triumph, by its magic power,
E'en over Death's inexorable hand.
Many there be, bright beauties of past years,
To whom the world makes daily pilgrimage,
Looking on eyes—with centuries between—
Still clear as in the breathing May of life.
The fadeless locks, the richly ruffled dress,
The sweet unruffled softness of the face,
Seem so like present life—

MELPOMENE.

Hist! hist!—he comes!
The king of kings!—but yet he marks us not.

Enter DEATH.

DEATH.

Man builds the Pyramid, the ant its hill;—
And *this*, perhaps, the wonder of the two:
Yet more I marvel that creation's *lord*
Should ape the grandeur of creative power,
And rear these sculptured mountains but to show
His own contrasted littleness. Vain fool!

Could he outlive the simorg's countless years,
And close, like that, his dreamy eyes on me,
What were his wisdom? I and hoary Time,
Mine old coadjutor, at last must sweep
Him and his wonder-works, alike, to earth.
Pale, pining atrophy, and bloat disease;
Murder, grim casualty, and penal blood;
Immedicable anguish, stealing life,
Drop—drop by drop; phrenetic suicide,
Wide-wasting war, and sap-consuming age—
These are the minions that attend my power;
And pride, ambition—all must bow to them,
Down to the dust. Man's grasping mind may pile
Pelions on Ossas, and, with giant stride,
Strive at the inaccessible;—my hand
Shall hurl the huge recoiling mountains back,
And whelm him in the ruin. When *I* climb
'Tis by an escalade of thrones on thrones—
Seats of the long succeeding Pharaohs, or
The more imperial Cæsars, from whose brows
I spurn the shivered diadems to dust.
What have I *done*! how much remains to *do*!
Where'er I've trod, all sleep the sleep profound;
But I am restless, and must never sleep
'Till all shall wake; and this brief episode
In the vast history of the universe,

Shall be out-blotted, as a needless thing.
If aught could move my lipless jaws to mirth,
'Twould be to see these creatures of an hour
Fanning the flame of glory 'till the fire
Consumes themselves:—how glorious to become
Unconscious of the honours they have won!—
To carve their names in granite, and exchange
The breath of life for stones, o'er which decay
Soon throws the shadow of its dusty veil!
Yet all this works to one great end of mine.
Red is the soil where grows the laurel-tree,
That Upas of the earth, round which men fall
In undistinguished multitudes;—for why?
Just or unjust the cause, I reckon not;
Yet greatest oft the bale when cause is least:
Torrents of grief have flowed for Victory's smile;
Oceans of blood for Beauty's single tear.
Some few have been of merited renown
In war and peace, whose deeds shall long survive,
Like mighty swimmers 'gainst the stream of time;
But these must sink at last:—nay, all alike—
Men—cities—nations—pass, in turn, away.
A shapeless mound is all of Babylon:
Tyre—Sydon—Carthage—vapours long exhaled:
The proud Acropolis, the eye of Greece,
Is dim with age: the city of the sun,

Old Thebes, is silent; for its hundred gates
Were never barred against the flood of time:
E'en phoenix Rome on half its ashes sleeps—

[*Sees the others.*]

My Melpomene!

MELPOMENE.

My liege!—where hast thou been?

DEATH.

Amongst the catacombs, where I have heaped
My mummied treasures; and in many a vast
Necropolis, my cities of the dead;
And through the sepulchres of kings, where now
Moulder alike their sceptres and their bones:
And I have visited my harvest-fields
Of Marathon, and Leuctra, and Platea;
Cannæ, Pharsalia, and the thousands more,
Which nameless millions have manured with blood;—
Scenes of *my* glory, where I warred on war,
Armipotent—sole victor—and the last
Sole refuge of the vanquished; for I love
To whet mine appetite with old exploits
That stimulate to new. Then I have made
Long journeys on the hot sirocco's wings,
To feast me in the cities of the plague;

And I have ridden on the red simmoom,
Across the stifled desert; and have swept
The ocean's bosom with the lightning's blast,
Gulphing whole navies in the yawning deep:
On shore I have beheld the troubled earth
Heaving around me; and the tumbling dome,
The reeling column, and the staggering tower,
All drunk with ruin; whilst I, sole, bestrode
The sudden mountain and the black abyss.
But wherefore thus recount where I have been?
Where have I *not* been present? what have not *done*
For thee, Melpomene?—Come to my arms!
And, Thalia! give to me thy playful hand:
Nay, shrink not; though it shall be mine at last,
Despite thy lover; and though oft my touch
May meet with thine amidst thy gayest hours;
Yet shall my grasp ne'er freeze thy glowing blood,
'Till I myself prepare to lift the crown
From off my brows, and, with my sceptre broke,
Recline me, with thy sister and thyself,
Beneath the fragments of the ruined world—
The only fitting MONUMENT OF DEATH.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

H. A. D.



THE BUBBLES OF LIFE BROKEN BY DEATH.

DEATH'S DOINGS:

Containing of numerous
Original Compositions in Prose and Verse

The friendly Contributions of various Writers.

PRINCIPALLY INTENDED AS

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THIRTY PLATES

Designed and Etched

BY R. DAGLEY,

Author of "THE SKELETON OF THE TRUTH."

*"The dead body was a poor thing to
without the touch of the law."*

*"I amble along my little way
And soon tied up the shroud."*

*I was judge, myself and jury, and all
And solemnly tried the cause." Edw.*

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

Vol. II.



LONDON.

J. ANDREWS, 107, NEW BOND STREET.



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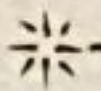
Author of "SELECT GEMS from the ANTIQUE," &c.



"But God forbid that a thief should die,
Without his share of the laws!
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,
And soon tied up his claws, —
I was judge, myself, and jury, and all
And solemnly tried the cause." *Hood.*

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VOL: II.



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J. ANDREWS 167, NEW BOND STREET.

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10, NEWGATE STREET.

1827.



THE LAST BOTTLE.

THE LAST DUTY

AN' if it be the last battle, though it may well come; for then life hath come to the very verge of leas, and there is nothing more to be called enjoyment. Ah, remember ye the joyous, the vial Hours, which on bright-winged glances, far different from yon sandy remembrance, floated away so blissfully; as the bird poised high in air, the trouble of the ascent over, glides without effort or motion, through the brilliant pleasure of yielding space. How ye sparkled and ran on like the structures of the element gifted with some more magic powers. Beautiful and slight ephemera, fragile as you seemed, what mighty loads of cares did you easily bear off in your aerial flight! Ponderous debts which might weigh nations down; the griefs of many loves, enough to drown a world; the falsehoods of friends, the malice of enemies; sorrows, fears, troubles, sorrows—all vanished as dancing ye proceeded in your mystic dance! I picture ye in my



THE LITTLE BOTTLE

THE LAST BOTTLE.

AN' if it be the last bottle, Death is quite welcome; for then life hath run to the very dregs and lees, and there is nothing more in it which can be called enjoyment. Ah, whither have ye sped, ye jovial Hours, which on bright-winged glasses, far different from yon sandy remembrancer, floated away so blissfully; as the bird poised high in air, the trouble of the ascent over, glides without effort or motion, through the brilliant pleasures of yielding space. How ye sparkled and ran on, like gay creatures of the element gifted with more than magic powers. Beautiful and slight ephemera, fragile as you seemed, what mighty loads of cares did you easily bear off in your aerial flight! Ponderous debts which might weigh nations down; the griefs of many loves, enough to drown a world; the falsehoods of friends, the malice of enemies; anxieties, fears, troubles, sorrows—all vanished as drinking ye proceeded in your mystic dance! I picture ye in my

fancy, now, ye Hours, as sparkling, joyous, and exquisite insects, flitting past with each a burden of man's miseries on his shoulders sufficient to break the back of a camel, and borne from the lightened hearts of your true worshippers. But, alas! alas! for all things mortal—we must come to the last at last.

Yet let the grim tyrant approach at any time, sith it must be so, and at what time can he approach when we should less regard his frown. Like the unconscious lamb, which “licks the hand just raised to shed its blood,” we play with his bony fingers as he presents the latest draught; and, let his dart be dipped in the rosy flood, we die feeling that wine gives to Death itself a pang of joy. Herodotus must have been wrong when he told us that the *Maneros* of the Egyptians was a mournful and wailing song; and Plutarch's is the best authority, for he says it was a joyous chant. So believed the merry party assembled in our faithful picture: their round of song, of toast, of cheer, of laughter, and of shout, was such as Plutarch paints of the wisdom of antiquity, when the figure of a dead man was shown to the convivial souls, and they melodiously joined the chorus—

Behold that breathless corpse;
 You'll be like it when you die:
 Therefore drink without remorse,
 And be merry, merrily.

Ai-lun, Ai-lun, Ai-lun,* quo' he!
 Our only night, no sky light, drink about,
 quo' we.

Time, they tell us, waits for no man;—

Time and Tide
 For no man hide.

But here we can make Death himself a waiter, while
 the cup is drained and the jocund catch goes round.
 Hark, whose voice among the happy set is that
 which sings—

While here we meet, a jovial band,
 No Son of Discord's impious hand
 Dare fling the apple, fire the brand,
 To mar our social joy:
 Free, as our glorious country free,
 Prospering in her prosperity,
 With wine, and jest, and harmony,
 We Pleasure's hours employ.

But lo, he whose face is half concealed by that arm
 uplifted with the sparkling glass, he has drank till

* Literally in the Greek, "Behold that corpse; you will resemble it after your death: drink now, therefore, and be merry."—(See Herodotus and Plutarch, on the Egyptian Maneros, passim). The fine chorus of Ai-lun, "He is dwelling with the night," is, we trust, pathetically rendered.

the tender mood of philosophy steals over his melting soul. His maudlin eye would moisten with a tear at a tale of sorrow or a plaintive air; and it is thus he gives vent to his soothing melancholy sensations—

Death comes but once, the philosophers say,
 And 'tis true, my brave boys, but that once is a clencher :
 It takes us from drinking and loving away,
 And spoils at a blow the best tippler and wench.
 Sing Ai-lun, though to me very odd it is,
 Yet I sing it too, as my friend quotes Herodotus.

And Death comes to all, so they tell us again,
 Which also I fear, my brave boys, is no fable ;
 Yet the moral it teaches, to me is quite plain :
 'Tis to love all we can and to drink all we're able.
 Sing, again, Ai-lun, though to me odd it is ;
 But 'tis Greek, very good I hope, and comes from
 Herodotus.

The old Trojan himself tucks his napkin under his arm, the whetting of his scythe is forgotten, and he wishes (miserable sinner), that, instead of sand, his double glass were wetted full with burgundy. How it would refresh and revivify his dry ribs ! how it would re-create and beautify his filthy skeleton form ! but he must do his thankless office, while he listens to that third glee which he with the plumed bonnet trolls forth :—

Let the sparkling glass go round,
The sparkling glass where care is drowned ;
For while we drink, we live, we live !
Let the joyous roof ring with the measure,
The sweetest of the muses' treasure
That Music's voice can give.
Thus crowned, the present beams with pleasure,
The memory of the past is lighter,
The prospect of the future brighter—
And while we drink, we live, we live.

CHORUS.—We live, we live, we live, we live,
For while we drink, we live, we live.

Another cork is drawn. At the smacking sound cares, fears, pains, fly from the unruffled soul of man, as wild fowl fly from the placid lake at the report of the fowler's gun. The undulating agitation of the instant,—the centric, concentric, elliptic, parabolic, and every imaginary shape into which its glancing bosom is broken, ripples and sparkles with light, and all then gently subsides into smoothness and serenity.—The calm is delicious, and the bowl becomes more and more brimmed with inspiration as the flood within it ebbs. Whose turn is it now to entertain us ? What, Square-cap ! thou hast stood or rather sat the brunt of many a deep-drenched table ; the words of discretion must flow from thy lips so often steeped in the fountains of truth and wisdom. Oracle of the holy well—the “Trinc, trinc, trinc,” of Rabelais drops from them as emphatically as upon the ear of the weary Panurge :—

Alexander and Cæsar have vanished away ;
 And Plato and Cicero now are but clay ;
 The brave, and the learned, and the good, and the wise,
 All come to the same simple close of " Here lies."

Then let us employ
 Our moments in joy—
 And before the sure end make the best use of Time.
 'Twere folly to pine
 O'er generous wine,
 Since sadness is madness, and gloom is life's crime,
 " Trinc, trinc, trinc," *—I speak,
 French words and French wines are far better than
 Greek.

Look along the bright board, like a river it flows
 With a liquid whose sparkling no water e'er knows ;
 While the banks are with friends in good fellowship crowned,
 Who bathe deep in the stream and ne'er fear being drowned,
 'Tis Bacchus' hour,
 So let him out-pour
 All his treasures, while we make the best use of Time ;
 Friendship and wine
 Are union divine,
 And when drunk, mortal drunk, mortal man is sublime !
 " Trinc, trinc, trinc,"—I speak,
 French words and French wines are far better than
 Greek.

Encore, encore—no more, no more : the last measure

* When the oracle of the Holy Bottle was pronounced by the *trinkling* of the drops which fell from it, quoth Panurge, " Is this all that the Trismigistian Bottle's words mean ? In truth I like it extremely, it went down like mother's milk."—" Nothing more," returned Bacbuc, " for TRINC is a Panomphean word, that is, a word understood, used, and celebrated by all nations, and signifies *Drink*.—See Rabelais for this adventure of Pantagruel and Panurge.

is full, the last verse is sung, the last cork has left the neck of the last bottle open. The gloomy assassin strikes—He who has been so often dead drunk, what is he now? At the next meeting there was one chair empty, one jolly dog absent—Ai-lun. And what said his disconsolate companions—they missed him, they mourned, they lamented, no doubt:—aye, and they joked too. One said he had never paid any debt till he paid the debt of Nature; another remarked that he was just wise enough to prefer a full to an empty bottle; and the third wrote his epitaph over the third bottle per man:—

HABEAS CORPUS! HIC JACET!

HERE lies William Wassail, cut down by *the* Mower;
None ever drank faster or paid their debts slower—

Now quiet he lies as he sleeps with *the* Just.
He has drank his *Last Bottle*, and fast, fast he sped it o'er,
And paid his great debt to his principal Creditor;
And *compounded* with all the rest, even with *Dust*.

W. J.

THE BACCHANALIANS.

WHILST *Reason* rules the glass, and Friendship
flings

Its Claude-like tint o'er life's convivial hours,
Heart towards heart with generous fervour springs,
And Fancy wreaths the social board with flowers.

But, *when the glass o'er prostrate Reason* rules,
And all Ebriety's dull vapours rise,
Lost in the mist, the wisest, changed to fools,
Take thorns for flowers, and whips for social ties.

Look now on yon bibbers—how wildly they laugh
And exult o'er the poison they fearlessly quaff;
Their mirth grows to madness, and loudly they call
On the waiter;—he enters—*Death waits* on them
all :

They jest at his figure;—'tis meagre and bare,
But soon his “pale liv'ry” the proudest shall wear.

That last fatal bottle the mischief shall work ;
Their last vital breath shall be drawn with that cork :
Its odour is fetid—it smells of the dead,
'Tis a type of their fate, for their spirits have fled :
The glass of hilarity reels in their hand,
But there is another glass—flowing with sand ;
Its grains are fast falling—they trickle—no more :
Those glasses are drained—the carousal is o'er.

H. D.

ELIXIR VITÆ.

“Wine does wonders every day.”

FROM the time when the juice of the grape was first concocted into beverage, to the present day—the day of Charles Wright, of champagne celebrity—wine has ever been lauded as one of Nature’s most valuable gifts to man. It is the true *aurum potabile*, the genuine *elixir vitæ*, invigorating the heart, inspiring the fancy, and recalling to the veins of age the genial glow of youth. Accordingly, many, very many, are the excellent sayings that have been uttered in commendation of this generous liquor; and many, very many, too, are the good things, the bright thoughts, the flashes of wit and eloquence it has suggested; for when, indeed, has it ever proved ungrateful? Not unfrequently has the bottle been the Helicon whence bards have drawn inspiration, if not immortality: it has also been compared to the fountain of youth, or to that wonder-working caul-

dron in which Medea* re-animated with fresh vigour and vitality the aged limbs of her parent, infusing into his veins a warmer, fuller current.

Nevertheless, although the bacchanalian be steeped in his all-potent liquor as deeply as possible, and although he be rendered proof against all the cares and anxieties that beset us in this mortal passage,—though he bear a “ charmed life,” and daily inhale new vigour from “ tired nature’s sweet restorer,” balmy wine ; like him who was dipped in the waters of Styx, he is not all invulnerable, there being ever some little spot assailable by the fatal dart of the grisly spectre. Death, indeed, pays not much respect to the *bon vivant* ; and, regardless of him as the professed toper may appear, or seldom as he sings a *memento mori* over his bowl, or utters one in the form of a toast, it must be acknowledged that he more often rehearses the final scene of life than his fellow mortals, by getting

* Stripped of its allegorical veil, the fable of Medea is nothing more than the record of some of those magnificent achievements of certain of the medical profession, which we find so eloquently narrated in those pithy compositions, high advertisements, according to the unpoetical matter-of-fact spirit of modern times, so different from that of antiquity ; not but there may be, and undoubtedly is, a considerable degree of both fancy and invention in those productions.

dead-drunk, thus anticipating, as it were, that state of insensibility, that utter oblivion of sublunary things, that characterizes Death.

As the bee extracts sweetness from the vilest plants, so does the moralist collect lessons of wisdom and deep reflection from scenes that seem capable of furnishing little instruction of this nature. We may be pardoned, therefore, if we *prose* a little on that truly poetical and classical subject, a bacchanalian* group, when the competitors having indulged in unsparing libations to the *genius loci*—the deity of the banqueting-room, sink in oblivious repose and death-like insensibility. Here the full tide

* For the benefit of those who delight to indulge in bold etymological speculations, and supply the pedigree of words from conjecture, we will here record an anecdote that may elucidate the origin of this epithet:—"So, I hear, Mrs. Simkins, that your good man had quite a bacchanalian party the other evening," remarked an acquaintance to the spouse of a retired cheesemonger. "I would have you to know, sir," returned the lady, all her injured dignity lighting up her face in the most glowing, picturesque manner imaginable—quite in the style of a sunset, by Claude—"I would have you to know, sir, that Mr. Simkins is above such low doing. *Bacca and ale* party, indeed!—no, we can afford to treat our friends with wine, quite as well as our neighbours." This reminds us of an exceedingly whimsical dealer in the "Indian weed," who put up at his door, instead of the usual figure of a Highlander, one of Bacchus, as the god Bacco, and who always used the choice Italian oath *Corpo di Bacco*, which he said meant the fraternity or corps of tobacconists.

of existence that so lately animated the joyous circle, and raised them above the ordinary pitch of mortality, is stopped; the jest, the repartee, the witticism, the quaint remark, the pun, the anecdote—the enthusiastic toast, and the rushing torrent of words supplied by the grape-god, whose bottle inspires louder eloquence than Pieria's fount;—all are now hushed, and succeeded by silent torpidity; so closely have the actors in this mystery or morality, adhered to the progressive course marked by Nature herself, who, from the midst of health and life, prepares decay and dissolution. If we gaze on these fallen heroes of the bottle, we shall perceive that some have quite drained their glasses, while others have fallen victims to stupor and insensibility, the bright liquor still sparkling before their eyes. So far we might not seldom derive a moral lesson from a not particularly moral subject. But there are occasions when Death literally takes his place at the festive board, and mars the merriment of the hour devoted to joy, “with most admired disorder.”

He does not stand upon the form of coming, well knowing that he cannot be denied. He is the dun that comes to demand the payment of the great debt

of nature, and against him all subterfuges, however ingenious, are unavailing. Scorning and setting at naught all form and etiquette, he intrudes in spite of porter or groom of the chambers. Nevertheless, he will occasionally use a little finesse and stratagem, although certain of being able to gain forcible admission—*vi et armis*. Here he comes in the disguise of a boon companion, for a while to entertain the company with his erudition in *oenology*; and descant most learnedly on the pedigrees of wines, showing himself deeply learned in the lore of a Henderson, and quite *au fait* in the science of the drawing-room,—that is, the room where they *draw* corks; which, by the by, in the opinion of a great many connoisseurs, is the finest style of *drawing* ever invented—at least so it is held by those practitioners who operate as bottle dentists, and pique themselves on the skill with which they extract their teeth, and drain their veins—not of blood, but of the generous and potent ichor, for which they are so esteemed. But whether the liquor he proffers be claret or champagne,—“that might create a soul beneath the ribs of death,”—or whether it be *eau-de-vie* itself, it becomes a fatal poison, if Death takes upon himself to act the part of cup-bearer. If, however, wine do sometimes prove a poison, it must be ac-

known to be infinitely the most agreeable of any mentioned or not mentioned in any treatise on toxicology, and by far the most palatable and generous way of committing suicide yet discovered.

Many have declaimed vehemently, if not eloquently, against the "sweet poison of misused wine," attributing to it the most pernicious effects on the human frame; forgetting that the mischief is occasioned, not by the quality of the medicine, but by the excess of the dose. In other words, the fault lies in the patient himself, which is, we presume, invariably the case whenever any infallible nostrum works not the desired cure. If wine has hurried many out of the world sooner than they would otherwise have departed, so has physic, and more especially that sort of physic that has professed to accomplish the most miraculous effects, and remove all disorders. Indeed, to do these universal panaceas justice, they do most effectually remove every complaint by despatching the patient himself into the other world; and this is, perhaps, one reason why we hear of so few failures in those wonder-working drugs that promise to protract existence to an antediluvian length of days.

To those who like to indulge in fanciful comparisons, the festive table, covered with well-freighted decanters, shows itself like a calm sea on which stately ships and rich argosies are sailing along in gallant trim, fearing neither storms, nor shoals, nor rocks; but steer their way among goodly dishes laden with luscious fruits, that stud the bright expanse like so many fertile islands, and form an archipelago of sweets. And, to continue the simile, how many goodly promontories and capes do we discern around! Yonder is a fiery proboscis that serves as a flaming beacon—a moral light-house to warn the inexperienced: not far from this, a mouth that expands itself like some capacious haven. Continuing our course, we come to a nose, a jutting promontory with a *mole* at its extremity rivalling that of Genoa. There a snowy head meets the eye, reminding us of Etna;—there a face with an *eruption* that marks it at once, by its fiery appearance, as Vesuvius: yet as men are not deterred from approaching that mountain, so neither is our bon-vivant scared from his *crater*—in plain prose, his glass—by the fiery glare of his own countenance; or perhaps its reflection serves only to lend a deeper ruby tint to his wine. Let us not be accused of being too

fantastic and obscure in our allegorical picture ; for surely the image is natural enough.

Life itself has been compared to a voyage, and hence many, interpreting the expression somewhat too literally, have actually steered their course through a Red Sea of port and claret ; sailed across a Pacific Ocean of burgundy and champagne ; navigated a Rhine whose stream has been genuine Rhenish ; and cruized up and down a gulf of choice Malaga ; visiting alternately Madeira and the Cape ; now touching at the Canaries and now at Oporto or Lisbon ;—in short, circumnavigating the whole globe, and studying the geography of different regions, while their bottles circulated round the polished expanse of the mahogany dining-table, that reflected their sunny faces on its countenance. In wine they fancied they had discovered the nectar of the immortals—a Lethe for all the cares and anxieties of human existence. And most assuredly the liquor with which they deluged themselves was often not very dissimilar in its effect from that attributed to that fabled stream ; for many have drank till they have forgotten their creditors, their families, and even themselves. It is not, therefore, surprising that they should not have recollected, that, let them

steer with what skill they might,—however they might be favoured with fair breezes and prosperous gales, and escape tempests and squalls, they must finish their voyage in the Dead Sea.

When Death officiates as Butler, as we here see him, and draws the cork, it is from the waters of that horrid lake he pours out the nauseous beverage that all are compelled to drain from his hand. At his bidding the wine-bibber must visit other SHADES than those whither he has often so willingly repaired to partake of the inspiring glass, heedless of the ominous name. The Shades!—what a *memento mori* in that awfully-sounding word, which is nevertheless daily uttered by so many with so much gaiety! Hardly do they seem to reflect that the grisly spectre will ere long summon them from the wine-vault to that narrow vault where, instead of finding a banquet for their thirsty palates, they must themselves afford a banquet to the worm; to those shades where they themselves will be as shadows, where their glass will be broken, their bottle emptied, no more to be replenished; and their revelry silenced for ever.

W. H. L.

THE SHADES.

[Allusion having been made in the foregoing article to the well-known "SHADES" at the foot of *old* London Bridge, but which *shady* retreat will, ere long, be swept away, that its site may form a part of the entrance to the *new* one, we take the opportunity of inserting the following trifle, as a memento of that favourite resort, where, like good citizens, we have often paid our devoirs to Bacchus, and at the same time admired, with feelings *natural to an Englishman*, the wealth and commerce of the world borne majestically along on the bosom of "Old Father Thames."]

I SING not of SHADES which they tell of *below*,
 Where Pluto and Proserpine reign;
 But I sing of the SHADES whither wine-bibbers go,
 Where a stream of Oporto doth constantly flow—
 A Lethe to wash away pain.

The Lethe of Tartarus, poets declare,
 Oblivious virtues possess'd;
 But the Lethe *we* mean, metamorphoses care,—
 It inspires us to love and to cherish the Fair,
 And warms e'en the Anchoret's breast.

The sons of gay Bacchus their nectar here quaff—
And Sorrow, that “thirsty old soul,”
With the children of Momus, delighted, will laugh,
And swear that he ne’er was so happy by half
As when up to his chin in the bowl.

Wine, wine is the balm that assuages our pains;
Come, fill—and the glasses push round;
It cherishes love—so, take courage, ye swains,
And drink while a drop of the cordial remains—
For without it no bliss can be found.

Grim Death for a while shall his dart lay aside,
And even old Time shall stand still,
While mortals, enjoying the rich rosy tide,
Shall laugh at “dull Care,”—and, with true civic
pride,
Of wine, like the gods, take their fill.

Oh, haste to the SHADES, then, where wine-bibbers
meet,

Oh, haste to that fav’rite resort,
Where, in wet or dry weather, in cold or in heat,
All care is forgot in a snug elbow seat,
When of port you have drank a full quart.



THE WARRIOR.

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR

" AYE, warrior, arm! and wear thy armour
On a proud and fearless steed
I am the lord of the land
And a mighty warrior

" Bid thy soul's love
Bid her a long farewell
Like the morning's dew shall pass
Thou comest to the land of the dead

" Thy bark may pass through the foam
Thy steed o'er the rocky fall;
But they bear thee to a place of sleep,
Narrow, and cold, and still!"

" Was the voice I heard, O Death?
And is thy day at hand?
Then on the field of battle
Mingle with the van of the slain



DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

“ AYE, warrior, arm! and wear thy plume
On a proud and fearless brow!
I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
And a mightier one than thou!

“ Bid thy soul’s love farewell, young chief!
Bid her a long farewell!
Like the morning’s dew shall pass that grief—
Thou comest with me to dwell!

“ Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep,
Thy steed o’er the breezy hill;
But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,
Narrow, and cold, and still!”

“ Was the voice I heard *thy* voice, O Death?
And is thy day so near?
Then on the field shall my life’s last breath
Mingle with Victory’s cheer!

“ Banners shall float, with the trumpet’s note,
Above me as I die,
And the palm-tree wave o’er my noble grave,
Under the Syrian sky.

“ High hearts shall burn in the royal hall,
When the minstrel names that spot;
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall—
Death ! Death ! I fear thee not.”

“ Warrior ! thou bearest a haughty heart,
But I can bend its pride !
How shouldst thou know that thy soul will part
In the hour of Victory’s tide ?

“ It may be far from thy steel-clad bands,
That I shall make thee mine ;
It may be lone on the desert-sands,
Where men for fountains pine !

“ It may be deep amidst heavy chains,
In some strong Paynim hold—
I have slow dull steps, and lingering pains,
Wherewith to tame the bold !”

“ Death ! Death ! I go to a doom unbless’d,
If this indeed must be !

But the cross is bound upon my breast,
And I may not shrink for thee !

“ Sound, clarion, sound !—for my vows are given
To the cause of the holy shrine ;
I bow my soul to the will of heaven,
O Death ! and not to thine !”

F. H.

THE WARRIOR.

It came upon the morning wind
One loud and thrilling tone,
And distant hills sent forth their voice,—
The trumpet-call was blown.

And sterner grew each stately brow
As that war-blast pass'd by,
And redder grew each warrior cheek,
Brighter each warrior eye.

But other cheeks grew pale to hear,
And other eyes grew dim;
Woman shares not man's battle joy,—
That joy is all for him.

The same blast lights the glance of flame,
Darkens the martial frown;
At which a woman's rose-lip fades,—
At which her heart sinks down.

Proudly that trumpet sweeps thy hills,
Land of the sword and shrine,
It calls the soldier of the cross
To fight for Palestine.

It roused one tent, which stood apart
Within the barrier made
By many a green and creeping shrub
And one tall palm-tree's shade.

It roused a warrior and his bride—
His bride ! What doth she there ?
Oh, rather ask, when led by love,
What will not woman dare ?

Said I, her timid nature was
Like her cheek's timid hue;
But fearful though that nature be,
She hath her courage too.

Go ask the fever couch, the cell
Of guilt ; she hath no part
In courage of the head and hand,
She hath that of the heart.

'Tis this has brought that gentle one
From her fair Provence bower,
Where in her husband's halls she dwelt,
Nurs'd like a lovely flower.

That trumpet-call, it roused them both
From a sweet dream of home,
Roused him to hopes that with such sound
To gallant spirits come.

And she,—at least she hid the fears
That clouded her fair brow,—
Her prayers had guarded him in fight,
Might they not guard him now?

She armed him, though her trembling hand
Shook like a leaf the while;—
The battle had his onward glance,
But she his lingering smile.

She brought the blue and broidered scarf,
Her colours for his breast;
But what dark dreary shape has brought
His helm and plumed crest?

Fell Shade ! they see, they heed thee not,
Thou of the noiseless wing,
The viewless shaft, the sudden call—
O Death, here is thy sting.

The lips would close in pious hope,
The eyes in willing sleep,
But for the tears, the bitter tears,
That love is left to weep.

'Tis evening—and the blood-red west
Has not so deep a red,
As hath that slaughter-field where lie
The dying and the dead.

'Tis midnight—and the clang of steel,
The human shout and cry,
Are silent as if sleep and peace
Were upon earth and sky.

The strife is past like other storms,
Soldier and chief are gone,
Yet lightly falls a woman's step—
What doth she there alone ?

'Tis she! the Provence Rose; oh, well
Such name beseems her now,
The pale and stony dead around
Wear not more ghastly brow.

Woe for her search—too soon she finds
Her valiant knight laid low;
Thou fatal helm, thou hast betrayed
His head to the life-blow.

One blasting gaze—one loud wild shriek,—
She sinks upon his breast:
O Death! thou hast been merciful,—
For both, both are at rest.

L. E. L.

THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL.

I.

THE Warrior's soul is kindling now
With wildly-blending fires,
He fondly breathes each raptured vow
That faithful love inspires ;
But not those whispered words alone
Arrest the Maiden's ear,
A prouder strain—a loftier tone,
Awakes the throb of fear !

II.

They hear the war-notes on the gale,
Before the tent they stand,
His form is clad in glittering mail,
The sword is in his hand ;
Her scarf around his arm is twined,
For love's remembering spell.
Ah ! would that kindred skill could bind
The links of life as well !

III.

The battle-steed is waiting nigh,
Nor brooks his lord's delay;
And eager troops are trampling by,
And wave their banners gay.
Nor boding dream, nor bitter care,
In that proud host are found,
While echoing through the startled air
The cheerful trumpets sound.

IV

The Maid, with mingled pride and grief,
Faint hopes, and withering fears,
Still gazes on the gallant Chief
Through dim impassioned tears.
He sees but Victory's golden wreath,
And love's unfading flame,
Nor thinks how soon the form of Death
May cross the path of fame!

V.

*"A last farewell—a last embrace,
And now for glory's plain!"*
Those parting accents left a trace
Of phrensy on her brain.

And when the Warrior's helm was brought
To crown his forehead fair,
Alas! the shuddering Maiden thought
'Twas DEATH that placed it there !

D. L. R.

THE VOLUNTEER.

The clashing of my armour in my ears,
 Sounds like a passing bell; my buckler puts me
 In mind of a bier; this, my broadsword, a pickaxe
 To dig my grave."

The Lover's Progress.

'TWAS in that memorable year
 France threaten'd to put off in
 Flat-bottom'd boats, intending each
 To be a British coffin,—
 To make sad widows of our wives
 And every babe an orphan.

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,
 And heads were dredg'd with flour,—
 I listed in the Tailors' Corps
 Against the battle hour;
 A perfect Volunteer,—for why?
 I brought my "will and pow'r."

One dreary day—a day of dread,
Like Cato's—overcast,—
About the hour of six, (the morn
And I were breaking fast),—
There came a loud and sudden sound
That struck me all aghast!

A dismal sort of morning roll
That was not to be eaten;
Although it was no skin of mine
But parchment that was beaten,
I felt tattooed through all my flesh
Like any Otaheitan.

My jaws with utter dread enclos'd
The morsel I was munching,
And terror lock'd them up so tight,
My very teeth went crunching
All through my bread and tongue at once,
Like sandwich made at lunching.

My hand that held the teapot fast,
Stiffen'd, but yet unsteady,
Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er
The cup in one long eddy,
Till both my hose were mark'd with *tea*
As they were mark'd already.

I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot,
But it was nothing wonderful
My colour changed I wot,
For, like some variable silks,
I felt that I was shot.

And looking forth with anxious eye
From my snug upper story,
I saw our melancholy corps
Going to beds all gory;
The pioneers seem'd very loth
To axe the way to glory.

The captain march'd as mourners march,
The ensign too seem'd lagging,
And many more, although they were
No ensigns, took to flagging;
Like corpses in the Serpentine,
Methought they wanted dragging.

But while I watch'd, the thought of Death
Came like a chilly gust,
And lo! I shut the window down,
With very little lust
To join so many marching men
That soon might be March dust.

Quoth I, " Since Fate ordains it so,
Our coast the foe must land on ;"—
I felt warm beside the fire
I cared not to abandon ;
And homes and hearths are always things
That patriots make a stand on.

" The fools that fight abroad for home,"
Thought I, " may get a wrong one ;
Let those that have no homes at all
Go battle for a long one."
The mirror here confirmed me this
Reflection by a strong one.

For there, where I was wont to shave
And deck me like Adonis,
There stood the leader of our foes,
With vultures for his cronies,
No Corsican, but Death himself,
The Bony of all Bonies.

A horrid sight it was, and sad,
To see the grisly chap
Put on my crimson livery,
And then begin to clap
My helmet on—Ah, me ! it felt
Like any felon's cap !

My plume seem'd borrow'd from a hearse,
An undertaker's crest ;
My epaulettes like coffin plates ;
My belt so heavy press'd,
Four pipeclay cross-roads seemed to lie
At once upon my breast.

My brazen breastplate only lack'd
A little heap of salt
To make me like a corpse full dress'd,
Preparing for the vault,
To set up what the Poet calls
My everlasting halt.

This funeral show inclin'd me quite
To peace :—and here I am !
Whilst better Lions go to war,
Enjoying with the Lamb
A lengthen'd life, that might have been
A Martial epigram.

T. H.

THE RIVAL DEATHS.

A BATTLE SCENE.

It was at Agincourt! and proudly waved
 The gory bannerols; and falchions fell,
 From either host, right greedily; while groans
 And imprecations deep, foul oaths and prayers
 The clangour swell'd!—Thus Goldsmith's page de-
 clares.

But, spite of things unseemly; spite of legs,
 From hip-bones torn, of arms where legs should be,
 Quick-sighted wights, that love of laughter plagues,
 'Mong bloody trunks, will cause for grinning see.

In front of Henry's knights a warrior stood,
 Perfum'd and whisk'rified, with val'rous ribands
 strew'd,

For ribands gave (my chronicler doth hold)
 A wondrous sight of soul to men of old:
 They fought for silken knots and ladies' eyes;
 For broken limbs we seek another prize;

And though so many boast of glorious scars,
For trophies such, alone, few covet wars.

Our Gallic Baron was of high descent :
To Clovis traced ; his blood still farther went ;
For Pharamond, he oft persisted in,
Was “ *ligne ignoble*” and “ *moderne origine*.”
De sa mère,* not a word, save Pistol's jest,
Or Falstaff's broader hint, that told the rest.

Talbot swore loud ; his blade stern Bedford drew ;
The warrior bow'd, and thus : “ *écoutez tous !*†

Mon Isabelle, I declare,

Is *de fairest* of *de fair* !

Qui me dédit, qu'il avance !

Vive Isabelle et la FRANCE !‡

He scarce, thrice bowing, this great *nasal* spoke,
When angry Warwick's mace his *nasum* § broke :
In scented rills now ran the purple tide,
And scarf alike and precious ribands dyed.

* Poor girl ! to be mated, so hasty was she,
She forgot there were banns, and a pastor, and fee.

† List, all of you !

‡ Who says nay : behold my lance !
Praise my love, and honour FRANCE !

§ His nose.

One soothing thought, at least, his mistress calmed—
Long ere the baron fell, he was embalmed.

To the grave now consign'd, with the gifts of his
queen,
O'er the warrior's remains a contention arose;
And the combatants both were the strangest of foes,
Sith neither had flesh or an eye to be seen.*

The first, in the kingdom of Albion held sway,
And his pow'r not a monarch on earth could control;
The next through the regions of Gaul took his prowl,
And claw'd up all mortals that came in his way.

ALBION.

“He is MINE, by the laws of my land, I protest,
For I claim'd the fair mould in the which he was cast,
Beyond a full score of long years that are past,
When the baron, his sire, in Britain was blest.”

GAUL.

“And he's MINE, by the bones of a trillion of dead!
Mort ou vif, c'est à moi que le drôle appartient.†

* The rival Deaths: Albion and Gaul.

† Full of life and of musk, or of maggots, he's Mine!

Will you steal from a parent the child it has bred ?
*C'est du père, et tout seul, qu'un garçon nous pro-
vient !*" *

ALBION.

"From the mother he springs !"

GAUL.

"*Point du tout, c'est du père !*" †

ALBION.

"Take thy bones to thy care ;

Else, thou leanest of things,

I shall break them, I swear !"

GAUL.

"*De mes os, beau Luron,*

Je ferai mon affaire ;

Il me faut le baron,

Quelqu' en soit le salaire !" ‡

* To the fathers the boys all your sages assign.

† "From the father the heir !"

‡ 'Bout my bones, my jolly buck,

Are ye *sure* of your good luck ?

But the body I shall take,

Even *were* my bones at stake !

Then, prattling and battling, the rattling grew loud ;
Your Briton with cuffs, and your Gallic with kicks ;
O ! never were wrestlers so rich in fine tricks,
As these quarrelsome Deaths for a chap in a shroud !

Alas ! what dreadful woes from trifles spring !
For *orts*, a dog is wroth ;—for *less*, a king.
There's death in nods, and death in tennis-balls ; *
Let but a mistress † pout, yon nation falls.

On couch of sable down, great Pluto napp'd ;
Black sheets of spiders' web the god enwrapp'd ;
And bats and owls about his temples flapp'd,
To keep him cool : no barking at the porch ;
No light from furnace blaze, or Gorgon torch ;
The Cyclops stood asleep with hammers up,
And Vulcan, stretch'd, had quaff'd his nectar cup,
When *in* the champions rush'd. Oh, plaguy hap !
How hard so soon to break such kindly nap !
“ Swiftly, bid Minos to the council speed ! ”
The monarch cried. “ Let all our victims bleed ;
Whirl, whirl your racks and spits ; your caldrons fill ;
Give Albion flesh ; bring blood for Gaul to swill :

* Tennis-balls were sent by the Dauphin of France to Henry V. of England, to mock him as a child unfit for war.

† Madame de Maintenon often altered the resolutions of Louis XIV.

No friends have we,
By land or sea,
So zealous, sure, with sword and ball to slay,
As England, first, no doubt! and France the gay."

AUX DAMES.

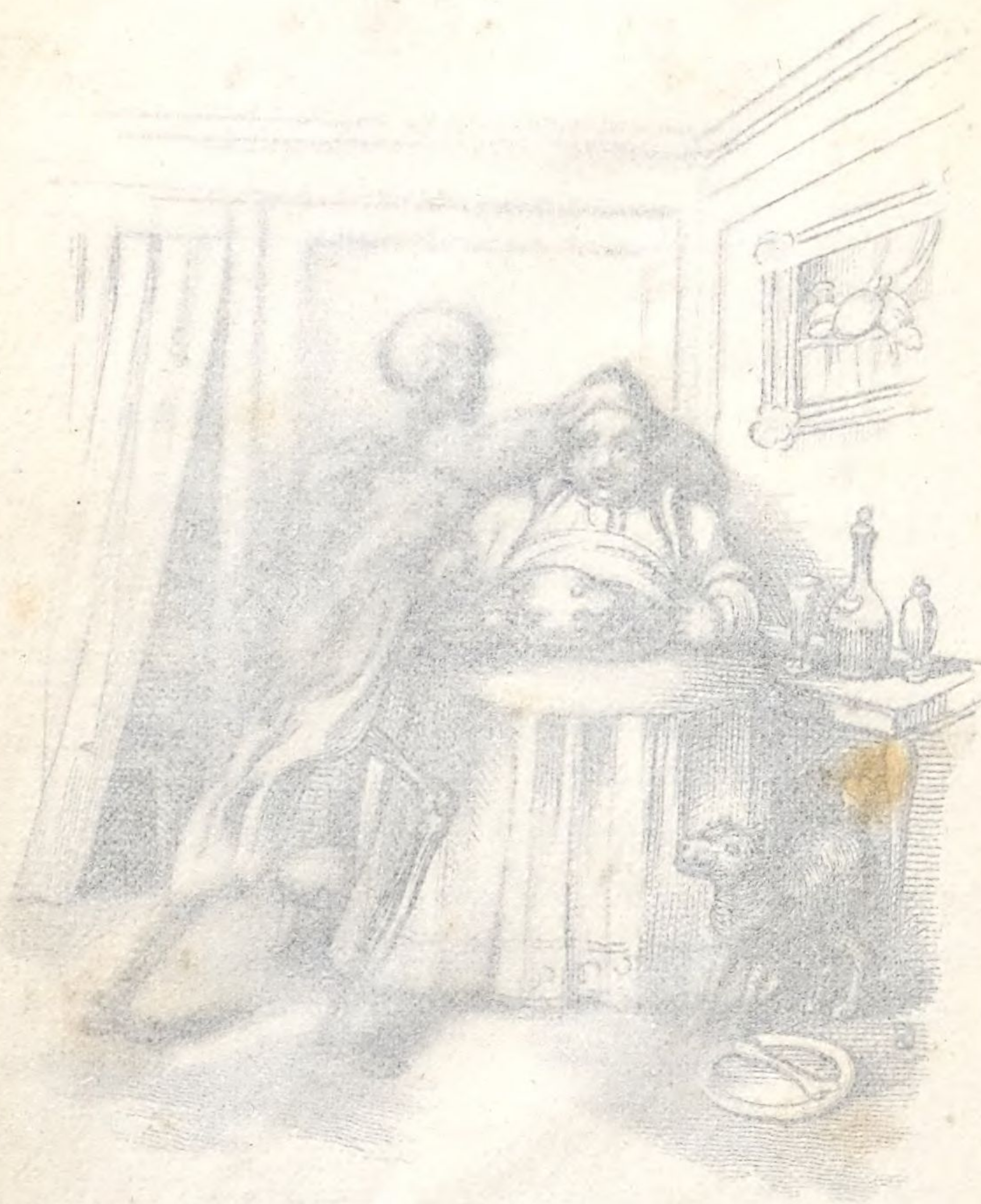
Now, my gentlest of readers, to you let me state
What became of the baron's poor carcass at last ;
Not a word shall escape on the quibbles that pass'd,
So well it is known you detest a debate.

His brains, to be short, in sweet lavender boil'd,
Were decreed as pomatum for Proserpine's hair ;
His soul, it was prov'd an immortal affair,
Then left on red coals for its sins to be broil'd.

To carnivorous Britain, the judges declar'd,
Should all but the bones of the warrior be given ;
Tho' for *smell*, had he never from England been driven,
None with Gaul to contest for the morsel had dar'd.

But touching the ribands there seem'd much ado,
As though 'twas a case so perplexing to settle ;—
Should not satin for shackles outvalue rough metal,
To fetter, FAIR READERS, such sinners as you ?

M. de L. V.



THE GLUTTON.

THE APOPLECTIC.

A TALE.

THIS metaphor each rustic knows,—
 Frail man is like the flower that blows
 At morn : before the beam of day,
 In air the dew-drop melts away,
 The evanescent blossom fades ;
 And, long before the mellow shades
 Of even cover tower and tree,
 And all the varied scenery
 Like a pale shroud, it withering lies
 Before the mower's scythe and dies.
 Death is the mower ; and who can
 Deny his mastery o'er man ?

Fond man ! who eyes the coming hour
 As if already in his power,
 O'erlooking all that lies between
 The foreground and the distant scene ;
 Or, drawing large from Fancy's store,
 Bids fairy landscapes spread before

His raptured gaze, till he believe
All real, and himself deceive.
Too late, he finds the dazzling gleam
Reflects nor lake, nor glittering stream ;
The mead, the forest, flowery glade,
The rocky dell, the dark cascade,
The gelid fount, the mystic grot,
And all on that romantic spot
And rich imaginative scene
Vanish as though they ne'er had been.

Tom Dewlap thought time made for him,
So used it to indulge his whim ;
And, equally, believing all
The good on this terrestrial ball
Created for his sole delight,
Lived but to please his appetite.
His sire, (Tom was an only son),
Had Fortune's choicest favours won ;
A careful citizen, who knew
Man may with toil all things subdue ;
That pence grow shillings, and these rise
To pounds in purses of the wise :
A man, who thought the world was made
But as materials for trade.
He fell, as other mortals fall,
And Tom became the heir of all

His cash, his lands, his bonds, his stock,
Which greatly weakened the shock
To the heir's nerves ; and the old man
Had measur'd out his mortal span.

As the pent torrent sleeps in rest,
Reflecting from its lucid breast,
Scarce rippled by the sighing breeze,
The sky, the clouds, rocks, banks, and trees ;
But, in a moment, burst the mound,
It rolls in thunder o'er the ground ;
In circling eddies boils afar,
Involving in the wat'ry war
Fields, gardens, cottages ; till, wide
Spreading a lake from side to side,
It sinks, exhales, or scarcely fills
The scanty channels of some rills :
So wealth, like water, bursts the cords
That bind it in the miser's hoards ;
And, though beneath his Argus' eye,
The counted ingots safely lie,
Yet, spite of all his sleepless care,
They will be scatter'd by his heir.

Tom knew this fact, and thought it just
That wealth should circulate, and must :

The only truth, at Brazen-nose,
Which in his mem'ry would repose ;
And, now, like philosophic wight,
He proved it practically right.
For this, he hired cooks, who knew
Not the old-fashioned roast and stew ;
But how to concentrate a leg
Of beef in compass of an egg ;
The essence from a ham express ;
Display a turbot in full dress ;
Make perigot and lobster-pie,
And tickle oysters till they cry,
With the excess of ecstasy,
“ Come eat me ! eat me ! or I die.”

Such were Tom's cooks ; his table owned
Their excellence, and deeply groaned
With their productions, formed to make
The dullest appetite awake.
Philosophers may boast of mind ;
Wits of the wreaths by Fancy twined ;
Churchmen discourse of Paradise
Prospective for the good and wise ;
Heroes of Fame, kings of their power,—
Enough for Tom that blissful hour,
When steaming viands graced the board
That owned him as its bounteous lord.

Death, like a cormorant, stood by,
Watching these doings silently :
Smiled forth a smile of grim delight,
Like lightning flash at dead of night,
And, cogitating on the way
That should secure Tom as his prey,
Resolved the masquerader's art
To try, and chose a waiter's part.
He something of the craft had seen
At civic festivals, I ween ;
And, like his friends assembled there,
Death thinks of business ev'ry where.
Besides, he had improved his skill
In varying the modes to kill ;
Studied attentively the books
Of Kitchener and other cooks ;
And found the contents of a cruet
As well as sword or pill would do it.
Of pill he knew the power, for he
Had dwelt with an apothecary,
And, often, been within the walls
Of many famous hospitals.
He could a nervous fibril prick
To sap life's citadel with tick ;
Rupture a vessel in the brain
The apoplectical to gain ;

And cherish the bright crimson streak
That paints the hectic maiden's cheek,
Like the wild rose-bud's vermil bloom
Warming the marble of the tomb.
With these acquirements Death stood by,
And watch'd Tom's doings eagerly.

'Twas near the close of a bright day,
In infancy of lovely May,
Tom sat, half dozing, in his chair,
Alike devoid of thought and care ;
Dreaming of what he had designed,
A dinner suited to his mind,
A cod's head dressed as head should be,
Chef-d'ouvre of good cookery.
He, too, expected, as his guest,
A friend of kindred soul and taste,
A man exact.—Tom eyed the door ;—
He gave two minutes and no more :
His watch proclaimed the moment gone,
His maxim was to wait for none :
The bell the summons spoke ; were placed
The chairs, the head the table graced
Swallowed a dinner-pill, and in
The napkin tuck'd beneath the chin,
Tom look'd as joyous and elate
As monarch in the pride of state.

But had he seen, through his disguise,
The spectre form of Death arise ;
The naked skull, the sockets void,
The lipless mouth from side to side,
The hollow ribs, the fleshless legs,
Tom, spite of his poor gouty pegs,
Had fled ; and left, for once at least,
The much-anticipated feast.
Nor saw, nor thought he danger nigh.
Death ranged the sauces in his eye ;
Extolling this,—none could that match,
Burgess, nor Harvey, nor Corrach.
Tom knew the whole, but smiled to find
His man such skill and taste combin'd ;
Then picked, with practised hand, each bit
His palate critical to hit ;
Mingled the sauce ; and then—ah ! then,
Sad destiny of mortal men,
Whose hopes, while yet they blossom, die ;
Whose joys like rainbow colours fly ;
Whose expectations, still, appear
Like shadows of things coming near
Which ne'er arrive, an airy train
Pictured by Fancy on the brain.—
Ah ! then—what means that vacant stare ?
Why sinks Tom backwards in his chair ?

Why start his eyeballs from his head ?
His face with purple is o'erspread !
That snorting sound ! is he asleep ?
Those gurgles in his bosom deep ;
That sob convulsive ; that long pause ;
That deep-fetched breath, the last he draws,
And those contortions, all declare
A deed of Death is doing there.

A. T. T.

THE
COMPLAINT OF THE STOMACH.

I FEAR, said the Stomach, addressing the Brain,
That my efforts to serve you will soon be in vain ;
For such is the weight you compel me to bear,
And such are the labours that fall to my share,
That, unless in your wisdom you lighten the load,
My strength must soon fail,—I shall drop on the
road.

* * * * *

Then the cargo of viands in flesh, fowl, and fish,
Which serve as a whet to some favourite dish,
With the compound of peppers and sauces to aid,
Or rather to force on the market a trade—
Are really too much for my delicate frame ;
And to burden me thus is an absolute shame.
But I do not complain, altho' hard is my case,
As many would do, were they put in my place,
Nor am I so senseless as not to perceive,
That some other members have reason to grieve ;

There's your legs and your feet, that once bore you
about,

Are now useless as logs, with the dropsy or gout;
And your hands are so feeble, you scarcely can pass
To your neighbour the bottle, or fill him a glass.—
And further the Stomach had gone on to state,
When the Tongue, 'tis imagined, took up the debate.
“Did you speak to the Brain?” said a low piping
voice;

(It was just before dinner), I much should rejoice
To find such a being you wot of, my friend,
But he and his measures have long had an end;
A nondescript substance now fills up the space
In that once intellectual thought-breeding place.
By some 't'as been thought that your chymical skill
(Which now, it is known, has the power to kill),
And your fumes have destroyed all the power of
thinking,

So that no sense remains but of eating and drinking:
What is said in the Bible has long been forgot,
Of the passage which told, there was ‘Death in the
pot.’—

But the sauce is preparing to season the fish;
When too late 'twill be found, there is Death in the
dish.”



THE HUNTERS LEAP.

DEATH AND THE HUNTER.

HER beams all rosy the morning flings
O'er valley and hill, where music rings,—
But 'tis not the sky-bird's song so sweet,
Nor the wood-thrush that cheers the fawn's retreat;
It is not the nightingale's tuneful spell

That swells the wild depths of the forest along,
For she to our isle hath bid farewell,

And sung to the groves her parting song—
Shed their last blossoms the weeping shades,
When through the forest's lone arcades,
Sighed the last echo of her lay,
As to fairer climes she winged her way,
Where brighter moons and richer flowers
Illume and deck her gorgeous bowers.

And now,—no thrilling midnight song
Is heard the desolate woods among,
Save the voice of the ruffian winds that rove

With lawless force abroad, and rend
The rich-tinted wreaths from bower and grove,
That beneath their gusty tyranny bend;

While as in their might and their wrath they roam,
They fright the dove from her ravaged home.

And now,—no harmony by day
Is heard, save the redbreast's pensive lay;
His warbled dirge-notes o'er the grave

Where summer, wrapped in rose-leaf shroud,
Sleeps while the wintry tempests rave,

Till the sun in splendour waxes proud,
And to life the spell-bound goddess wakes,
Who, as onward, rejoicing, her path she takes,
Pomp, beauty, and odours, and riches showers,
Turning our clime into Eden's bowers!

What music floats then on the early gale
Down Autumn's long-withdrawing vale?
It is the shrill and mellow horn
That wakes the echoes of the morn,
And with it come the hunter's yell,
And death-cry in harmonious swell,
Of the dew-snuffing hounds from far,
With all the rout of sylvan war.
Heart-buoyant as the amber-coloured cloudlet rent
By the wanton winds 'mid the firmament;
With cheek of the morn, and joy-lighted eye
That rivals the tint of the sunny sky:

And merry as the lark that floats embowered
In that cloudlet, with gold so splendidly showered,
The gay youthful hunter backs his steed
And urges him with headlong speed
O'er moorland, heath, wilds mountainous,
Nor fears down rugged steeps to rush,
The antlered king of the shades to chase,
Whose swiftness long maintains the race.

Hark, the fierce halloo through the forest resounds !
As full in sight the wild stag bounds ;
Then darts away, like a beam of light,
While the hunters pursue like a thunder-cloud of
 night !
Caps high are waved to cheer the glad rout,
While the valleys re-echo with their hoarse savage
 shout.

But here is one of that motley crew
On a shadowy steed of ghastly hue,
'Tis Death on his pale horse who follows the throng,
But joins not the laugh, the shout, or the song.
Ha ! who lies there with blood-streaming wound ?
The young hunter his courser hath dashed to the
 ground !
With that sad groan fled his last breath—
Thy human game is won, O Death !

On, on his gay companions speed,
They heard not his fall, they saw not his steed
Beside his master groaning lie,
Lingering out life in agony!

Rose cloudless the hunter's moon that night,
As the horse and his rider together lay;
On the blood-stained stones fell her pale light,
That trembled at the crimson hue,
Now blended with the evening dew,
While paler than that pale moon-ray
The hunter youth, at morn so gay,
Stretched his cold limbs, forgetful quite
Of the merry chase and the banquet night!
Silence reigned round that lonely place,
Far, far away were the sons of the chase;
Amid the hall in noisy glee
At feast and tipsy revelry.
Far, far away was the maid of truth,
Who fondly loved that hunter youth;
She gazed on the radiant star of night,
She thought on her lover, and chid his stay,
She watched the clouds in their lofty flight
As they crossed the moon in dim array;
Then sadly told the lingering hour,
As the clock struck slow from the village tower!

Ah! little did she think that moon,
To the night-wearied pilgrim so rich a boon—
On the gore-clotted locks of her lover were flinging
Its pitying beam, as cold he lay,
With death-glazed eye by his “gallant gray,”
While round him the shadowy woods were ringing
With the dirge of the screech-owl, whose frightful
tones
Were mingled with the dying courser’s groans!

J. F. P.



THE FATAL GATE

STAY—stay—young Nimrod ! reign thy steed,
For there is one who mocks thy speed ;
I see him on thy path obtrude ;—
Pursuer !—thou hast been pursued.

Expert thou art, and strong thy horse,
But what avails or skill or force ?
That hoof of horn is cased in steel—
An arrow pierced Achilles' heel.

Then pause awhile, the peril shun,
Tempt not yon bar—Fate lurks beneath ;
Infatuate fool !—the deed is done ;
That gate hath proved the gate of Death.

H. D.

THE HUNTER'S LEAP.

TOM HEADLONG was a lover of the chase—

We want a stronger name than that of lover—

His day was but a long-continued race,

The only plan Tom had to get time over,

Who thought Life's movements nothing had to boast,

Unless its rate was that of going post.

His conversation had no other course

Than that presented to his simple view ;

Of what concerned his saddle, groom, or horse,

Beyond this theme he little cared or knew :

Tell him of beauty, and harmonious sounds,

He'd show his mare, and talk about his hounds.

Oh, fam'd Pythagoras ! would but thy plan

Of transmigration find belief in many,

'Twould check at least some cruelty in man,

To think he must become the brute, if any

Had suffered from him in its worldly station,

For then he'd fear a just retaliation.

But this, you'll say, is nothing but digression—
Contrivance to prolong a simple tale—
Or else to make a figure in expression,
A sort of make-weight if your story fail,—
So, to be brief, we'll use no more delay,
But put the mighty Hunter on his way.

The gallant bay that Headlong mounted, then,
Would something have to urge in its defence,
If in its course of speed it fail'd, and when
It barely cleared the mound, the dyke, the fence,
That in its hoof a nail was pressing sore,
And damped its ardour, though it could no more.

But now the scent is gaining on the wind,
The sounds of sylvan war are on the ear;
The generous courser, never left behind,
Springs to the cry,—his rivals in the rear
Follow, but where his onward pace is bent,
As if to yield the palm they gave consent.

Awhile the efforts of the generous steed
(Cheer'd by the hounds and hunter's loud halloo),
Sustained the conflict with his wonted speed,—
And now the distant game is in his view;
But here a check, a momentary pause;
And for the leap, the hunter bridle draws.

Nor slack the gallant bay—his chest he bears
In act to spring, when now the topmost bar
Strikes the pain'd hoof—and vainly now he rears—
His efforts fail,—he falls—and distant far
The prostrate rider feels (with parting breath
And shortened sobs) the icy hand of Death.

The merry sportsmen pass him by,
And deem some stunning blow
Has laid him,—so they let him lie,
While on they cheering go.
But none take warning by his fate,
Though Death upon the leap should wait.

SIMON SUREFOOT.

CHILDE THE HUNTER.

(By the Author of "Dartmoor.")

FEW roam the heath, e'en when the sun
 The golden sun is high ;—
 And the leaping, laughing streams are bright,
 And the lark is in the sky.

But when upon the ancient hills
 Descends the giant cloud,
 And the lightning leaps from Tor to Tor,
 And the thunder-peal is loud :—

Heaven aid that hapless traveller then
 Who o'er the wild may stray,
 For bitter is the moorland storm,
 And man is far away.

Yet blithe the highland hunter leaves
 His cot at early morn,
 And on the ear of Winter pours
 The music of his horn :—

The eye of highland hunter sees
No terrors in the cloud;
His heart quakes not at the lightning flash,
Nor the thunder long and loud!

Yet oft the shudd'ring peasant tells
Of him in days of yore,
Who in the sudden snow-storm fell—
The Nimrod of the moor!

And when the Christmas tale goes round
By many a peat fireside,
The children list, and shrink to hear
How Childe of Plymstoke died.

The lord of manors fair and broad,—
Of gentle blood was he,—
Who loved full well the mountain chase
And mountain liberty.

Slow broke the cheerless morn—the cloud
Wreathed every moorland hill;
And the thousand brooks that cheer'd the heath
In sunny hours, were still.

For Winter's wizard spell had check'd
Their all-rejoicing haste ;
And flung a fearful silence o'er
The solitary waste.

When Childe resolved with hound and horn,
To range the forest wide ;
And seek the noble red-deer where
The Plym's dark waters glide.

Of sportsmen brave, who hunted then
The leader bold was he,
And full in the teeth of the dread north wind
He led that company.

They rous'd the red-deer from his lair,
Where those dark waters glide ;—
And swifter than the gale he fled
Across the forest wide.

With cheer and with shout, the jovial rout
The old Tor hurried by ;
And they startled the morn, with the merry horn
And the stanch hound's echoing cry.

The moorland eagle left his cliff—
The hawk soar'd far away—
And with that shout and cheer they scar'd
The raven from his prey.

They followed through the rock-strew'd glen;—
They plung'd through the river's bed;—
And scal'd the hill-top where the Tor
Uplifts his hoary head.

That gallant deer with an arrow's speed
Launch'd by an archer strong,
O'er hill and plain—through brake and fen
Bore still his course along.

Now through the flashing stream he darts,
The wave aside he flings;—
Now o'er the cataract's bright arch
With fearless leap he springs!

And many a chasm yawning wide
With a desperate bound he clears;—
Anon like a shadow he glances by
The rock of six thousand years!

But now swift sailing on the wind
The bursting cloud drew near ;
And there were sounds upon the gale,
Might fill the heart with fear !

And one by one, as fast the clouds
The face of heav'n deform,
Desert the chase and wildly shun
The onset of the storm.

And some there were, who deem'd they heard
Strange voices in the blast ;—
And some—that on the shudd'ring view,
A form mysterious pass'd ;—

Who rode a shadowy courser, that
A mortal steed might seem ;—
But left no hoof-mark on the ground,
No foam upon the stream !

'Twas fancy all ;—yet from his side,
The jovial crew are gone ;
And Childe across the desert heath
Pursues his way—alone.

He threaded many a mazy bog,—
He dashed through many a stream ;—
But lost—bewilder'd—check'd his steed,
At evening's latest gleam.

For far and wide the highland lay
One pathless waste of snow,
He paus'd—the angry heav'n above,
The faithless bog below.

He paus'd !—and soon through all his veins
Life's current feebly ran ;
And—heavily—a mortal sleep
Crept o'er the dying man :—

The dying man—yet Love of Life
In this his hour of need,

Uprais'd the master's hand to spill,
The heart-blood of his steed !

And on th' ensanguin'd snow that steed

Hath stretched his noble form ;—

A shelter from the biting blast—

A bulwark to the storm :—

In vain—for swift the bleak wind pil'd
The snow-drift round the corse ;
And Death, his victim struck within
The disembowell'd horse.

Yet one dear wish—one tender thought
Came o'er that hunter brave ;—
To sleep at last in hallow'd ground,
And find a Christian grave—

And ere he breath'd his latest sigh,
And day's last gleam was spent,
He with unfaltering finger wrote
His bloody * testament.

* The fyrste that fyndes and brings me to my grave
The lands of Plymstoke he shal have.

A tradition has existed in the Moor, and is noticed by several authors, that John Childe, of Plymstock, a gentleman of large possessions, and a great hunter, whilst enjoying that amusement during an inclement season, was benighted, lost his way, and perished through cold, near Fox Tor, in the south quarter of the forest ; after taking the precaution to kill his horse, and, for the sake of warmth, to creep into its bowels, leaving a paper denoting that whoever should bury his body should have his lands at Plymstock.

Childe had previously declared his intention to bestow his lands on the church wherein he might be buried, and these circumstances com-

ing to the knowledge of the monks of Tavistock, they eagerly seized the body and were conveying it to that place; but learning, on the way, that some people of Plymstock were waiting at a ford to intercept the prey, they cunningly ordered a bridge to be built out of the usual track, thence pertinently called Guile Bridge, and, succeeding in their object, became possessed of, and enjoyed the lands until the dissolution, when the Russel family received a grant of them, and it still retains them.

In memory of Childe a tomb was erected to him in a plain a little below Fox Tor, which was standing about fifteen years since, when Mr. Windeatt, having received a new take or allotment, in which the tomb was included, *nearly destroyed it, by appropriating some of the stones for building and door steps!* (Its form is correctly preserved in one of the vignettes belonging to the poem Dartmoor). The whole, when perfect, wore an antique and impressive appearance.

The author of this note found the socket and groove for the cross, and part of the cross itself, during an excursion in the south quarter of the moor, in the summer of 1824. The socket had been sunk into the ground by some friendly hand, and the remains of the cross placed in it; but as it was near the road side leading from Cadaford Bridge to Ivy Bridge, he took the cross out, and placed it by the side of the groove, to prevent the too probable mischief which its prominent situation might occasion to it from any Visigoth who might be disposed still further to injure the venerable remains.

N. T. C.

THE ALCHEMIST.

TAILING from eve to morn, and morn to eve,
 Himself deceiving—others to deceive,
 Behold the Alchemist! On dreams intent,
 The better portion of his life is spent;
 Though disappointed ever,—still the same,
 He casts all on accident, the blame;
 Nor paler form, pale face, and sunken eye,
 Can to his firm opinions give the lie.
 Existence wanes amid these dreary sports,
 His only friends are crucibles, retorts;
 Jealous of fame—yet certain to excel,
 He labours lonely in his secret cell;
 When suddenly his bellows ply,
 And smokes a ghastly smoke of Alchemy!
 'Tis *Death*—his elixir's spilt—and lost the prize,
 And in the folly of his life he dies.

J. J. L.



THE ALCHEMIST.

CONTENTMENT,

THE TRUE ALCHEMY OF LIFE.

AGES roll on; but man, unchanging still,
 O'er Mammon's furnace bends with ceaseless care,
 Fans it with sighs, and seeks, with subtlest skill,
 The mystic stone;—yet never finds it *there*.

What if possesst?—its price is faded health;
 Death comes at last, and speaks these words of
 Fate:—
 “If all were gold, then gold no more were wealth!”
 Too fatal truth!—and learnt, alas! too late.

Contentment! angel of the placid brow!
Thine is the bright and never-fading gem—
 The stone of *true* philosophy, which thou
 Hast placed beyond the regal diadem.

Sweet Alchymist! for thee how few will spurn
Wealth's glittering chains, though happier far to
hold

That hallowed talisman whose touch can turn
Life's seeming ills to more than Fortune's gold.

Thine is the Eldorado of the heart :

The halcyon clime of cloudless peace is thine :
Angel ! to me that sacred gift impart,
And let me ever worship at thy shrine.

H. D.

ALCHYMY.

“ To solemnize this day, the glorious Sun
Stays in his course, and plays the Alchymist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glitt’ring gold.”

Shakspeare.

“ [*An explosion within.*]

“ *Subtle.*—God, and all Saints, be good to us! What’s that?

Face.—O, Sir, we are defeated! All the works
Are flown *in fumo*: ev’ry glass is burst—
Furnace and all, rent down!—As if a bolt
Had thunder’d thro’ the house.
Retorts, receivers, pellicans, bolt-heads,
All struck in shivers!

[*Subtle falls down.*]

Help, good Sir! Alas,
Coldness and *Death* invade him!”

Ben Jonson’s Alchymist.

ALCHYMY, the pretended art of prolonging life by a panacea, of transmuting the baser metals into gold, and other wonders, affects also the highest antiquity; it is however probably the fruit of ignorance, grafted upon the remains of ancient chymistry

about the time of the revival of learning in Europe. Its evil was in giving birth to some of those bubbles by which knavery is ever preying upon folly and avidity: its good has been the fortuitous discoveries to which we owe the progress of medicine, chymistry, and the arts—a Lavoisier, a Cavendish, and a Davy!

If still there is any one who aims at the *alkahest*, universal solvent, or elixir of life,—if he would obtain the *philosopher's stone* which transmutes the metals, or if he would discover the elements of matter, let him not apply to Sir Humphrey for his electro-chymical apparatus which severed the alkalis,—nor seek, with safety in the midst of danger, the explosive mines of the earth by the light of his *Davy*,—nor tempt the ocean in search of these wonders sheathed and shielded by his *Protectors*:—let him not trouble himself with the *salt, sulphur, and mercury* of the *Adepti*.* Above all, let him not seek the aid of *Aureolus Philippus Paracelsus Theophrastus Bombastus de Hoenheim*,† for they will all

* The Alchymists have a tradition, that there are always twelve *Adepti*, or possessors of the philosopher's stone, panacea, &c.; and that, as frequently as they are exploded by Death, their places are supplied by new Adepts.

† *Paracelsus* boasted of being able, by his *elixir proprietatis*, to pro-

equally fail him ; while there is one so rich and knowing in hermetic art, that the elements, the philosopher's stone, and the alkahest, are all at his finger's ends,—one (the sole hope of the alchymist) who can analyze all, transmute all, and dissolve all ! —The greatest of chymists !—the Davy of Davys !

OLD DAVY!!

Accordingly, in the design before us, the artist has introduced the *Alchymist* at his furnace, anxiously watching his crucible, while the *elixir of life* is running out, and *Death*, unperceived, is blowing the coals, holding in his hand the *powder of projection* which is about to consummate by an explosion the deluded Alchymist and his vain endeavours.

long the life of man to the age of Methusalah,—nor is this wonderful in one who declared he held conversation with *Galen* and *Avicenna* at the gates of Hell, and obtained secrets in physic from the Devil himself.—Nevertheless, *Death*, envious of his power, *overturned his elixir*, and took him off in revenge, at a little more than 40 years of age, that he might not depopulate by his art the grim empire of the King of Terrors.

His followers believe, however, “ that he is not dead, but still lives in his tomb, whither he retired,” (like Johanna Southcot, and like her too,) “ weary of the vices and follies of mankind !” Notwithstanding all the extravagances of *Paracelsus*, the world is indebted to him for many useful discoveries ; and it is still a question whether himself or *Carpue*, a name again to be associated with a *Harvey*, an *Abernethy*, and a *Hunter*, first introduced mercury into medicine !

But who, let us seriously inquire, and what, is this all-potent Alchymist, Death?

“Death is Life, and Life is Death,” said *Euripides*; and so said *Plato*, and so said the *Eastern Sages*. If then Death be Life, as the wise and virtuous of all ages have believed, the question recurs, what is Life?

Life, says the Beauty, is admiration and gay attire;—it is dice and dash, says the Spendthrift;—it is gain, says the Merchant and the Miser; it is power, says the Prince. Yet the Alchymist looks for it in an elixir. But Death dethrones the Prince—breaks the Merchant and Miser—out-dashes the Spendthrift and the Belle, and spills the elixir of Life.

Life is action, says the Cricketer;—it is a feast, says the Glutton;—it is a bubble, says the Philosopher: but Death bursts the Philosopher's bubble, gormandizes the Glutton, and bowls out the Cricketer.

It is fees, says the Physician;—it is judgment and execution, says the Judge;—it is all vanity, says the Parson: but Death humbles the Parson's vanity,

executes the Judge and his judgments, and takes fee of the Physician and his Patients too!

Thou art then a very Proteus, Death; at once a Miser, a Merchant, and a Prince,—thou art a Game, a Glutton, and a Bubble,—thou art Justice to the injured, a Physician to the sick, and a humbler of Vanity,—thou art Master of the Ceremonies of Life, sporting with it in every form, and we have sported with thee!

Thus, view them however we may, Life and Death are endless paradoxes; the love of the one, and the fear of the other, are unquestionably imprinted in our nature for wise purposes—they gain and lose strength,—they rise and fall—and in all their movements they *dance together*.

That these passions, however useful and necessary, relatively to our natural state, are equally vain and fallacious in an absolute and moral sense, has long been admitted by the philosopher: and that they may be so to common sense, we have only to consider that it is as natural to die as to be born—that Death and Life are merely figurative of the two general relations, being and cessation; and that

Death, in particular, the grim King of Terrors, is only a personification—the Pluto of the Poets—an animated skeleton, or *anatomie vivante* of the imagination; so that, as we cannot paint white without black, we cannot represent Death without Life.

If however these passions are ever so vain and illusive, their effects are no less actual and certain, and of difficult mastery: it eminently deserves our concern, therefore, that we should so cultivate and control them, that we may continue life with enjoyment, and quit it without regret; and since it is a fact, that man loves and desires only *good*, and fears only *ill*,—so long as life is a good he loves it, and when it becomes an evil he loathes it. The sum of our aim then is, that as evil is but the consequence of ill action, and we dread not Death nor desire Life for themselves, we have only to act well, that we may live without fear, and die without despair.

These impressions are accordingly strongest in early life, and, when our course is right, they appear to decline as we advance, and to become ultimately feeble and extinct; so that by degrees, beautifully suited to a virtuous progress, Heaven disengages us altogether from the love of Life and the fear of Death.

Having disposed of the great Transmuter and his elder children, let us turn our eye, ere we close, to the more recent offspring of the Plutonic family, many of whom are no less worthy of celebrity than their elder brethren, and of whom, particularly deserving of record, are *Goldman*, formerly of the King's Mews,—*Peter Woulfe*, of Barnard's Inn, and the renowned *Sigismund Bæstrom*, (with whose prefixes and affixes we are not acquainted, but) whose father was (as he averred) physician to Frederic the Great. There are yet living those who mourn the memory of Bæstrom, who, alas! having consumed all the gold he could lay his hands on in search of the philosopher's stone,—*finished his projection* a debtor in the King's Bench.

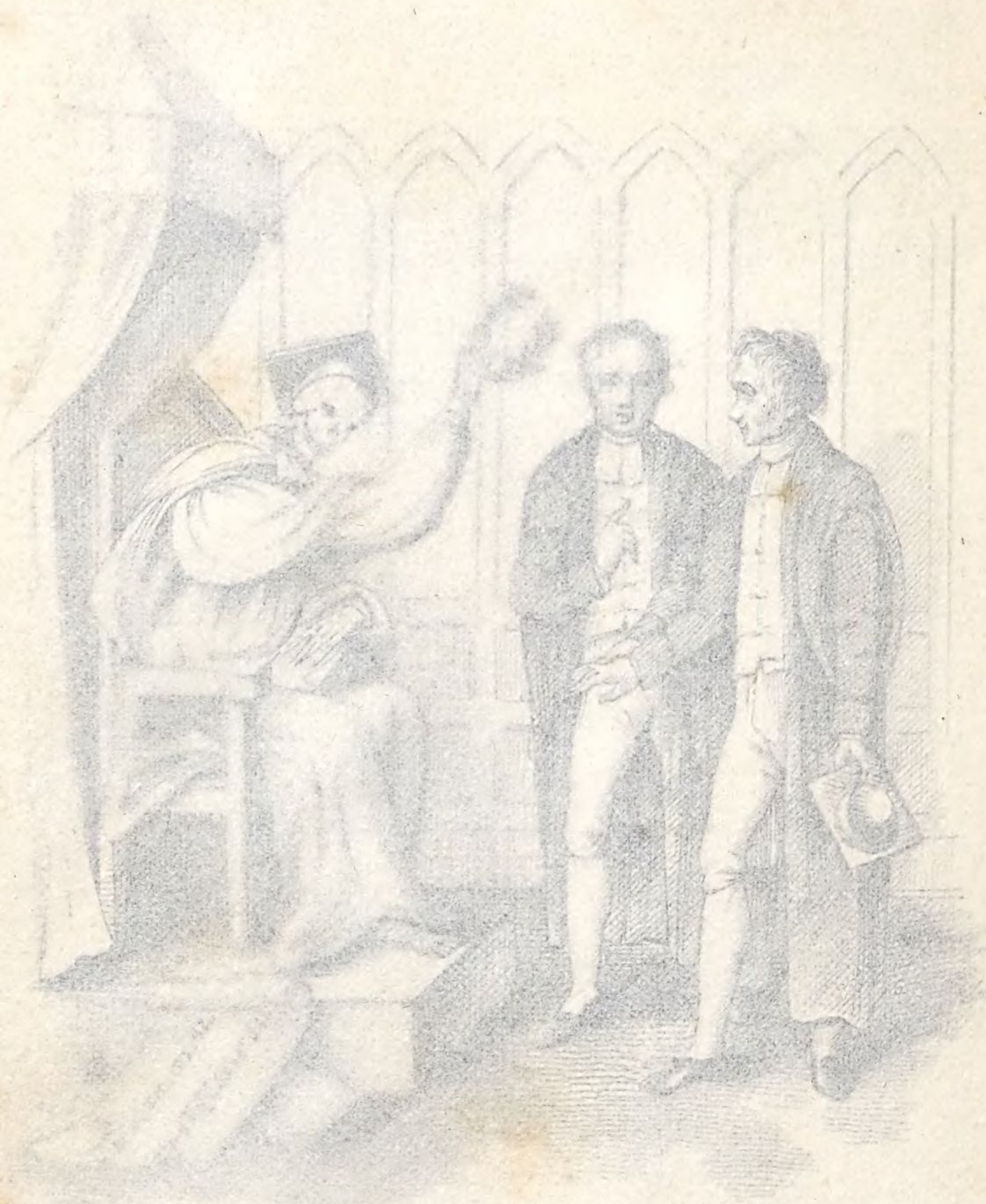
As to ———, he CONSUMED *his coals* at an apartment in the Mews, which he enjoyed through royal bounty, and where, deeply engaged one night amid his retorts and athanors by the glimmer of a small lamp, a luckless wight of a chimney-sweeper, or as some say a stoaker, crept in unperceived, and peeped over the old man's shoulder, who, happening to turn round, and seeing, as he imagined, the Devil at his elbow, became so alarmed, that he never recovered the shock, but died—and with him, perhaps, one of the last of the Adepti.

We say perhaps? For the ashes of Alchymy are still hot. That it should yet occupy ardent imaginations amid the gloom, poverty, and oppression of the forests of Germany, is not so astonishing, as that it should still have votaries in the metropolis of Britain, where the light shines upon the free, and so many easier ways of making gold are known, and that there should be still found persons of reputed understanding who are willing to be *deluded by men, wretchedly poor, who profess the art of making gold!*

But imagination has ever been the tyrant of the mind, exciting enthusiasm, of which knavery takes advantage, and folly is the food it feeds on.

* * * Those who would enter further into the history of Alchymy may consult Boerhave; and for later information, "A Sketch of the History of Alchymy," by Mr. Brande, in the New Annual Register for 1819.

G. F.



ACADEMIC HONORS.

ACADEMIC HONOURS.

UNDER the shadow of green laurel leaves
 The poet marcheth, with unfaltering breath;
 And from the glory which his fancy weaves
 Draws strength, which tincteth the wan cheeks of
 Death:

Under the shadow of the laurel green
 The soldier smileth; and wayfaring men
 Piercing the desert with proud looks are seen,
 And hoary seamen face wild waves again:
 But chief, 'midst hopes untried, with fear afar,
 The young pale scholar seeks some dim renown,
 Misled by influence of deceitful star,
 To where Death hides behind the laurel crown:
 Alas, grey age and pallid youth the same!
 All leave fair truth, to clutch the phantom—*Fame!*

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE MARTYR STUDENT.

(*By the Author of “ Dartmoor.”*)

“ O what a noble heart was here undone,
 When Science’ self destroy’d her favourite son!
 Yes! she too much indulg’d thy fond pursuit,—
 She sow’d the seeds, but *Death* has reap’d the fruit.”

Byron.

LIST not Ambition’s call, for she has lur’d
 To Death her tens of thousands, and her voice,
 Though sweet as the old syren’s, is as false!
 Won by her blandishments, the warrior seeks
 The battle-field where red Destruction waves
 O’er the wild plain his banner, trampling down
 The dying and the dead;—on Ocean’s wave
 Braving the storm—the dark lee-shore—the fight—
 The seaman follows her, to fall—at last
 In Victory’s gory arms. To Learning’s sons
 She promises the proud degree—the praise
 Of academic senates, and a name
 That Fame on her imperishable scroll

Shall deeply 'grave. O, there was one who heard
Her fatal promptings—whom the Muses mourn
And Genius yet deplores ! In studious cell
Immur'd, he trimm'd his solitary lamp,
And morn, unmark'd, upon his pallid cheek
Oft flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye
Reluctant clos'd, and sleep around his couch
Strew'd her despised poppies. Day with night
Mingled—insensibly—and night with day ;—
In loveliest change the seasons came—and pass'd—
Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky
Wander'd the lark—the merry birds beneath
Pour'd their sweet woodland poetry—the streams
Sent up their eloquent voices—all was joy
And in the breeze was life. Then Summer gemm'd
The sward with flowers, as thickly strewn as seem
In heaven the countless clustering stars. By day
The grateful peasant pour'd his song,—by night
The nightingale ;—he heeded not the lay
Divine of earth or sky—the voice of streams—
Sunshine and shadow—and the rich blue sky ;—
Nor gales of fragrance and of life that cheer
The aching brow—relume the drooping eye
And fire the languid pulse. One stern pursuit—
One master-passion master'd all—and Death
Smil'd inly as Consumption at his nod
Poison'd the springs of life, and flush'd the cheek

With roses that bloom only o'er the grave ;
And in that eye, which once so mildly beam'd,
Kindled unnatural fires !

Yet hope sustain'd
His sinking soul, and to the high reward
Of sleepless nights and watchful days—and scorn
Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,
Pointed exultingly. But Death, who loves
To blast Hope's fairest visions, and to dash,
In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss
From man's impatient lip—with horrid glance
Mark'd the young victim, as with flutt'ring step
And beating heart, and cheek with treach'rous
bloom
Suffus'd, he press'd where Science op'd the gates
Of her high temple.

There beneath the guise
Of Learning's proud professor, sat enthron'd
The tyrant—DEATH :—and as around the brow
Of that ill-fated votary, he wreath'd
The crown of Victory—silently he twin'd
The cypress with the laurel ;—at his foot
Perish'd the “ MARTYR STUDENT !”

N. T. C.

THE ACADEMIC ASPIRANT.

WITH form attenuated by disease,
With paly cheek, and bloodless lip, he stands
The victim of his worth. All save the eye
Hath sadly changed ;—*that* undismayed yet gleams
The noble beacon of a noble soul !
Consumption shakes the tendons of his life,
And holds a fevered revel in his heart ;—
He heeds it not—but as his body wastes,
The spirit gathers greater strength, and sheds
On the admiring world supernal light.
Renown, on its swift pinion, blazons forth
The glory of his name, and sages hail
And praise him—fairest lips recite his verse,
And nations arm them when he sings of war.
Alas, that eloquence will soon be mute—
That harp, unstrung, shall lose its loveliness,
Nor know its own sweet sound again. No more
Shall woman's eye behold its light approach,—
No more her dulcet voice (by passion taught),

To her young soul shall whisper dreamy love,
And make her startle even at herself.
Love and its light are now evanishing;
Life and its bliss do tremble at the Shade
That stands before him. He beholds it not—
See, in its sallow hand is held a wreath
Of laurel leaves, so fresh, they seem to mock
That withering grasp. A smile is on his cheek—
His eye looks dark with thought—his dreams are of
The coming time—and Hope is bright within—
Slowly the wreath now falls—the hand of Death
Hath placed the fadeless verdure on his brow,
And he is not of life.

J. J. L.



ACADEMIC PURSUITS.

“There’s *honour* for you!”—*Shakspeare*.

LIKE *you* such grinning honour? You will probably answer, No. Why, then, before you engage in the widely-different, but no less hazardous warfare of words and arguments, propositions and disquisitions, reply and rejoinder, with the long train of important *etcæteras*, do, my young and sanguine friend, take a peep into a pericranium—examine the filmy texture of the brain, and the cobweb character of those fibres which compose its substance; from thence descend to the region of the stomach, and view the connexion of its digestive powers, which, as well as the brain, depend upon the quiet operation of thought,—which the hurry of passion, the ardour of pursuit, or the no less dangerous tendency of rigid and intense application, may destroy—and you may perhaps be inclined to pause upon the adventure, to examine *your* strength for the combat, to weigh the chances of the game, and to look a

little more minutely at the nature of the trophies you expect to carry away ; and then, having taken a cool and deliberate view of the question, you may venture to ask—Can I sit quietly down under these laureled honours, to the enjoyment of books, “ friendship, and retired leisure ?”

Retired leisure ! where is it to be found ? Not in this bustling, cheating, and worrying world. No ; not even “ stalled theology” will now allow it. We do not live in monkish times ; there are duties to be performed, there are hungry expectants,—enemies to be watched, vigilant to observe omissions, and ready to mark or make lapses in your conduct. In short, the path to preferment has not been Macadamized ; but, on the contrary, such deep ruts have been made by the jostling and jumbling of every sort of vehicle on the road, that, through the haste of some, and the tardiness of others, not one in ten arrives at his *Living* in a whole skin, or, at least, without having been in imminent danger of destruction. I see you smile ;—you have been at Oxford,—have some skill in driving, and can quarter the road with any four-in-hand whip among them. Well, sir ! take your own course ; but remember, if you attain to a mitre, it will not be decorated like that of a Leo, but plain,

cumbrous, and heavy, like the disproportioned and enormous caps of our grenadiers. You must toil under its pressure. Again you smile.—Oh, the church is not your aim?—it is literature,—polite literature; aye, that is quite another thing—I see you are viewing a garland in imagination, made up of the flowers of literature, and feasting upon the fruits in the same Barmecide way. To be sure, there are a few thorns in *that* passage to fame and fortune; which, in the shape of critics, catch at you as you pass, till you arrive ragged and stript at the end of your journey. But should the contrary of this happen, you have nothing to do but to reach the mansion of your bookseller, the haven where you would be—and present yourself to the porter at the gate—a sort of Castle-of-Indolence-man, but only so in appearance; for he will first look narrowly at your dress, and if it has come off without many rents from the aforesaid thorns, he will let you into the hall or entry, and, according to your appearance, will desire you to take a chair, or, perhaps, refreshment; but have a care of this, and remember what is said in the Proverbs about “deceitful meat.” Here you will undergo a sort of craniological examination. Your skull must serve various purposes; will the *os frontis* do for a battering-ram?—can it be

levelled with advantage against church or state?—has it the organ of forgetfulness sufficiently marked for a convenient oblivion of what you advance one day to be denied on the next? These, with various other powers and capabilities, will be carefully noted; and last, and not the least of his inquiries, will be (but this will be managed aside), whether your skull will make a good drinking cup, and whether its shape and texture are best suited to hold port, claret, or champagne. What! you are grinning still, and you don't believe a word of this? You can get an introduction to Mr. M——y; aye, it may be so,—or to the King's Bench,—or to Bedlam,—or

* * * * *

* Well—*there* I'll leave you.

PROTEUS.



THE EMPIRIC.

THE EMPIRIC.

QUACKS ! high and low—whate'er your occupation—
 I hate ye all !—but, ye remorseless crew,
 Who, with your nostrums, thin the population,
 A more especial hate I bear tow'rds *you*—
 You, who're regardless if you kill or cure,—
 Who lives, or dies—so that of fees you're sure !

“ What !” saith the moralist, “ are any found
 So base, so wondrous pitiful ?”—“ Aye, *many*:—
 In this metropolis vile Quacks abound,
 Who'd poison you outright, to get a penny;—
 Monsters ! who'd recklessly deal death around,
 Till the whole globe were one vast burial-ground !”

“ Rail on ! abuse us, Sir !” cries Doctor Pill :
 “ While you're in health it all sounds mighty clever;
 But if, perchance, again you're taken ill,
 I shall be sent for just the same as ever;
 When groaning with the gout, or teas'd with phthisic,
 You'll gladly call me in, and take my physic !”

“ Save me, kind friends, from *Doctor Pill*, I pray!
And *try* to find an honest one and skilful—
Like Doctor BABINGTON or Surgeon WRAY,
Who none can charge with blunders weak or wilful;
But let *no Quack* approach my humble bed,
To feel my pulse, and shake his empty head !”

Rather would I “ throw physic to the dogs ;”
For, oh ! through Quacks, what ills from physic flow !
It saps our vitals—all our functions clogs—
And makes our lives a scene of pain and woe :
Alas ! what tortures patients undergo,
None but the suff’ring quack-duped patients know !

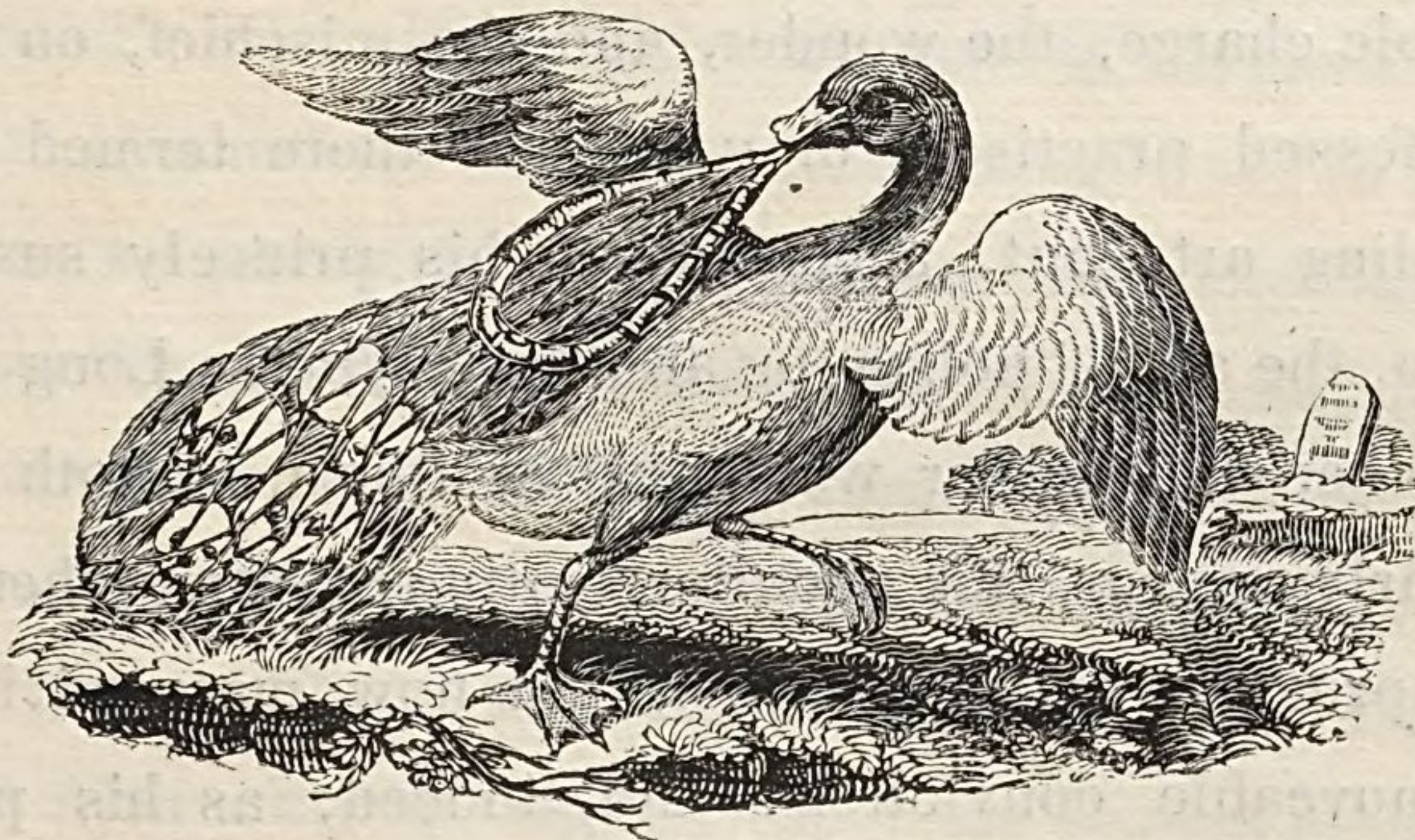
And if, by *chance*, you ’scape their murderous fangs,
Gods ! what a fuss they make about your cure !
But if, worn out with agonizing pangs,
You *die*—why, then, the malady was sure
To kill !—in truth, ’twas *wonderful*, they’ll say,
That Death so *long* could have been kept away !

See yon poor wretch ! mere effigy of man !
He’d *faith* !—and all their “ grand specifics” tried ;
For while he trusted to the charlatan,
He little thought grim Death was by his side :
And yet to *him* the Tyrant prov’d a friend,
By bringing all his torments to an end.

Oh, bounteous Nature ! friend of human kind !
Who every heartfelt joy of life dispenses,
To their best interests were not mortals blind,
Or would but rightly use their boasted senses,
They'd gratefully obey thy wise commands,
Nor trust their lives in sordid Emp'rics' hands.

Hygeia, hail ! I'll drink at thy pure spring,
Where Temperance and Exercise preside ;
And, while life's dearest boon thy handmaids bring,
Though from the wine-press flow the purple tide,
The tempting goblet from my lips I'll fling,
Scorning the gifts by luxury supplied.
Hail ! then, Hygeia, hail ! " thee, goddess, I adore,"
For, blest with health, I'm rich,—though scanty be
my store !

S. M.



THE MEN OF PHYSIC;

AN EASTERN TALE.

(*By the Author of "Glances from the Moon."*)

It happened that a certain absolute and capricious despot of an eastern province, on perceiving, after a few years' domination, that the number of his subjects had considerably decreased, instead of instituting a cautious inquiry into the possible causes of this lowered population, determined to lay the whole charge, the wonder, and the mischief, on the professed practisers of what was there termed the healing art, but, according to his princely suspicion, the art of poisoning and destroying. Long did he cherish, whether warranted or otherwise doth not clearly appear, this peculiar sentiment, strengthened by progressive observation, and now matured into immoveable conviction: and, indeed, as his province had neither been lately desolated by war, vi-

sited by pestilence, nor reduced by famine, it becomes possible—just possible I mean—that the notion which this prince had conceived of the blundering ways and means exercised by the *men of physic*, might not have proved so fallacious or unjust, as, on first hearing, it should seem to threaten: the less so, because the class of these physicians, or leeches, was the only one which had escaped the late examples of extraordinary fatality; a phenomenon which was referred, for its solution, to the commonly believed fact, that the physician exerciseth not his art upon himself.—But, let that pass.

And now, whether sanctioned by a rational probability of a successful result, or not—whether right or wrong—he determined to put the matter at issue to one grand and decisive experiment. He published an edict, ordering every practitioner of the medical craft, of whatever degree, to quit the province in the course of ten days. Remonstrance had been vain: it was the mandate of despotic authority: no appeal remained; obedience was prompt and universal; not one professor, not a single minister of physic, dared to hold back and linger within the lines of demarkation after the expiration of the period limited by the edict.

Now, when the news of this extraordinary decree had reached and crept into the ear of Death, his jaws were presently screwed into a contemptuous grin, while meditating his purpose. "Opposition to my power," he said, "has always proved vain in the result, though whilom ridiculously obstinate and contentious. This prince shall quickly understand how unequal is the contest which he appears rash enough and weak enough to wage with a power, known by universal experience to be paramount and irresistible."

Thus muttered the Destroyer.

Hence we pass on to the expiration of that measure of time sufficient for the ascertaining whether the expectations of the prince were well founded and supported.

Twelve months had now elapsed, when, on a numerical comparison of deaths with those of the preceding year, they were found in a ratio greatly diminished, calculating for the lessened number of souls occasioned by the absence of the leeches. The discontent of the people against their prince, and their alarm for themselves, changed into reverence

and composure. His pride and self-gratulation rose in proportion—perhaps something out of proportion, a mistake committed occasionally even by sovereigns—to flattery and applause: but this prince had never enjoyed the privilege of reading the poetic works of Robert Burns, where, amidst numerous pithy hints for the correction of self-misunderstanding, he might have dropped upon, and profited by, the following stanza:—

“ Oh, would some power the giftie gee us,
 To see ourselves as others see us;
 It wad frae many a blunder free us,
 And silly notion;
 And airs in gait and dress would lea’ us,
 And, e’en, devotion.”

But, so it was; time was moving on smoothly and kindly between prince and subject; each conciliated more to each, and all partaking of that increase of pleasurable feelings which is wont to accompany and improve a condition of bodily and mental health.

Thus might this happy province—happy in its delivery from the leeches—have become the asylum of health, and the promise of longevity; but—give me *but*s and *ifs*, as a bold man was wont to say, and I’ll fight the **D**——; but,—that the dark malignant spirit

of the man whose “bones are marrowless,” urged at length by the bitterness of disappointment into deadly wrath at the decrease of funerals and of mourners, where his depredations had long proved so extensive and so frequent, determined to bestir himself for the recovery of his business.

“I have,” muttered Death, as he stalked the ground, which shrank and blackened at his tread, “two considerations to resolve: first, what promises to furnish the surest plan for the restoration of the wonted, full, and gloomy callings of my office; secondly, by what measures I shall most easily and speedily succeed in it. Touching the first consideration,” said Death, “I perceive it admits of instant decision. The effects of the decree, by which I find that the leeches were my supporters, my most effective friends, serve to teach me that the decree must be unconditionally reversed; the men of physic must be recalled; they must be reinstated in all their privileges and immunities, and be let loose as heretofore upon the inhabitants of the province—of the *capital*, more especially—in the unbridled exercise of their accustomed practices. The man of dry and naked bones received that sensation of sullen gratification, when reflecting upon his plan, which no

other man could feel. A half-formed smile would have passed over his ghastly countenance, significant of anticipated success, but it was repulsed and chased away from a visage so hostile to its character, by a withering and rigid grin which admitted not a glimpse of relaxation.

Still this resolution extended and embraced the first and easiest division, only, of what he intended to perform: the object of his more arduous consideration remained behind, viz.: the adoption of means sure and effectual for the *execution* of this purpose. It was not till after a long-protracted interval that thus the Destroyer counselled with himself.

“ I have held a long and vast communion with the sons of men who walk this earth, and all who have disappeared from it were removed by me. This is not all: known it is to me, by ages of experience and the use of observation, that the passion of fear is among the strongest felt by mortals, and that of nothing are they so *horribly* afraid as of my threatenings and my power to enforce them. How is this? that the man who has courage to condemn and to oppose the requisitions of justice; to admit and to encourage the foulest offences against the charities of

humanity and the consciousness of moral obligation ; to cherish the corruption of, and to perpetrate the blackest crimes against, the fellowship of men ! that the same identical man of flesh and blood, on whom the fear of me is so deeply impressed, should ever fail to tremble while thinking upon the crimes, the outrages, the murders he may have committed ? All this must be left to the discussion of wiser skulls than mine.

“ By my life,” said Death, “ it is most worthy of marvel and recordance, that one and the same man shall dare to commit and brave the most atrocious wickedness, no less in the face of all the world than in the secret chambers, and yet shake with horror at an accidental change of feeling in his mortal frame, not occasioned by any guilty deed that he hath done, but resulting inevitably from the established laws and conditions of that animal economy, ordained to experience the enjoyments of health and the inflictions of disease ; to live, and think, and act, while the movements of the nice and wonderful machine are in perfect harmony and correctness ; to languish, and finally to decay, when these are interrupted and gradually stopped.

“ Yes, the solution of a mystery like this must be submitted to the philosophers ; enough for me, that the dread of my approach is uppermost amidst mortal fears, and that few would be found, who, when the hour of decision should arrive, would refuse to compromise, on any terms, for a longer beholding the light of the sun and of all the natural objects which it illumines and presents : yet to what do these amount, in comparison with the animated and social nature, with the world of kindred, of relatives, and friends ?

“ Fortunate for my commanding thralldom, mankind are not conscious that the ‘ fear of death,’ abstractedly considered, ‘ is most in apprehension ;’ or that, ‘ imagination’s fool and error’s wretch, man makes a death which nature never made, then on the point of his own fancy falls, and feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.’ No, no—the Prince, nursed and wrapped in the splendour and luxuries of a gay and rich metropolis, has not been conversant with disquisitions of this sort ; if he ever thinks upon, he also shudders at the contemplation of my blow.” Death paused.—This was the time for taking up what he had proposed for the second consideration of his subject, viz. : the mode to be adopted for se-

curing the completion of his plan. It required not a protracted rumination. Death knew the certainty of his power, and he resolved on its early application.

It was amidst the lone “and witching time of night, when church-yards yawn,” that, personified, “*ut ejus est mos*,” in the attire of a human skeleton, he made his way to the palace and the dormitory of his royal enemy, as he does to the cot and pallet of the poor. He beheld the prince stretched in the blandishments and the wonted security of sleep; in “the perfumed chamber,” “beneath the canopy of costly state.” Directly he stalked up; the hard and bony tread awaked the sleeping prince, and he beheld the horrid figure placed before him, holding a dimly-burning taper in his left hand, while in his right, elevated as if to strike, was poised the shaft which never fails, and which now threatened the execution of a fatal purpose.

Confounded by the spectacle, he made an effort to spring up; but the first effect of fear is debility: he fell backward, yet with outstretched arms and clasped hands, shrinking from the dreadful object of his vision—“I come,” said the horrible appearance—fixing upon his victim the dismal cavities

where eyes had been—"I come, armed as at all times, to strike and to destroy. But even beneath the shaft, and within the grasp of Death, conditions of mercy may exist. Mark!—I come unto the despot, who, with violence and injustice, has expelled from their establishments and their homes, the *men of physic*, my ministers and agents, and to offer him one or the other of two things: will he consent to recall and to reinstate the said men of physic or leeches, never again to be by him disturbed, or forbidden to cultivate and to use their arts; or will he prefer that this uplifted hand discharge the arrow which he beholds, thus winged for its deadly mission, and ready to fulfil it? Your resolve!—speak!—answer, even now—or—" The prince observed the arm rising higher, and drawing a little backward: a moment, and it might be too late; in agony of haste he called out,—“Hold! spare me, spare me! I will execute thy commands: I will instantly recall the leeches; I will do whatever thou demandest: I will do it now, even now.” Death lowered his arm, and proceeded:—“Promises, at a moment like this, have often been found faithless, and have dissolved ‘into thin air;’ therefore,” giving to the prince a scroll—“look upon that; unfold and read: be instant—bind thy soul, as the words

therein point out, to the prompt execution of my pleasure." Here he began to raise his hand of bone, still armed with the deadly missile:—"Hold! hold!" the prince ejaculated; "I swear as this scroll requires." What was written therein has never been divulged. Death well knew that flesh and blood dared not to violate the oath. He was accordingly satisfied; and now, under the guise in which he had stalked into the royal chamber, he abandoned it, in malignant triumph that his purpose had succeeded, and that the recommencement and augmentation of his harvest awaited only the return of the doctors; more especially of those who should occupy their stations and exercise their crafts in the METROPOLIS. It is there he stands in gloomy watch, or stalks about in cynic grin, delighted with the hurry, dexterity, and sleight-of-hand visits paid by the doctor to his catalogue of patients, agreeably to the situations of their residences; many of whom, after hours of languor, distress, and pain, are now startled into being from their pittance of merciful unconsciousness, by the outrageous but fashionable violence, the *storm of knocking* raised at the door of the wretched patient's residence, by one of Death's subordinate agents, who drops from the fore or aft of the doctor's chariot, and having done all this wanton

and inhuman mischief, throws open the door for the descent, and then the introduction of *that* which is to follow. Thus it is manifest that Death may be detected in the personification of an outside or an inside passenger; on the box or in the chariot.

The question may be asked,—what place does not Death occupy,—what person of the drama can he not assume and fill? We have seen him blinding the eyes of physicians and their patients, and converting medicines into poisons. We may also trace this sly and rapacious fellow more insidiously introducing poisons into the wholesome nutriment of life, into our viands and our drinks. For the former, gaze upon that alarming row of red and fiery-looking metal, with which our shelves, whether in kitchen or elsewhere, are so frightfully supplied! The metal is copper, poisonous and deadly, as many wise housekeepers and cooks are at length beginning to believe; but which, still, in defiance of the sun, or by taking advantage of the tenderer light of moon or taper, they continue to use, because peculiarly conducive, in their opinions, to the good colouring and preservation of pickles and of preserves. For the latter, namely, our drinks, behold and examine the professed malt and hop decoctions of our public

breweries—malt and hops ! pshaw !—vinegar and bullock's blood. Once more, look, and look closely when you are about it, to your cider and perry mills, lest you should purchase your hogshead of either of these liquors from a mill, in the construction of which the metal of lead, another of Death's ministers, has been largely employed, and which, when acted upon by the juices of the fruits, communicates to the liquor a poisonous quality. The effects of this carelessness, or obstinacy, have been long and seriously felt in cider counties ; in the county of Devonshire more particularly, producing therein that painful disease, known by the appropriate term, *Devonshire Colic*, terminating in *Palsy*. But the time would fail, were we to attempt to show this Man of Bones in all his asserted places of domination, or to bolt him from his secret lurking-holes. We will leave him, for the time being, in his awful and favourite retreat, an *English wine-vault*, the depôt of *foreign wines*.* There he sits, enthroned upon

* We sincerely hope this sentence cannot be construed into a *libel*, though, after what has lately taken place, we confess we have some qualms about it ; but this we can conscientiously aver, that however well it may be thought to apply to some of these “depôts of foreign wines,” our esteemed contributor had no “wine-merchant” in particular in his eye, when he wrote the article. This apologetic explanation will therefore, we trust, shield us from any *action for damages* !—ED.

a cask of *fiery sherry*, which, among other pernicious combinations, he dispenses far and wide, administering all of them more or less largely as his caprice may choose to delight itself in a larger or scantier accumulation of victims.

We will proceed no further in the pursuit of a topic and a theme which would remain interminable; neither would it prove fair nor charitable to cast the Bony Man in no other character than that which, to the bulk of mankind, represents him most unwelcome, cruel, and severe. By certain of the sons of men he has been received not only with resignation and composure, but his approach has been hailed as a boon and a deliverance. Besides, he possesses such traits, or perhaps faculties, in his composition, as might challenge our approbation and our reverence. In the class of these we desire to rescue from oblivion his acknowledged impartiality; his frequent prevention of greater evil than he brings; his endurance of perpetual labour; his just claim to universality; his courage; snatching away the monarch, surrounded by his life guards, just as a Bengal tiger springs into a little company of men seated at their social meal upon the turf, and, seizing on his victim, drags him to the jungle.

We must recount, because it evinces an honourable and lofty sentiment, that, as he stalked away after his midnight visit to the prince whom he had terrified into an instant and shaking submission, a voice was heard through the palace, and by the sentinels, as, invisibly, he moved along:—"Coward and slave, who hast consented to sell thy people's pleasant health, the term of their life, with all its consolations and enjoyments; their title, it might have been, to longevity;—that thou thyself mightst be suffered to crawl, in infamy and abhorrence, a little longer between heaven and earth!!!—It well nigh grieves me that I permitted the wretch to outlive his meanness and his baseness.

"But wherefore—I desire to ask and to be answered—wherefore are the sons of men so hostile to my charter, and so fearful of its exercise?—A charter, too, of which I myself foresee and dread the expiration?"

Can none develop and explain this mystery?



THE MISER.

THE LOST TREASURE.

IDOL of all, the world's imperial lord,
 Thou peerless bulwark of our sleeping earth,
 As sways the despot o'er his tutored horde,
 So thousands bow the minions of thy earth:—
 Thy groans and midnight wail thy power birth,
 Enchanting master of the frown and smile:—
 Alike creator of our woes and mirth,
 The nurse of cloudy hate, and venom'd guile,
 Diffusing mantling grandeur on the tumid vile!

Thou yellow slave of Sardan's rifled mine,
 There gleams from thee a long unweakened charm;
 A fatal essence is for ever thine
 That time's corroding changes cannot harm:
 The same magnetic spell in every form
 A dumb memorial of the ages old,
 When, love for thee, woke up the earth's strong
 For thee, the pulsing breast was giv'ng and receiv'ng,
 And savage warriors trampled on the piling dead.



THE MISER.

THE LOST TREASURE.

Idol of all, the world's imperial lord,
Thou peerless bullion dug from sleeping earth,
As sways the despot o'er his fettered horde,
So thousands bow the minions of thy worth :—
To groans and midnight tears thou givest birth,
Enchanting master of the frown and smile ;—
Alike creator of our woes and mirth,
The nurse of cloudy hate, and venom'd guile,
Diffusing mantling grandeur on the tumid vile !

Thou yellow slave of Eastern rifled mine,
There gleams from thee a long unweakened charm ;
A fatal essence is for ever thine
That time's corroding changes cannot harm ;
The same magnetic spell in every form—
A dumb memorial of the ages fled,
When, love for thee, woke up the civic storm ;—
For thee, the pulsing breast was gored and red,
And savage warriors trampled on the piling dead :

There is a moral on thy graven face,
When, damp before us, from thy burial-ground,
With eager ken, we scan the fading trace
Of some triumphant record, crusted round;
Or regal brow, with braiding garland bound.
Where now is he, the image of thy rust?
The tyrant, perhaps, that made the war-whoop sound,
And vanquished cities rear his sculptured bust——
Like thee, disfigured remnant of his wormy dust!

In burning zones, and far exotic clime,
Where gorgeous nature daunts the lifted eye,—
The daring Briton wastes his lusty prime,
Apart from native hills, and genial sky:
The dripping tears of love—th' unbosomed sigh,
The farewell pang prophetic—all forgot!
When, flushed, his pluming spirit longs to fly
From thrifty ease and patrimonial spot—
And slow return with wealth and fevered veins his
lot!

With sinking cheek, pale lip, and pensive glance,
And locks that pine upon their heated brow,
Alone, with pauseful step, and mute advance,
Behold a martyred genius passing now!

His eyes still flash,—but mournful shadows throw
Betraying sadness round his inward gloom :—
The *soul* is lit, inspired,—but poor, and low,
No gold creative to resist his doom,
Like sunshine's fading light, *he* weakens to the tomb.

On clotted turf, within a murky vale,
The blood-red dagger in his quaking hand,
His guilty visage hued by moonlight pale,—
The murderer bodes—as if Remorse's wand
Had fixed him there. Upon the still brigand,
The victim opes his eyes—which then reclose,
While from his wounds the bubbling streams expand:
For gold, thus, oft the wasted life-spring flows—
For thee, vile ore, how many *woo* the grave's repose!

A long farewell endears the faithful soul,
And warmer kindness will spring up from woe,—
But spelling gold perverts the heart's control,
And finds a parent for the infant's foe!
Malignant guile, the darksome traitor's blow,
The death-bed curse, and lip of venom'd scorn,—
The sternest pangs enduring hearts can know,
Are but the deeds of gold:—and years unborn,
Shall bring thine endless victims, that for thee shall
mourn.

But see! thy abject slave:—a lurking fear,
Spreads o'er his face a dark prevailing shade;
Wakeful, though scowled his gaze:—that icy sneer,
Before whose chill a baby smile would fade,—
Is th' intense pride of treasure unbetrayed:
Few are his words—in them the wily tone
Conveys reserveful dread;—as if it bade
The miser fear himself:—his wealth once known,
'Twould seem departed, though it still remained his
own!

A miser's heart is like the damp cold tomb,
Embalming but the noisome;—dark abode
Of blighted feeling and of selfish gloom:—
And yet 'tis not repose; a burdening load
Of teasing dreams, at home, and on the road,
From risen morn till eve—prevent his rest:
One haunting thought, the self-inflicted goad—
Is ever at his soul. With heavy breast
And pulsing terror, is his canvass pillow pressed!

This beauteous world, and its enchanting scene,
The silken clouds of morn, and moony night,
The tinted fruits, and meadow's matchless green,—
Its flowers and streams—for him yield no delight!—
The sunbeams warm his brow, and bless his sight,

The breezes kiss his lips—but he's the same :—
As if his mind was darkened o'er with blight,
And Nature quite unfelt—a gloomy frame
Where all, but avarice, is motionless and tame.

And has he bliss?—'tis buried in the ground!
No kindly ease is bought above: vile, mean,
Blank to the eye, and deaf to sorrow's sound,
With unpartaking modes and bilious spleen,
He crawls his way—unsought and seldom seen :—
Strange homage this, that Fancy gets
For her delusions! E'er since time hath been,
Hearts weave their own deceits :—the miser frets,
But bears the willing thralldom while his SOUL re-
grets!

With lowering front, and dim withdrawing eye,
Suspiciously he creeps :—his morbid glance
Turned round on heaven and earth most fretfully ;—
Disturbing fears, as near his steps advance
To see the buried gold—and hopeful trance,—
Attend him with their phantoms.—Each limb shakes,
And tremulous, the chills of dubious chance
Thrill through his person :—till again he takes
Another glutting stare,—oh! how his bosom aches!

The spot is gained:—beneath a tree decayed
His treasure's hid. Upon its topmost bough
A raven sits—foreboding hope betrayed.
Here, on the ground, the miser kneeling now,
Digs up the turf:—but list! the shrieking vow
And arms infuriate raised—the torture's trace—
Proclaim the heap is gone!—no tears can flow,
But inward anguish maddens in grimace,
While Death, with mocking purse, grins in his mar-
tyr's face.

R. M.



THE PHAETON.

DEATH

THE GAY CHARITABLE

The sun, in splendour, was setting bright,
And the west was shrouded in ruby light,
The hymn of the woodland choir was dying,
And the winds o'er the forest their music dying,
The grove its leaves of gold was waving,
The mountain its summit in glory bathing,
The flowers for day's departure weeping,
And the wolf in his cave yet soundly sleeping,
When young Cytherea, even as Hylas fair,
With cheek of the dawn's rose, and hair
In darkly beauteous ringlets flowing,
And lip like the piony richly glowing,
With a smile like summer's morn, and eye
That no maiden could look on without a sigh,
Met Comus, as on he journeyed, gay
And thoughtless, life's primrose-scattered way,
Comus invited the youth to spend the night
At his magic palace of pomp and delight,



THE THIRTY

D E A T H

AND

THE GAY CHARIOTEER.

'THE sun, in splendour, was setting bright,
 And the west was sheeted in ruby light,
 The hymn of the woodland choir was singing,
 And the winds o'er the forest their incense flinging,
 The grove its leaves of gold was waving,
 The mountain its summit in glory bathing,
 The flowers for day's departure weeping,
 And the wolf in his cave yet soundly sleeping,
 When young Cytheron, e'en as Hylas fair,
 With cheek of the damask rose, and hair
 In darkly beauteous ringlets flowing,
 And lip like the piony richly glowing,
 With a smile like summer's morn, and eye
 That no maiden could look on without a sigh,
 Met Comus, as on he journeyed, gay
 And thoughtless, life's primrose-scattered way.
 Comus invited the youth to spend the night
 At his magic palace of pomp and delight,

To rest himself after the toils of the day,
And chase the tardy-footed hours away
With banquet and song, and care-killing glee,
Music, and wine, and jollity.

Young Cytheron, regardless of what might betide,
Turned joyous to follow his laughing guide,
Who led him on through a solemn wood,
Where tall colonnades of cedar stood,
And verdant palms in long array,
That shone with the tints of departing day ;
While the dew-brightened flowers caught the sun's
 last smile,
 And rivalled the pomp of the evening sky,
Where a pageant of mountain, lake, and isle,
 In glory unearthly met the eye !

Amid the forest, sweetly embowered,
Were seats of green moss, with roses showered,
And each fragrant hyacinthine bed
Was o'er-canopied with the rich web
Of tissue blossoms, in nature's loom
Wove gorgeous, and bright with radiant bloom.

The gleams of an alabastrian pile,
With pillared form of classic style,

Shone down the opening vista far,
Like the softened light of Neptune's star;
When the midnight winds part the fleecy cloud,
And she walks forth in her beauty and splendour
proud.

It was the bright magic palace reared
By Pleasure, to ensnare the idle and vain,—
A temple it seemed with glory ensphered,
But Death dwelt there in her fatal train!

Young Cytheron before the portal stood,—
Then entered with enraptured eye,
When round him poured a rainbow flood
Of dazzling light, while harmony
Angelic came on his ravished ears,
Rich-toned as the music of the spheres!
The palace court with pillars was hemmed
Of flaming carbuncle, and gemmed
The tessellated floor, save where
Bloomed bowers of myrtle, and orange, and lime,
Pomegranates, and aloes, that gave to the air
The exquisite odours of Araby's clime.
These bowers, rich with the rose of Cashmere,
Of a thousand birds were the blessed haunt,

Whose plumes did like clustered gems appear
As they warbled their wild melodious chant.

Now forth from the inner palace came,
Whose walls outshone the sapphire flame,—
A lady, who leant on a damsel fair,
That for beauty might e'en with Calypso compare !
INTEMPERANCE was the portly dame,
And WANTONNESS the damsel's name,
Whose eye shot forth such thrilling fires
As fill'd young Cytheron with fond desires ;
Her form is voluptuous, her cheek outglows
The blush of young Venus as from the deep she first
rose.

They welcomed glad Cytheron, and smiling led
To an arbour with roses fresh-blooming spread,
Acanthus, and myrtle, and luscious woodbine,
And o'erhung with the fruit-empurpled vine.

There on couches of emerald and Tyrian dye,
In pomp and luxurious ease they lie,
While the lady INTEMPERANCE in her cup of gold
Pressed the musky clusters that o'er them hung,
And gave to her guest * *
The magic draught made him proud and bold,

And joyous,—then soft airs were sung,
By attendant virgins fair and young ;
And the fountains their rainbow streams out-flung,
And music breathed from harp and lute,
From sacbut, theorbo, and flute ;
While youths and maidens, bright as the Hours,
Danced along the green arcade of bowers
That, torch-lit, showed like Eden's shades
When angel shapes thronged its moonlight glades.

Again the chalice of gold the youth drains,
Which flowed like fire through his glowing veins !
Then dallies with the damsel on beds of roses,
Till wearied with sport in her arms he reposes.
Whence summoned by music to the banquet-hall,
He feasts high on his lordly stall.
O what a proud display was there,
Of thronging chivalry and ladies fair !
Of richest viands, wines, fruits, and flowers,
That deck young Summer or Autumn's bowers,
Amid that gorgeous hall of might,
Where the columns, formed of jewels rare,
Seemed each a shaft of sunny light !
But what grim unbidden guest sits there,
With eyeless sockets and ribs all bare,

And grinning so hideously upon
The laughter-loving Cytheron ?
'Tis Death ! who marks him for his prey,
Long ere the close of another day !

'Tis dawn,—come, rouse thee, who didst rejoice
And sport with the young loves and pleasures,
The harp and the viol have ceased their voice,
And the lute its soft preluding measures ;
Arise with the lark and the dappled fawn,
And brush the dew from the cowslip lawn ;
Mount the proud seat of thy glittering car,
Which in silvery splendour beams afar ;
Pleasure hath harnessed thy horses, all eager to run,
Fiery and swift as the steeds of the sun !
“ Ah, this is life, happiness, splendour, and glee ;
Mount, mount, my sweet damsel, and journey with
me.”

But, ah ! that grim king, who sat at the feast,
Hath followed the track of thy chariot wheel ;
He heeds not the cry of anguish for rest,
Nor the sorrows that time will never heal,
Nor the captive's sigh for sweet release,
Nor the exile's prayer for the dark grave's peace ;
No,—he follows thee, thou gay and vain,
And all thy schemes of pride will mar,

He takes the wheel from thy splendid car
And hurls thee prostrate on the plain !
Nature heeds not thy parting groan
No more than thou didst the beggar's moan ;
The skylark amid the full sun-blaze is singing,
While down the lone valley thy death-shriek is
ringing !

Ah ! what are worldly pomp and glory ?
An empty shadow, a noisy story !
While earthly pleasure is a fleeting dream,
And honour but the meteor's gleam !

J. F. P.

THE FOREBODING;

A SKETCH.

“ Loathed Melancholy.”—*Milton*.

“ IF you please, Sir Henry, the curricule is quite ready.”

“ Very well,” replied the master to his servant; “ bring me my boots, and desire her maid to acquaint your mistress that the carriage is waiting.”

The footman left the library, and Sir Henry Buckingham, going to the window which commanded a view of his noble park, exclaimed to himself, “ This will be a glorious day for our drive ! the sun will be tempered by those troops of soft clouds which are sailing about so quietly, throwing their grave shadows on the earth—the air is mild—last night’s rain has filled the herbage with fragrance ; and the trees seem to rest, after the refreshing shower, in motionless and satisfied repose. All is as I could wish it

to be, for my dear wife's sake, to whose spirits the airing will certainly be beneficial. This open, smiling, gentle scene, upon which I cannot look and despair, must assuredly infuse something of its healthiness into her mind.

Here he paused in his soliloquy ; but whether to brood on the comfort of the thought, or to examine its validity, was not at first apparent. It was soon, however, evident, that the feeling was one of misgiving, for his meditations again finding words, he said :

“ Yet why do I flatter myself thus ? The influence of spring could not save her from the attack of the mind-sickness which weighs her down, neither will the laughing summer drive it away. My unhappiness, I fear, is irremediable ! What avail my many worldly advantages,—fortune, youth, health, the possession of her whom I so long have loved ? Darkness is thrown over all by *one* misfortune, which is the more miserable, because, being causeless, I know not what to do to insure a remedy.”

Here a female servant entered the library with a request that Sir Henry would step into his lady's

room, which, with a sigh laden with wretched anticipation, he obeyed.

Lady Buckingham was a confirmed *ennuyée*. The two first years of her marriage passed happily and even joyously; but the last twelve months had been characterized by great and mysterious depression,—a constant but undefined fear of some impending calamity, which shook her innocent heart to its very centre. Every change alarmed her. The seasons, in their diversity, approached like portents; and the coming-on of dawn, no less than the deepening shadows of evening, filled her with intolerable tremour. During the noon, either of night or day, she seemed to enjoy some little respite from her apprehensions, for then the hours appeared to pause; but she could not divest herself of the dread that every *obvious* change was only the prologue of an unutterable tragedy. In vain her affectionate husband tried to reason her out of these fears—in vain he expatiated on the simplicity of her character, on the whiteness of her conscience, and on her duty to be thankful to her Creator for the worldly blessings he had been pleased to bestow on her. She acknowledged the reasonableness of all this, and then, after a struggle, sank again into her dejection, as

though some invisible demon were practising upon her his numbing spells!

Her very beauty was tainted with this melancholy; but still she was a lovely creature,—pale, indeed, and too thin for the perfection of feminine grace, though from the outline of her figure it was evident that nature had intended to fashion her shape in the full luxury of womanhood. Her voice was sweet beyond expression; and formerly her words were simple, gentle, timid, and even girlish; and from the charm of their innocent spell it was not possible to escape. Alas! this part of her character was now fearfully altered by the over-informing tyranny of her distemper, which had, as it were against her will, lifted her mental faculties out of their simplicity, perplexed them with “thick-coming fancies,” and, by a painful process, filled them with premature knowledge and the command of lofty eloquence! Her eyes were ever restless, glancing hither and thither with eager scrutiny; but in other respects she was lethargic.

Sir Henry, on entering her room, found that his wife had not yet risen, and that she had been weeping. “Why, my dear,” said he, “I expected you

would have been ready to accompany me in the little airing we spoke of last night, and now I find you dejected and in tears. For heaven's sake, arouse yourself in time from this melancholy, or it will gather strength in proportion as you yield to it, until at last you will be its abject slave.

“I am that already,” she replied; “I am the victim of a throng of hideous fears, which scare away my wits. I do not dare to leave my bed; and (jeer me as you may) I must tell you that I am warned, by my evil genius,—nay, smile not, for the fiend of destiny haunts me—that my death, and your's too, will be the consequence of my accompanying you this morning.”

“Nothing, my dear,” replied Sir Henry, “can be more unreal (I should say, ridiculous, did I not respect even your weakness) than these fears. They are the offspring of ill health, to which you reduce yourself by persisting in so sedentary a life. You must not be offended, if, for once, I employ the authority of a husband, and require that you forthwith prepare yourself for exercise and fresh air. Come, let me woo thee in the words of the oriental song: ‘Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.’

For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land.'”

The heartfelt kindness of this solicitation was not lost on the lady, who, after a struggle with her apprehensions, arose, and dressed herself for the morning ride, and joined her husband in the library.

That the exercise might be more efficacious, Sir Henry extended the drive farther than he had at first contemplated, and, when about ten miles from home, called at the house of a friend, with whom he and his lady were prevailed on to partake of an early dinner. The jaunt and the cheerful society seemed to have a beneficial influence on the spirits of the hypochondriac.

They returned in the evening. Twilight was coming on, and, as it deepened, gigantic clouds were observed lifting themselves uncouthly above the horizon, and congregating in sullen masses. This was succeeded by weak flashes of lightning, accompanied by heavy sultriness, and an unnatural quiet. The leaves of the trees, which had rustled

pleasantly during the day, were now still; the shallow brooks, which had made music with their fresh rippling, seemed now like stagnant pools; the cattle crouched together and became mute. Meanwhile the lightning grew stronger, though still not blue or forked, or attended by thunder. Darkness at length ensued; and, of a sudden, there came a blast of air like a mighty whirlwind, which tore the branches from the heavier trees, and bent the light ones till their tops swept the ground, even as though they were bowing in worship of the Angel of the Storm! The whole earth appeared to stagger; when a terrific dart of lightning ran, like a huge serpent, down the sky, making rifts in the dense clouds, and affording awful revelations of the interior heaven. This was instantly succeeded by a stunning and continued peal of thunder, and a descent of rain, like the beginning of another deluge. The lightning now was incessant; sometimes appearing to dash broad floods of light with force upon the ground, and at others to throw a blue and ghastly illumination against the several masses of the clouds, which had assumed the grand forms of mountains and pyramids and colossal temples!

What a frightful hour must this have been for our

poor afflicted lady ! It shook even the strong nerves of her husband ; whose agitation was increased, when, on looking round at his wife, he perceived she had fainted. O ! how he blamed his pertinacity in urging her to take the excursion. There was, however, no time for reflection : his presence of mind and skill were required in the management of his horses ; for death seemed inevitable, should they, by becoming wild, get beyond his control. He, therefore, merely drew his lady's cloak nearer about her, and concentrated his attention on the reins, which he held with a strong and wary hand, and thus driving through the terrors of the night, he at length reached his own gates in safety.

The lady was restored sooner than the fears of Sir Henry allowed him to expect. She passed a calm night of refreshing sleep, and in the morning, which was fine and bright, talked over, with cheerfulness, the danger of the preceding evening. This unlooked-for amendment of her spirits continued for some time, and gave her husband reason to indulge in confident hopes of her settled recovery. Her former distemper furnished a theme even for raillery, during which she not only manifested no signs of impa-

tience, but even joined in the pleasantry, and wondered at her own delusion.

Alas! this was not of long duration. A relapse came on ; and one morning at breakfast, after a long silence, she suddenly burst out as follows :

“ O ! my husband, I have had a ghastly dream, which weighs upon me like the announcement of fate, and will not be shaken off. That fearful ride ! The memory of it has haunted me all night. Some of its terrors, indeed, were diminished ; but then, others more fatal, more tremendous, more maddening were substituted. Methought we were, as then, in that open carriage—it was broad day, clear, cloudless, and with a deep blue sky. Every thing seemed happy, and you and I enjoyed to the full the blessed tranquillity. As I looked about me, however, I became gradually aware of a minute stain in the lower atmosphere, like a blot, which moved near and around us, now here, now there, in a strange manner. I endeavoured once or twice to push it aside ; but at this, it only seemed to hang closer to my eyes. I was about to call your attention to it, when, of a sudden, it swelled into size and shape,

and I beheld, flying at my side, a bony spectre,—the king of terrors—Death! The horses had an instinctive recognition of the phantom, for they moaned dismally, their nostrils were dilated, the whole of their frame was seized with convulsive shudderings, and they struggled as though to escape from the trammels of the harness. I was distracted with terror, when the gaunt and execrable monster, touching me, whispered in my ear, ‘Thou art mine—this night shalt thou sleep in my everlasting cave!’ As it said this, the hateful thing shifted its position, and when I turned round I saw it had crouched under one of the wheels, which it lifted up, and threw the carriage over the brink of a deep precipice. I shrieked aloud, and, as I fell, the demon, with a laugh of exultation, caught me in his arms, and bore me into the darkness of the chasm.”

“Do not distress yourself so, my dear,” said Sir Henry; “forget this vain dream—forget it, I beseech you. Your spirits shall no more be put to a trial so severe as that which you had to encounter the other night; for I plainly see, in spite of the apparent cheerfulness which subsequently elevated you, that the recollection of the tempest has been en-

gendering these hideous phantasms. You shall not again trust yourself in that vehicle."

"And yet," she replied, "my spirits were relieved by the former excursion, notwithstanding my reluctance to engage in it; and it may be, that the storm which seemed so full of danger, but, in the event, was so harmless, served to convince me of the vanity of my alarms. I shall always be under the dominion of this dream, if I do not *prove* its fallacy. For this purpose, I will make a strong effort, and beg you to take me again with you in that very carriage and along that very road, and I shall doubtless return home liberated from the haunting terror."

"I congratulate you, from my heart, on your resolution," said Sir Henry, embracing his wife. "We will go, and, as you say, you shall have abundant demonstration of the groundlessness of your dread."

To put her determination in practice was, however, as she had premised, a painful effort on the part of the lady. She trembled as she stepped into the carriage, and dropped into her seat, with the desperate air of one obliged to submit to some extreme cala-

mity. With such a white face and forced composure, did Tell level the arrow against the apple on his dear boy's head ; and so looked Brutus as he assumed the judgment-seat to pronounce sentence of death on his son !

It was a lovely day, with fresh airs breathing about, and a sky deeply blue like that of the South. In the course of the journey, they turned, they scarcely knew how it happened, into a lane in which they did not recollect to have ever been before. It was a solitary spot ; the road was exceedingly uneven, and the swaying of the carriage to and fro was occasionally not without danger. They had penetrated the avenue so far that it was not advisable to return ; yet, although the way was so uncouth, they could hardly fear an accident, as the horses were known to be steady, and the mid-day light was so strong and clear. Presently they came to a break in the hedge on one side, and this shewed them that they were on the brink of a sudden descent into a deep dell. The lady shuddered violently as she saw this ; but Sir Henry, in an attempt to re-assure her, said :

“ There is nothing here to fear, although it must

be confessed this pit looks ugly enough. You know I am an approved good charioteer, and, see, yonder we shall have the fence again. Cheer up, my love."

He had no sooner said these words than a large bird darted out from the opposite hedge with a rushing noise across the eyes of the horses, who, taking fright thereat, pulled different ways, and grew utterly unmanageable. The lady had only time to shriek out, "See the horses! the dream, the dream!"—when the carriage rolled on one side, and then was precipitated over the edge of the steep.

Some peasants, who accidentally strayed into that unfrequented place the same evening, found the carriage among briers and underwood, at the bottom of the dell, the horses mangled and dying, and the husband and wife folded in each others' arms, dead and cold!

C. O.



DEATHS REGISTER

DEATH (A DEALER),

TO HIS LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

PER post, sir, received your last invoice and letter,
 No consignment of your's ever suited me better :
 The burnt bones (for flour) far exceeded my wishes,
 And the coculus indicus beer was delicious.

Well, I'm glad that at last we have hit on a plan
 Of destroying that long-living monster, *poor man* :
 With a long-neck'd green bottle I'll finish a lord,
 And a duke with a *pâté à la perigord* ;
 But to kill a poor wretch is a different case,
 For the creatures *will* live, though I stare in their
 face.

Thanks to you, though, the times will be speedily
 alter'd,

And the poor be got rid of without being halter'd :
 For ale and beer drinkers there's nothing so proper as
 Your extracts of coculus, quassia, and copperas—

Call'd ale, from the hundreds that ail with them here,
And beer, from the numbers they bring to their bier! *

In vain shall they think to find refuge in tea—
That decoction's peculiarly favoured by me;
Sloe-leaves make the tea—verdigris gives the bloom—
And the slow poison's sure to conduct to the tomb.
As for coffee, Fred. Accum well knows the word
means
Naught but sand, powder, gravel, and burnt peas
and beans.

But let us suppose that they drink only water—
I think there may still be found methods to slaughter
A few of the blockheads who think they can bam me
By swallowing that tasteless *liqueur*.—Well, then,
d—me
(You'll pardon my wrath), they shall drink till they're
dead
From *lead* cisterns—to me 'twill be sugar of lead!

When deeper-purs'd fellows, addicted to swill, would
Drink port—I'll make use of your load of Brazil
wood:

* Both these puns have been consecrated by Bishop Andrews, in his *ex-ale-tation of ale*. This poem has also been ascribed to Beaumont.

But I wish you'd send *more* laurel-leaves and sweet
brier

For such as may like sherry flavoured *much* higher !
For the bottles,—you know, sir, I'm fairly entrust-
ing 'em

To your tartrate of potash for finely incrusting 'em.
Laurel-water, oak saw-dust, and quicklime, have
come

Just in time to be mixed with the brandy and rum.

Beer, tea, coffee, wine, rum, brandy, water—I think
We've prepared for the stomachs of all those who
drink ;

And you'll kindly assist me to work a like feat
By pois'ning the stomachs of all those who *eat*.
Alum, clay, bones, potatoes, shall mix in their bread,
And their Gloucester derive its deep blush from red
lead !

But why do I mention such matters to *you*,
Who without my poor hints know so well what to do ?
You provide for the grocer, the brewer, the baker,
As they in their turn *do* for the undertaker.

P. S.—By the by, let me beg you, in future, my
neighbour,

To send me no sugar that's rais'd by *free labour*,

Unless you can mingle a *little* less salt
In the pound—for the public presume to find fault
With the new China *sweet'ning*—and though they
allow
That they'll take the *saints' sugar* (attend to me now,)
Even *cum grano salis*—they *do* say that such
An allowance as 30 *per cent.* is too much.

Your's, &c.

Death.

DEATH AND HIS ALLIES.

'Tis said,—and when we find in rhyme
 These words, to doubt them were a crime ;
 'Tis said,—although I greatly fear
 I can't exactly tell you where,
 That Death one day began to think
 His trade was just upon the brink
 Of bankruptcy : so few there came
 To his grim regions that he wanted game.

He thought his labours nearly o'er,
 So little mischief was there brewing
 To save him, as it seemed, from ruin.

“ It was not thus,” he cried, “ of yore,
 When many a great and *glorious* fray
 Sent myriads to me in a day.
 But men are grown so chicken-hearted
 Since they with chivalry have parted,
 They will not venture now their lives,
 E'en for their better halves—their wives.
 But live so prudently and quiet,
 Without debauchery, war, or riot,

That scarcely one per day arrives
At this our court.—It was not thus
When great Achilles made such fuss ;
When Alexander, Cæsar, and a score
Of others sent me ample store
Of human victims, daily—duly,—
Those wholesale butchers whom I love so truly !
Nor was it thus when pious Mary,
Of dear subjects' lives ne'er chary,
Grilled heretics ; and for my dinner
Served up full many a roasted sinner.
Oh ! for some war—no matter what,
Profane or pious,—not a jot.
Murder is but a retail trade,

A petty, sneaking, smuggling game :
'Tis not by that my gains are made,
But war and glory, honour, fame !—
'Tis these who for me still prepare
A plenteous banquet worth my care,
But now—in truth 'tis very plain
That I must try some aid to gain.”
He called ; a numerous train appear
T' espouse his cause,—his mandates hear.
Mars first of course vowed to stand by him ;
And swore he only need to try him.
“ Go then ; but take the fair disguise
Of Glory : so we win the prize !

And cheat the world, and gain our ends,
And each our honest trade commends—
The fair—the coward—and the cruel.
War!—on my word, it is a jewel!
But you, fair lady—what can you
For Death, in these sad times, now do?”
“Sir,” cried the dame,—of winning mien,
For fairer sure, was never seen;
“Full many a good turn have I done ye,
And many a noble prize have won ye.
And though I scorn myself to praise
A stancher friend, in all your days,
Was never Mars, nor wanton Bacchus—
I like that jolly rogue Iacchus!—
Nor notwithstanding all their toils,
Have they e’er brought you richer spoils.
There’s been some business, sir, between us—
You can’t forget sure, your friend Venus?
And here’s my comrade Mercury—
A trustier dog you ne’er shall see.
Also the worthy Æsculapius:
A very pretty sort of knave he is,
Although he looks so meek and pious;
You know him well,—and he’ll stand by us.”
The leech now spoke, and said he’d pill all—
And drug, and undertake to *kill* all—”

Ills, he'd have said, had not a cough
Unlucky lopped the sentence off.
At hearing him of *killing* speak,
A ghastly smile o'erspread the cheek
Of Death, for very well he knew
He'd kill diseases and—the patients too :
“ Go, Æsculapius, then ; be ready
To take the form of Doctor ——
Go then, and London's walls shall see
Your name, which there shall blazoned be.”
One now advanced with a book,—
“ Sir Death, your servant,—I'm a cook—
Have done some service—Here, sir, look—
Here are receipts and savoury dishes
That to your net will bring some fishes.
I, with friend Bacchus and Sir Gout,
Will never let your stock be out—
I warrant me, we'll suit your wishes.
Aye ; quite as well as Famine, Pest,
Friend Mars—or any of the rest.
As for old Nature she is drowsy,
But we—you shan't complain—we'll rouse ye.”
Honour stepped forth, and made his bow,
His pistols showed, and with a vow
Swore he would send him fools enow.
Death grinned a smile of approbation,
And thus addressed the convocation,

“ My best and worthiest friends, to you
All praise and thanks from me are due.
I know, Sir Mars, your noble spirit ;
And Venus, well I prize your merit.
With Honour, Glory, Mars, and Bacchus—
Oh ! who shall dare now to attack us !
With Venus, Doctor, Mercury—
Now the whole world I may defy ;
Nor ought I too to overlook
The services of Master Cook,
Nor of Dame Fashion, who has sent
At times a pretty compliment,
A nice tid-bit, in gauzy drapery,
Just fit to put into my *apery*.
'Tis you, my stanch allies and friends,
On whom success so much depends.
Nature !—with her I ne'er had plenty :
Where she sends one, you send me twenty.
Were 't not for you, my noble peers,
I should be greatly in arrears.
More trusty friends I need not ask,
To you I delegate the task
To hunt me game—beneath your mask.
Your merits are so great, I vow,
To whom the preference to allow
I hardly know,
Or where the palm I should bestow.

Which to prefer would much perplex,
Then let take place the fairer sex ;
And Venus, Honour, Glory, ye
Shall my fair train of Graces be.
Ye look so bright, ye are so winning,
The world will ne'er desist from sinning.
Then stir up lust, and war, and hate,
And all the ministers of fate,
Riot, and luxury, and vice,—
Excuse my terms not over nice—
Thus mortals will my presence court,
And fancy Death to be but sport.

W. H. L.

AN AUXILIARY OF DEATH.

It was in the tranquil reign of ———, when neither war, pestilence, nor famine, swept the subjects of his kingdom from the face of the earth, that the grim Monarch of the tomb began to think himself defrauded of his rights, and to devise how to remedy the wrongs which he concluded had been inflicted upon him.

And, first, he called before him his regulating agent, Old Father Time, upbraiding him with lengthening the years of the inhabitants of this favoured empire, and especially by unnaturally prolonging the duration of peace.

With this Time said he had nothing to do, but that he could perhaps give a guess at one of the causes that kept this portion of the human race a longer period than heretofore on earth. It was that

a learned and skilful leech* had succeeded in quelling a direful malady ; and that not only this pestilent disorder, but others of a very malignant kind, had been greatly mitigated by the progress of knowledge which had of late years *diminished* the practice of medicine.

At this information, Death cast a withering look around him, and, in a sepulchral tone, commanded some of the principal destroyers of the human race to appear in his presence.

And now a low, but portentous sound was heard, as coming from a remote part of the cavern in which Death held his court, which gradually became more audible and terrific, until a form, gigantic in size, and furious in aspect, stood revealed. The uproar which immediately preceded his approach resembled the discharge of artillery, the clashing of swords, and the shouts of combat, mixed with the groans of dying men.—It was the Demon of War.

* Some presume that Dr. Jenner, of vaccine celebrity, is here alluded to.—ED.

This fell destroyer was, however, soon dismissed ; his readiness to serve was not at all questioned : and, if Death had to complain of the want of supplies, War had to grumble at his want of employment.—He accordingly filed off with marks of approbation, and an assurance that his vacation would not last long.

The phantom that next appeared was preceded by no sounds, but a chilling atmosphere seemed to invade even the chamber of Death, and the gaunt figure of Famine, with its meagre and wasted visage, stood before the universal devastator of mankind.

Upon being questioned why he had not visited the favoured land and given his powerful assistance in forwarding the works of the Destroyer, he readily answered, that he acted only on commission, and by the decrees of a higher power. True, he had his substitutes, the monopolists ;—some how or other, however, their measures were defeated by the bounty of Providence, or the vigilance of the government ; but he had an all-powerful friend and ally whom he would presently

introduce, with the permission of his mighty Commander, who had already made no inconsiderable inroads on the human frame by mixing himself in every society, where he seldom failed in planting his baneful influence, and in accelerating the march to the tomb.

Desirous of being acquainted with the ally and friend of Famine, Death gave instant orders for his admission ; and accordingly a low breathing was first heard, which gradually increased to deep sighs, and, on a signal given by Famine, a figure started into view : his pace sudden and irregular, his looks eager and penetrating, his visage sallow and gaunt like that of his precursor,—and, hideous to relate, he was in the act of feeding upon a human heart ; while the looks that he cast around him seemed to evince an insecurity of enjoyment of the hateful meal.

The auxiliary now brought into the awful presence was CARE, who, tremulous from anxiety, suspended awhile his operation of devouring, in obedience to the commands of so absolute an interrogator.

In exhibiting his means to effect the destruction of the human race, he produced a mixture which had the power so to canker and corrode the heart it once entered, that neither wealth nor greatness could withstand its baneful influence; and, while the fiendlike power was describing the various characters that had sunk beneath the effects of this subtle poison, it seemed as if Care himself could be diverted from carefulness when ardently employed. The details of his operations, and the artifices used by the afflicted parties to disguise their malady, threw a fitful gleam over the countenance of the grim tyrant, that gave a momentary emotion to his ghastly features; but whether the expression was surprise, or triumphant malignity, was not easily to be determined.

A pause of some length ensued, after which Care was permitted to touch, by way of approbation, the icy hand of Death, and to receive a regular commission enlisting him into the various forces employed in the destruction of the human species. Hence he carries on his operation in courts, in camps, in the palace of the monarch, and in the cottage of the villager. But it is in civilized life, and amid scenes

of leisure and retirement (where his presence is least suspected) that his power is mostly felt: indeed, a laugh is no unfrequent disguise that his victims put on, and his place of concealment is often *a bed of roses*.

HATCHMENT.



THE LAWYER.

DEATH AND THE LAWYER.

A DIALOGUE.

DEATH.

Good morrow, Sir! my call, I trust, is
 Agreeable to Law and Justice ;—
 You see, I've got a cause in hand,
 So brought the *brief*—

LAWYER.

I understand—
 But, truly, when at first you enter'd,
 To raise my eyes I scarcely ventur'd ;
 So *very* like a ghost you look'd,
 I almost fancied I was *book'd*.

DEATH.

And so I think you are, my bold one,
Book'd for a passage to the OLD ONE.— [Aside.
 Ah, Sir! so wondrous thin I'm grown,
 That urchins cry out *Daddy Bone* ;

While full-grown wags indulge their whim,
And, jeering, call me *Gaffer Grim*!

LAWYER.

The varlets! *do* they?—that's a *libel*,
As sure as truth is in the Bible;
Scan. mag. at least, and defamation,
To any gent. of reputation.
My dear Sir, let me bring an action
Against the rogues—and satisfaction,
In damages, you'll get, depend on't;—
Nay, *that* alone mayn't be the end on't;
For, if I can, a bitter pill
I'll give them in a Chancery bill;
And when I once have got them *there*,
Such affidavits I'll prepare,
That though they swear with all their might,
I'll *prove*, if need be, black is white,
That right is wrong, and wrong is right;
And—what to them the greatest curse is—
However full, I'll drain their purses.

DEATH.

I dare say your advice is proper—
But, Sir, these chaps have not a copper
To spend in law—

LAWYER.

Oh, never mind—
The money, *somewhere*, I would find !
Indeed, I feel for you sincerely,
And fain would punish them severely.—
But what's your *present* business, pray ?

DEATH.

Why, Sir, I wait on you to-day,
To bring the brief and a *retainer*— [Gives a fee.

LAWYER.

I hope, dear Sir, you'll be a gainer.
[Pockets the fee, and bows.

DEATH.

You *hope* so, eh ?—you'll change your story
When you've discover'd who's before ye. [Aside.
The brief, I think, you'd better read,
And afterwards we may proceed
To see what course we should pursue ;
The facts I'll fairly state—and you
Can then judge what you ought to do.

LAWYER.

Why, as to *reading* briefs, the fact is,
'Tis not exactly *modern practice* ;

However, I can skim it through,
 And make a *marginal* or two—
That I can do in half a minute—
 But, good or bad your cause, I'll win it!

[*Takes the brief,—reads,—but soon appears
 dreadfully agitated.*]

DEATH.

Why look you, Sir, with such surprise?
 Why shakes your frame—why roll your eyes?—
 Your client! see,—without disguise!

[*Death throws off his clothing.*]

LAWYER.

Dread Spectre! are you what you seem—
 Or am I in a frightful dream?—
 And oh!—the *brief*!—what dreadful pain
 Now racks my poor distracted brain!
 What horrid vision of the night
 Is this which stands before my sight,
 And fills me with such dire affright?
 Hence—hence!—I pray ye—hence!

DEATH.

Not I;

Before I go, the *cause* we'll try:—

My case, at full, I'll fairly state ;
You, as your brethren's advocate,
Must meet the charges I shall bring.—
Thus, then, as counsel for the King,
I am instructed to maintain,
That all the money you obtain,
The produce is of woe and pain ;
That dire contention and confusion
Are brought about by your collusion ;
That law and endless litigation
(Which ruin more than half the nation,
Entailing mis'ry on mankind)
Delight your mercenary mind ;
That civil broils, domestic jars,
Seduction, rapine, murders, wars,
Men's own misfortunes and their neighbours',
Are *all* encouraged by your labours :
What say you, Sir ?

LAWYER.

With due submission,
I'd humbly state, no fair decision
I possibly can *here* obtain ;
For, if by *right* I were to gain
The cause, I'm almost sure ye
Would constitute both judge and jury :

I therefore do submit, by law,
We ought, *this* action to withdraw.

DEATH.

D'ye doubt my *justice*?—Zounds and fury!

LAWYER.

Justice! we *that* leave to the Jury;
The *Law* knows nothing (although odd it is)
Of justice, truth, and such commodities.

DEATH.

Ah! say you so?—what is Law, then?

LAWYER.

Law is a *trade*—by which *some* men
Arrive at honours, wealth, and state;
Others there are, less fortunate,
Who drive a harmless goose's quill
From morn to night with no small skill,
And yet can ne'er their bellies fill;
But they are simpletons—and whoso
Knows their fate, will never do so.

DEATH.

How, Sir! explain!—but no digression.—

LAWYER.

This trade—or, rather, “*the profession*,”
Requires, you see, a man of *parts*,
One who has learnt the useful arts—

DEATH.

“The useful arts!”—pray, which are they?

LAWYER.

For little work, to get great pay ;—
But if he see no hopes of booty,
Of course he should perform no duty ;—
Thus, if he can his int’rest serve,
And get rewarded, he may swerve
From any needy half-starv’d client ;—
In short, to int’rest be compliant
Eternally—no earthly reason
Should put self-int’rest out of season ;—
With Lawyers ’tis a standing dish,—
Their meat and drink !—

DEATH.

Come, Sir, I wish
You’d cut the matter rather short,
Or else, perhaps, I may resort
To means which may be not quite pleasant.

LAWYER.

Pray do not mention them at present !
 You bade me tell—*what* our arts *are*,—
 I've told you truly, I declare ;
 And I should hope, that so much candour,
 Without a syllable of slander,
 Would e'en from you some kind regard
 Beget—indeed 'twere very hard
 That I should thus expose my friends,
 And you not make me some amends.

DEATH.

Sir, you presume !—remember I
 Came here, a ticklish *cause* to try ;
 Though, possibly, put off I may
 The trial to another day ;—
 But, come—I'll hear a little more
 About the “ useful arts” of your
 “ Profession.”

LAWYER.

Proud am I to say,
 That no one can these arts display
 Better than he who stands before ye.—
 Thus, then, I now resume my story :—
 A Lawyer ought to take delight in
 All kinds of broils, abuse, and fighting ;

For, few things likelier are to fill
 His pocket than a *swingeing* bill,
 Obtain'd through any civil action,
 When parties, seeking *satisfaction*,
 Go to the Bench or Common Pleas—
 For clever Lawyers there, with ease,
 Get fame, as well as lots of fees!
 He should no legal mode neglect,
 The public's *follies* to correct;
 By this I mean, a good tactician
 Should fearlessly perform his mission,
 Nor suffer any threadbare maxim
 'Bout want of honesty to tax him—

DEATH.

Hold! hold!—for Honesty's abus'd,
 Whene'er the *word's* by Lawyers us'd.
 I've heard enough!—so, come with me.

LAWYER.

Oh, no! we never should agree;
 Besides, you said, some *other* day
 You'd call, when I was in the way.

DEATH.

I own I did—then, be it so,
 And when you feel dispos'd to go,

Perhaps you'll kindly let me know:—

As to the *cause* I had to try

With you—why, let it e'en stand by—

Some other time will do—I'll now,

With your permission, make my bow;

But don't forget me! if you do,

I'll certainly remember *you*,

And you shall recollect this warning:—

Good morning to you, Sir—good morning!

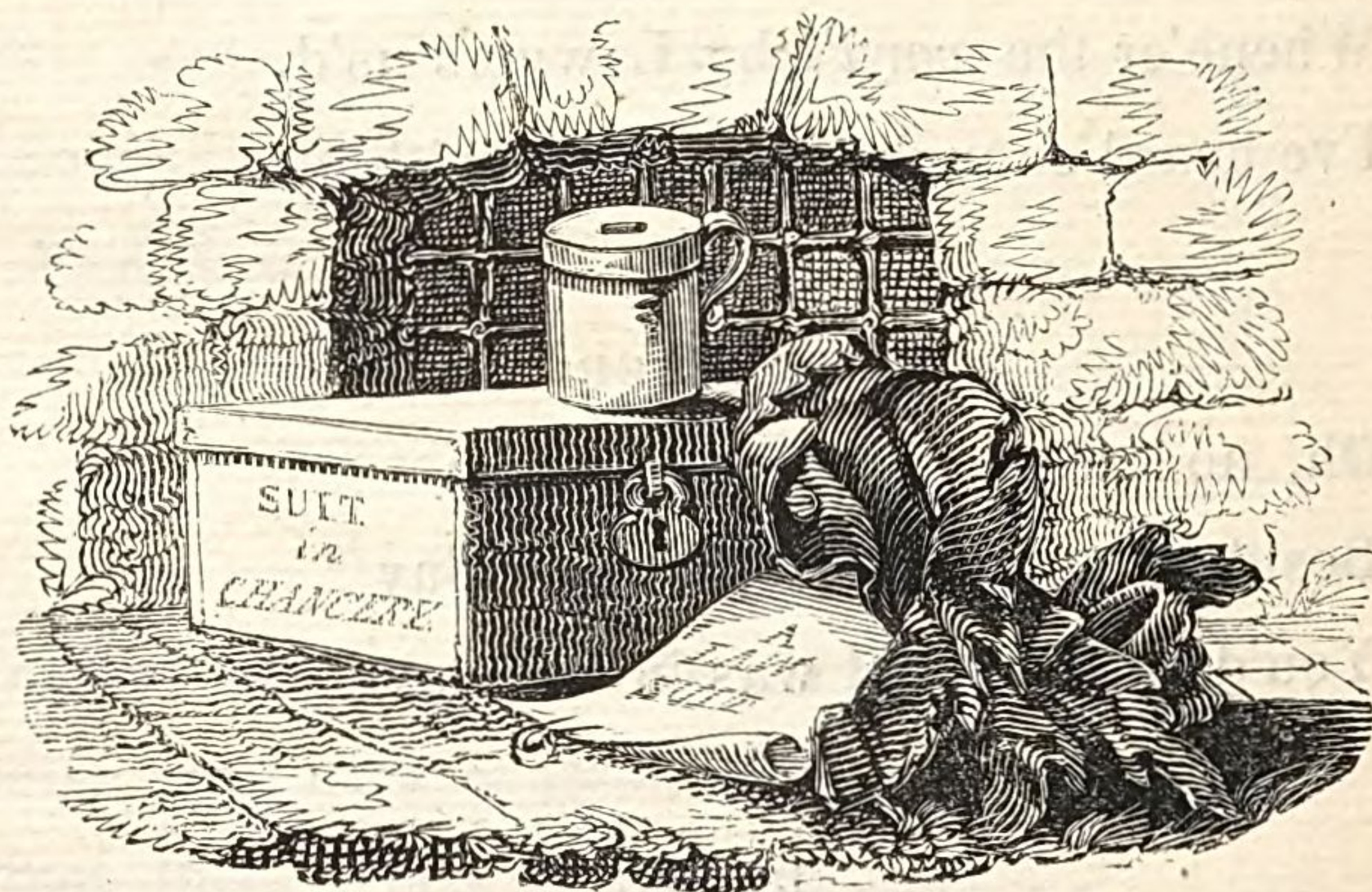
Next time you'll *go*!—I'll not be flamm'd.

[*Exit* DEATH.

LAWYER (*solus*).

Go!—if I do go, —————

S. M.



L A W.

“ To him who goes to law, nine things are requisite. First, a good deal of money; secondly, a good deal of patience; thirdly, a good cause; fourthly, a good attorney; fifthly, a good counsel; sixthly, good evidence; seventhly, a good jury; eighthly, a good judge; and, ninthly, *good luck*.”

Law has been most aptly compared to an absorbent pipe or channel, through which, whatever may be poured into it, nothing passes; and its delay and expense have been exemplified by a chancery suit, which, having maintained its conductor for thirty years, is left as a notable legacy to his heir. It has been made a question, whether more than half the estates in this kingdom would not change possessors, was their legality properly sifted. Few, it is thought, would bear the ordeal touch of the lawyer's quill; “flaw in the best” might be found—some are “flaw all over.”

Law-terms may, in a great measure, be understood for their opposites ; thus :—

For Action,	<i>read</i> Confinement.
— Brief,	— Length or Delay.
— Securities,	— Uncertainties.
— Deeds,	— Words.
— Settlement,	— Contentions.
— Suit,	— Rags to the Client ; though warm clothing to the Lawyer.

As for justice, it is an obsolete term, thought by some to signify the largest fee ; many doubt its existence on earth, and compare it to the perpetual motion, the philosopher's stone, the grand elixir, or any other chimera of the imagination.

It may well be said, that what is one man's meat is another's poison : since it is found that there are those of so perverse a disposition, that they cannot live without litigation, and must be handling the net of the law till they get entangled in its meshes. Characters of this description are principally found in country places, where causes spring up as fast as weeds, and are sure to encumber the richest soils ; then there is the game—what a prolific source of envy, hatred, and malice is the protection of game ! How many wrongs do the rights of man generate ! What a cause of bitterness to a sportsman is the full bag of a permitted shot !

From a box of game may have sprung evils almost as various as those which issued from that of Pandora; and while the London epicure is picking his teeth after his savoury meal, the purveyor may be paying the expenses in a law-suit, shot in a poaching broil, or taking a trip to Botany Bay.

“Have you got an attorney aboard?” cried old Hawser Trunnion, as he approached an inn; nor could he be induced to enter, till it was ascertained the coast was clear. Such was the pointed satire that Smollett levelled at the birdlime quality of law. The spirit of the law is indeed founded in equity, but it is the business of the litigators to quench that spirit;—hence arises all kind of legal distress, both in town and country; hence, all that load of wretchedness and misery, that * * * *

God bless my soul! what have I been writing about?—Why surely it is not actionable?—I don’t know that; to be sure of it, it will be necessary for me to examine carefully; let me see—units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of—I’ll count no more. “Let me not think on’t, that way madness lies;” the vision of such mighty volumes would appal the stoutest heart.

But what, it may be asked, has Death to do with the lawyer, any more than with the member of any other profession ? It comes to him as it comes to all.

It may be so ; but there are not wanting instances where the finer network of the brain, and a higher-wrought sensibility of the nerves, have given way to the entanglements and multiplied intricacies of law ; till Reason, tottering on its throne, has been at last extinguished by Death.

But though this observation may not be universally applicable, yet we believe it would be difficult to find a character to whom the approach of the King of Terrors would frequently be more ill-timed ; for, under the circumstances of professional engagements, every thing that should be done for every body, may be left, in chaotic confusion, to be handled by the unskilful, or scattered into fragments to furnish matter for fresh litigation.

PETER PLAINTIFF.



THE ANGLER.

THE ANGLER.

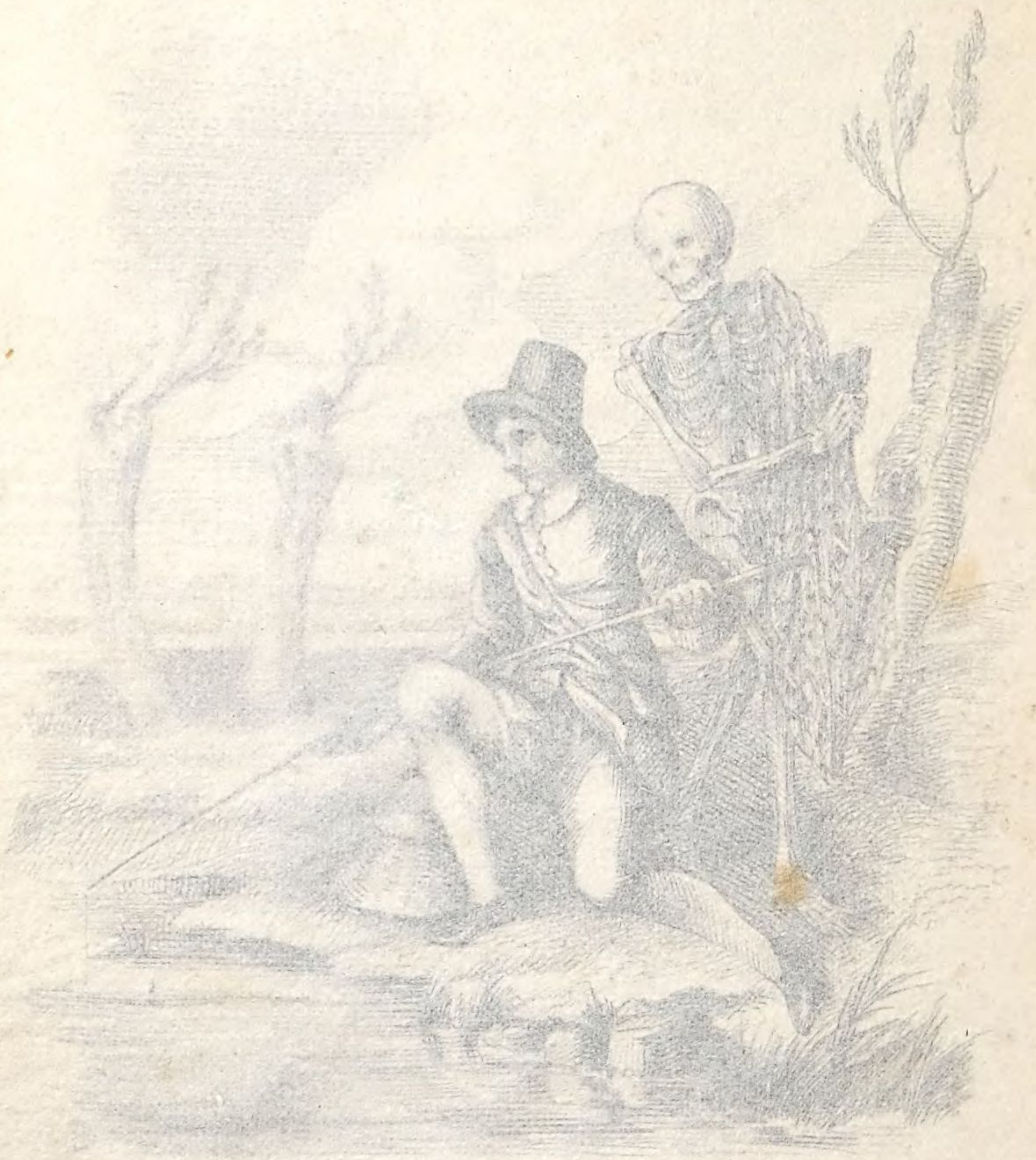
" I in these flowery meads would be :
 These crystal streams should solace me ;
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise
 I with my angle would rejoice ;

And angle on, and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave."

— HENRY WATSON.

THOU that hast lov'd so long and well
 The vale's dear quiet streams,
 Where the pure waters bliss dwell,
 Shedding forth tender gleams :
 And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing
 Glances in golden eyes of spring ;

Oh ! lone and lovely haunts are these,
 Soft, soft the green grass grows,
 Wearing the shadow of thy bow,
 The gleams of silver trout
 And in the midst, a richer hue,
 One gliding vein of heaven's pure blue.



THE ANGLER.

THE ANGLER.

“ I in these flowery meads would be :
 These crystal streams should solace me ;
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise
 I with my angle would rejoice ;

* * * *

And angle on, and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.”

ISAAC WALTON.

THOU that hast lov'd so long and well
 The vale's deep quiet streams,
 Where the pure water-lilies dwell,
 Shedding forth tender gleams ;
 And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing.
 Glances in golden eyes of spring ;
 Oh ! lone and lovely haunts are thine,
 Soft, soft the river flows,
 Wearing the shadow of thy line,
 The gloom of alder-boughs ;
 And in the midst, a richer hue,
 One gliding vein of heaven's own blue !

And there but low sweet sounds are heard—

The whisper of the reed,

The plashing trout, the rustling bird,

The scythe upon the mead ;

Yet, through the murmuring osiers near,

There steals a step which mortals fear.

'Tis not the stag that comes to lave,

At noon, his panting breast ;

'Tis not the bittern, by the wave

Seeking her sedgy nest ;

The air is fill'd with summer's breath,

The young flowers laugh—yet look ! 'tis Death !

But if, where silvery currents rove,

Thy heart, grown still and sage,

Hath learn'd to read the words of love

That shine o'er nature's page ;

If holy thoughts thy guests have been

Under the shade of willows green ;

Then, lover of the silent hour

By deep lone waters pass'd,

Thence hast thou drawn a faith, a power,

To cheer thee through the last ;

And, wont on brighter worlds to dwell,

Mayst calmly bid thy streams farewell

F. H.

DEATH AND THE ANGLER.

THERE is a happy set of men whose dispositions are so well fitted to every station, that, in whatever rank or situation we meet them, they are always found pursuing pleasures most precisely adapted to their condition, and making the most of every circumstance that can conduce to their quiet or enjoyment. The whole wisdom of life is, perhaps, comprehended in this habitual choice and quick relish of attainable comforts. There are doubtless situations which afford more opportunities and a greater variety of pleasures than others; but still, however confined may be the little range of their recreations, some men will make so much of them, bring so many of their pleasantest thoughts and feelings to bear upon the present object, and so happily deceive themselves into the idea of their pursuits and enjoyments being the very best imaginable, that they will have a greater stock of happiness to draw from than others who possess much better opportunities of obtaining

it. The felicity of such a disposition consists in not looking far beyond our present condition for objects of enjoyment, and so not wasting the time in searching for good which might be passed in its fruition. Another of its principles lies in choosing such pleasures as may not depend exactly on our being at all times in the same circumstances of rank and fortune, and so not exposing ourselves to the hazard of dying of chagrin and melancholy, should we lose our money or fall out with our acquaintances.

Books, and habits of thought and contemplation, have ever been the favourite prescription for insuring this happy state of mind, and remedying both the real and imaginary evils we may meet with in life: and they are justly so, where the medicine is adapted to the constitution; for, generally speaking, it is as independent in its power of affording comfort and consolation, as the mind is itself of slavery or confinement; but it is too refined and subtle to work on every nature. The gross humours of flesh and blood are not always to be purified, or their turbulent risings to be subdued, by this æther-like draught; and, to be applied with success, it requires a previous chastisement of the heart and mind,—a preparation of character and feeling, which only years of thought

and, perhaps, of trial, can produce. But, happy it is, the sources of pure and innocent pleasure are not confined to the few whose minds are thus raised and spiritualized. The benevolent author of our being has not left us so dependent upon ourselves for enjoyment, or been so niggard in the furniture of the world, as to leave men without external objects of delight, fitted to produce that satisfaction and quietude of mind which others may perhaps obtain from their own internal resources. The pleasant sights and sounds of the country, the thousand forms the spirit of life assumes, and the combinations of thought and employment springing from these, are the natural wealth of the mind; and the class of men of which we have been speaking, are principally happy because they know how to enjoy it, and refuse to barter its possession for the fictitious riches of the world. Few men, therefore, are happier than the true lovers of the angle. Tranquil and contented, they become assimilated to the scenes they frequent, lose all worldliness of spirit, and acquire that gentle and subdued tone of feeling which, if it raise them not above their fellow men, makes them at least more benevolent and happy. We can of course say these things only of such as pursue the art with diligence and a true fondness for its plea-

suces ; and I have had in my eye an old and faithful disciple of Izaak Walton, whom I often accompanied when a boy, in his favourite rambles. He was, in truth, the beau ideal of an angler, and I loved him, as well for his true kindness of disposition, as for his patience in instructing me in the art.

Of a mind naturally disposed to retirement, and somewhat visionary in its complexion, he found a resource in this amusement which his slender income would have denied him if sought in other pursuits; and he passed a long life of sober, peaceful happiness, with as little dependence on fortune or the world, as can fall to the lot of most men. He was not naturally studious, but he had, some how or other, picked up a vast variety of knowledge which, floating through his mind like a quiet stream, and blending with the fancies of his own thoughts, gave a somewhat learned and imaginative tone to his conversation, which has lured me through many a day along the sequestered and solitary paths which led to his favourite spots. I always remarked that he chose for his stations the most picturesque of the kind that could be found; and I have had often occasion to observe in other persons fond of this pursuit, that they almost invariably fixed upon the

spots which a poet or painter would have chosen for the exercise of his art.

My old friend would travel miles to one of these favourite places; and there was scarcely a stream or brooklet, far and near, by which he had not stood and mused. There were the broad meadow waters, the deep and narrow forest stream, the rivulet of the hills, the clear gushing brook, and the troubled fall; by all these he had, winter and summer, passed hour after hour, intensely occupied with his sport and unrestrained speculations. When he had arrived at one of these places, and fairly begun his operations, his countenance gradually assumed an expression of the most perfect tranquillity, and he would begin to talk of his experience and the pleasure of the pursuit, till he brought all the fairest branches of art and knowledge to bear upon the subject. He would first number the wonderful properties of the element which afforded him such delight; wander from the banks of the river, over which he was leaning, to the mighty floods that traverse distant regions,—to the haunted streams of northern glens, or to those which are renowned in story for some great and noble enterprise. He would thence take occasion to narrate some of the many curious facts that were stored up in his me-

mory; adduce, with a serious and devout air, passages from holy writ, in illustration of his remarks, and moralize with such a serene and benevolent tone of voice, that his discourse was like that music of philosophy of which Milton speaks.

I always looked forward to a day's excursion with this, my old and kind instructor, with the highest pleasure; and, as I was somewhat of a favourite, I had frequent opportunities of accompanying him in his rambles. It occurred, however, sometimes, that he determined on going to some distant part of the neighbourhood, and he then made especial arrangements for the excursion, which was generally deferred till the weather should be particularly propitious. The last time I enjoyed with him his favourite pursuit, was on an occasion of this kind. It was in the early part of the autumn, and we had been waiting some days for an encouraging morning. One at length arrived, and we set off before the earliest bird had begun its song. After having left the village, our path lay along the banks of the stream, which we had to follow for some miles, before we could gain the desired spot.

The heavy mists of an autumn night were just beginning to be agitated by the stir of awakening day,

and their thick masses were coloured here and there with gleams of changing light. As the darkness rolled away, and the quiet yellow-tinted woods, towards which we were journeying, became visible, first one and then another bird twittered a few low notes; and these, with the whisperings of the stream, the sigh of the gale among the old gray willows, and the uncertain murmur of the distant echoes, were well in harmony with the pleasant mystery of the pensive half-veiled landscape. Many were the musings of my old friend as we picked our path through the long dewy grass; and, whether or no it was but imagination, I know not, but I thought he seemed more desirous than I had ever yet found him, though his reflections had often had that tendency, of finding resemblances between seen and unseen things, and seizing on the sweet voices and revealings of nature as illustrations of the knowledge he had gained from a clearer source.

We at length arrived at our destination, and, after all due ceremony and preparation, set ourselves down by the side of as clear a brook, and under the sylvan shade of as green a canopy, as could be found in this fair land of landscape. It is almost impossible to watch the silent flow of water for any

length of time, without feeling the thoughts steal away into the far future ; and when they catch a hue of beauty from surrounding objects, and the mind is at ease, there is no situation perhaps more soothing. Our reflections of course had the different character of youth and age. Mine rested in the fairy world of untried humanity : his were borne beyond the confines of time, and blending the experiences of a long life with the elevated and solemn joy that attends the consciousness of its close.

Hour after hour had passed away in this manner, and the deep hush of noon had lulled our little solitary covert into repose. My companion was still sunk in reverie ; but, as it was our usual time for repast, I rose to unpack our wallet under the shade. As soon as I had done this, I returned to rouse him, but received no answer to my summons ; I called again, and a low sigh made me conclude the heat had overpowered him with drowsiness. At this moment, however, his head sank heavily on his breast, and the angle, which I had never before seen loosened in his hand, dipped low in the stream. The gentle spirit of my old friend had passed away, and Death, the mighty fisher of men, held him, unresisting, in his grasp.

H. S.

WALTONIAN REMINISCENCES.

"Blest silent groves, oh may you be
 For ever Mirth's best nursery!
 May pure contents
 For ever pitch their tents
 Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
 And Peace still slumber by these purling fountains:
 Which, we may every year
 Meet when we come a-fishing here."

Sir H. Wotton.

SCENE I.—*The River Itchen, below Winchester.*

PISCATOR, SOCIUS, and TYRO.

Piscator, (soliloquizing). The world may say what they will of an Angler's life—your men of fashion may laugh at it—your men of business may affect to despise it—but, for quiet recreation and innocent enjoyment, its parallel is not to be found on earth. O what a pleasant sight it is to view the young fry playing in the silver stream! how sweet to hear the sedges rustling in the breeze, and to listen to the gurgling music of the waters! The rippling current and the placid lake have at all times their peculiar

charms; but when the finny tribe are eager for the bait, and the lynx-eyed Trout, darting from his bed of river-moss, seizes the May-fly, as it glides on the surface of the stream, how it rejoiceth the heart of an honest Angler! he hails it as a goodly omen; then carefully, but tenderly, fastening to his hook (as I now do) the pretty little gossamer-winged insect, he skilfully throws out his line, and, like the pious Fishermen of old, patiently waits for his reward!—Ha! who do I see yonder?—verily, my old friend and brother of the Angle, Socius, walking hitherward, and in deep converse with his well-beloved kinsman, Tyro. Good morrow, gentlemen; how fares it with you?

Socius. Hale and hearty, brother; never better. But how goes sport to-day, Piscator?

Piscator. Hush! hush!—stand aside, I pray ye, or you'll frighten away as fine a fellow as ever swallowed a hook. There!—steady—steady!—now I have him: here, give me the landing-net, or I may yet lose my labour, for he is a strong fish and seems to be none of the lightest. So! what think you of him?

Tyro. He's a rare trout, truly; hog-backed and

well speckled, and weighs, as I should guess, two pounds or more. But you have not resolved the question my Master Socius put to you—"how goes sport to-day?"

Piscator. How? why, as it generally goes with one who practises his art till he becomes perfect in it; though, to say the truth, the fish are unusually abstemious this morning: however, I have now made up three brace, and as I see you are more bent on conversation than on Angling, with your good leave, I will join you in company, and we will walk towards the Dolphin, at the village of Twyford, hard by, where our hostess shall dress the fish and provide for us a good, plain, comfortable dinner; after which we will endeavour to amuse ourselves, with innocent discourse and pleasant recollections, till night-fall.

Socius. Agreed. Come, Tyro, thou shalt carry the spoil; for the back of a lusty young fellow of five-and-twenty is more fitted for a burthen, than that of a man who is well nigh three-score-and-ten.

Tyro. 'Tis an honourable office, and I will perform it right willingly.

Piscator. I thank you, my worthy friends; not that I absolutely need such assistance; but let a man be ever so careful of his health, yet as old age creeps on, his bodily ailments come with it, and he needs no monitor but Time to warn him that his strength endureth not for ever. Look at yonder hollow trunk!—that was once as fine and flourishing a tree as ever graced the margin of a stream. Well do I remember that in my boyhood its outspreading limbs o'erhung the river, and often have I reclined at its foot to enjoy its umbrageous shelter; but little did I then imagine that I should live to see it shorn of its beauty, and despoiled of its towering branches; but, alack! all things here must have an end; and I feel that, like that once noble tree, I am not only stript of my verdure, but fast hastening to decay; and that—

Socius. Hold, hold! I beseech you; if you moralize thus, I fear the seriousness of your discourse will spoil my appetite, although I am at this moment as hungry as a hawk. Come, come, cheer up! you do not often indulge in melancholy reflections; and you know full well that few can boast of such a vigorous old age as yourself.—See, we have arrived within a few yards of the house; so let us take a turn in

the garden, and give another turn to our conversation, while dinner is preparing.

Tyro. Do so, my right noble Masters; meanwhile your Scholar will help our hostess to prepare the frugal meal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room at the Dolphin, Twyford. The Cloth removed; and Liquor, &c. on the Table.*

Tyro. Yes, yes, my worthy Master, doubtless I could succeed with the Angle if I knew some of its secrets.—'Tis an art and mystery, as a body may say.

Piscator. A fiddlestick's end! Secrets indeed! Why, were I to tell thee all I know concerning it, I should then fall short in many things which my venerable friend and instructor, my ever-dear Izaak Walton, has set down in his matchless treatise. Study that, Tyro, and it will afford thee food for the mind, while it furnishes thee with a store of knowledge as an Angler.

Socius. Rightly argued, Piscator. I have often told him to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest

the Complete Angler ; but I fear Tyro has too little patience ever to become an expert master of the rod and line. Still, I pray thee, answer his interrogatories, or he will grow disheartened.

Piscator. Thou knowest that, without diligence, observation, and practice, it would be to no purpose, or I would freely answer them ; for he that hath not patience to read Izaak Walton's book till its maxims are engraven on his memory, must not aspire to become one of our fraternity, neither doth he deserve the pleasure which your truly contemplative man feels from it ; and he who can read the piscatory instructions which it contains, and not profit by the pleasant tales and serious reflections so ingeniously interwoven amongst them, must have a harder heart and a softer head, methinks, than my friend Tyro.

Tyro. Nay, nay, Piscator, chide me not. Believe me, I have read the Complete Angler with delight, and thereby gleaned much valuable knowledge. And if you will but inform me which are the best places to resort to for the sport on the divers branches of this stream, I will speedily endeavour to prove, by my performance, that your advice has not been unseasonably bestowed.

Piscator. Answered like a promising Scholar; and thou mayst rest assured I will not only satisfy thy longing upon that score, but thou shalt practise with me, and note what I do. But let us replenish our glasses, and then, like good fellows, proceed with our harmony.

Socius. Agreed, my old Trojan. What shall it be?

Piscator. What? let me see. Why, the three-part song that honest Izaak used to delight in, and which he has often taken a part in when we were wont to regale together after a fishing excursion. I do love to recal that prince and patriarch of Anglers to my mind; though I am free to confess that the Angler's Glee savours but little of his own incomparable vein of sober humour.

THE ANGLER'S GLEE.

*Right socially we live, and never disagree,
Troll away, troll away, my boys!
Our hearts, like our purses, are open, light, and free,
And if the fish bite, who so happy as we,
Or who feel such innocent joys?
Then when from sport returning,
Each Angler takes his glass,
To toast some fav'rite lass
For whom Love's torch is burning,
The merry catch goes round, or the care-killing glee;*

*Time employing cheerily,
Life enjoying merrily;
Free from discord, noise, and strife,
Is an honest Angler's life,
For his rod and line by day are the source of true delight,
And a cheerful welcome home is his sure reward at night.
Troll, troll, troll away—troll, troll, troll away,
Troll away, troll away, my boys!*

Piscator. Fill your glasses ; fill, fill to the brim ! and I will give you a right honest sentiment.—Here's to the memory of Izaak Walton ; and may his fame float upon the stream of Time, as long as fishes swim, or rivers flow!—Ah ! well do I remember the last day's sport I had with him ; 'tis now upwards of forty years ago. It was a lovely day in June, and Izaak had turned his eighty-eighth year. I called for him, according to custom, at his kinsman's, the Doctor's,* and we began our operations just below the College Mill, sauntering along, and throwing in here and there, till we reached Brambridge Shallows. We had excellent luck—excellent ! but Izaak—poor old Izaak—found out, at last, that to walk so far when on the verge of ninety was too much for his strength, and from that time he never ventured

* Dr. Hawkins, a prebendary of Winchester, and the son-in-law of Izaak Walton, at whose house he resided several years before his death ; which, according to the inscription on the stone erected to his memory in the cathedral of that city, took place in December, 1683, Walton having attained his ninetieth year. Izaak Walton was born in August, 1593.—*Wood's Athenæ Oxon.*

farther than St. Cross meadows or the foot of St. Catherine's hill, in pursuit of his much-loved diversion.

Socius. I never hear St. Cross mentioned without reflecting, with gratitude, on its noble asylum for age and poverty: a more perfect relic of the pious benevolence of our forefathers is not to be found in Britain than this goodly Hospital of St. Cross—this calm and tranquil retreat from the busy world of care and folly. Tyro and I came that way hither, and on passing the porter's lodge, craved the customary boon of a crust of bread and a horn of beer—not exactly as poor wayfaring men would do, certainly; for we put a piece of silver in the porter's palm as a token of our gratitude.

Piscator. Ah, that was just our Father Walton's usual manner. He has done the self-same thing in my company many times. I have often heard him speak, too, of the pleasure he felt in whiling away an hour in the heat of the day in that cool sequestered spot, perambulating the shady cloisters, and picking up some of those amusing traditions with which the intelligent old "brother" Peter used to delight his hearers. Aye, and many a time and oft

have I there met him with young Master Izaak, Dr. Hawkins, or the late Master of St. Cross, Dr. Markland, and passed hours in the most happy and instructive converse. Trust me, although Izaak was not a native of our city, no one was more delighted with its pleasant site, or prouder of its ancient glories and its still existing charities.

Tyro. So I have often heard before; and therefore have I thought it somewhat strange that he should have passed the latter part of his life at Winchester, and say little or nothing in his Complete Angler concerning the trout streams which flow through the city, and give such freshness and beauty to the surrounding country.

Piscator. Thou wilt not marvel thereat, Tyro, when thou hearest that his book was writ some years before he came to dwell there; but he saith, and saith truly, that “Hampshire exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and store of trouts.” This he knew right well, from having visited the country in his early days, and fished both in the *Itchen* and the *Test*;* and I have often

* The River *ITCHEN* rises a little above Alresford Pond, and empties itself into the Southampton Water. Excellent trout fishing com-

heard him confess, that the great delight and comfort of his old age consisted in living in a place so congenial to his taste and pursuits.

mences at Alresford, continues so at Itchen Stoke, Avington, the several Worthys, Barton, St. Cross, Twyford, Brambridge, Bishop's-Stoke, and terminates at Woodmill. In the pond at Alresford are particularly large trout, which are never in good season until August. The trout at the before-mentioned places are good from the latter end of March until August. Among the favourite places for Fly-fishers may be considered Itchen Common, Martyr's Worthy Shallows, King's Worthy River, Bullbridge Shallows, Cryptshott, St. Cross Mill-Pond, Brambridge Shallows, Bishop's-Stoke deep water, and farther on towards Woodmill.

On the TEST, the best fishing is to be found at the following places : namely, at Chilbolton, Leckford, Longstock, Stockbridge, Mersh Court, Bossington Brook, Baybridge, Stanbridge, Broadlands, Testwood, and farther on to Redbridge, where the said river falls into the Southampton Water. The water in this river is so very pellucid, that the fish are very rarely taken except by doubling rods.

The trout caught in the River Test are infinitely superior to any other (almost in England), being considerably larger and firmer, and are certainly of a different nature from the trout taken in the Itchen, which are, however, very good of their kind.

For the information contained in the foregoing note, our thanks are due to a gentleman of Winchester, whose urbane manners and skill as an Angler justly entitle him to the appellation of a true disciple of Izaak Walton. Though our own local recollections helped us to the text, we confess that our knowledge of "the art" is much too limited to have supplied the note. Luckily for us, Walton himself furnishes us with an excuse for our ignorance, in the following words :—"Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so;" and "he that hopes to be a good Angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit; but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself."

Socius. I verily believe, Piscator, that had Izaak Walton resided among us Wintonians at an earlier period, we should have heard less of his favourite Tottenham High Cross, and more of my favourite Saint Cross. Nay, it has more than once presented itself to my mind, that he would have made an admirable historian of our ancient city, could he have been persuaded to set about so praiseworthy an undertaking. You know he was not sparing of his labour in research, as his excellent biographical works attest;*—and what a rich mine he might have dug in here, where the bones of Alfred, Egbert, and a host of other sovereign princes still repose! with what delight would he have descanted on the pious labours of those who lie buried in the church of the Holy Trinity! how pathetically would he have described the virtues and eulogised the bounty of its patrons and benefactors, from the days of St. Swithin to those of William of Wykeham!

Piscator. I cannot fall in with thy notion, Socius,

* Walton was the Biographer of Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. George Herbert, and Mr. Richard Hooker, all eminent men of their day; and that he acquitted himself in a manner highly creditable to his talents may be gathered from the testimony of learned contemporaries.

however much I may be disposed to laud the splendid talents and great attainments of my venerated friend. Antiquity is a study, methinks, that was not so well suited to his taste as the description of Nature in her quiet peaceful vales, where wild flowers bloom, birds carol their sweet notes, clear brooks meander, and fishes leap for joy.

Tyro. Pardon me there, Piscator, but I judge that honest old Izaak, like his pupil, felt more pleasure in hooking a fish than in seeing one leap for joy.

Piscator. I know, boy, thou art fond of raillery on this head, and I forgive thee; though I doubt not that if the ghost of Izaak Walton were to appear before thee, he would prove, to thy confusion, that our favourite diversion is a merciful method of thinning the over-teeming rivers, and not a cruel sport, as some blasphemously pronounce it to be; nay, that Angling is as pleasant a pastime for the fish as for the fisherman. Thou must have seen, by his book, that he loathed all barbarous amusement; but, as for Angling, he urges divers unanswerable arguments in favour of its practice, observing that many of the patriarchs and prophets of old were fishers, as were also four of Christ's apostles; and, besides enumerating

many pious men of later times who lived virtuous and temperate lives and delighted in Angling, he referreth to profane history as well, and shows that the greatest of men—aye, and women too—recreated themselves with the sport of fishing: there were Antony and Cleopatra, and——

Socius. Enough—proof enough, in all conscience! —isn't it, Tyro? That jade Cleopatra was a queen of fishers, and well knew how to bait her hook,—eh, boy?

Tyro. Aye, marry, did she; and, if I mistake not, your female Anglers, now-a-days, understand the art of catching gudgeons quite as well as Egypt's voluptuous queen did.

Piscator. *Experientia docet*—doth it not, Tyro? I verily think the cherry-cheeked daughter of our hostess hath got thee at the end of her line.

Tyro. Expert as thou art, Piscator, at catching fish, thou wilt not catch *me*. I pray ye remember, Master, that I was brought up at Wykeham's College, and the first lesson they teach us there is to tell no tales out of school. Still I hope thou wilt allow

that a man may be a true Lover, though he be but a sorry Angler.

Piscator. It would be bad indeed for the softer sex, Tyro, if it were otherwise; and I frankly own that I commend thy silence in a matter so delicate; but, for true love's sake, thou shalt indulge us with a love-song.

Tyro. Well, if you will have it so, I will make an attempt; and if I fail therein, let my want of practice be an excuse for my inability: but—

Socius. No *buts*, Tyro, *but* the song;—come, boy, give us thy love-song, without a prologue.

TYRO'S SONG, ENTITLED SLY CUPID.

*Though Huntsmen may sing of the joys of the chase,
And Anglers, of line, hook, and rod,
The joy of all joys, which to none can give place,
Springs from Cupid—sly Cupid the god—
Whose bundle of arrows and neat little bow,
Which so carelessly hang by his side,
Are far more effective than Dian's, I trow,
When properly they are applied:
O Cupid, thou dear little god!*

*Though Soldiers may boast of their glorious scars,
 I'll wager, though you think it odd,
 That many more wounds than are given by Mars,
 Come from Cupid—sly Cupid the god—
 Whose bundle of arrows and neat little bow,
 Which so carelessly hang by his side,
 Are more than a match for all weapons below,
 When properly they are applied:*

O Cupid, thou dear little god!

*Though the sons of gay Bacchus take pleasure in wine—
 I'll swear, when they stagger and nod,
 Their pleasures are painful; but pleasures divine
 Spring from Cupid—sly Cupid the god—
 Whose bundle of arrows and neat little bow,
 Which so carelessly hang by his side,
 Give exquisite pleasure, as all of us know,
 When properly they are applied.*

O Cupid, thou dear little god!

Piscator. Thanks, Tyro, thanks. Here's to thee and thy song. And now, methinks it is high time to depart: so step out, and, as thou art purse-bearer to-day, pay our good hostess her charge for this entertainment; and, hark ye, Tyro, when thou givest her daughter (as I guess thou dost intend to do) a parting kiss, don't whisper in her ear too much about "sly Cupid."

Tyro. I shall not come to thy confessional, Master, if I do; but—*verbum sap.* [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Road leading to Winchester.*

Socius. How calm and refreshing is the air! See, *Piscator*, how beautifully the golden rays of the setting sun are reflected against the numerous windows of yon noble pile! Alas, old Winchester!—once favoured city of the west, how are thy glories vanished! it seemeth that the hand of Fate is against thee, and that thou never, never shalt revive.

Piscator. And dost thou really think, *Socius*, that this ought to be a cause for regret? What, if the unfinished palace of Charles the Second frown in solitary state, and the ruins of Wolvesey show marks of desolation, are we not exempt from the vices which congregate in a metropolis? If the surrounding country were enclosed for the convenience and private enjoyment of royalty and royal retainers,—in the name of goodness, would not our purling streams and verdant meadows have been shut out from us? Think of that, *Socius*—think of that, as my dear friend Walton would say, “with tears of gratitude in thy eyes.”

Socius. True, true; yet I cannot regard its former magnificence without something like a feeling of re-

gret; but I own thou art more of a philosopher, and viewest things as they ought to be viewed—closely and justly. Still when I consider that even in the time of the Celtic Britons “the White City,” (for such was the name they gave to Winchester, from the chalky cliffs which overhang and surround it) was one of the most celebrated places in this island; and that afterwards, under the dominion of its various conquerors, the Belgæ, the Romans, and the Saxons, it was the seat of power; nay, that even some three or four centuries ago, it was the capital of the kingdom,—thou must not wonder that a love for the antique and romantic will occasionally beget a sigh, as my mind retrospectively glanceth at the by-gone glories of my native town.

Piscator. Believe me, I can more than pardon thy feelings; I respect them, though I feel not like thee.—But see, how Tyro lags behind. The lad, I warrant, is musing on the red lips and sloe-black eyes of that pretty wench at the Dolphin. I’faith! now I look again, I see that, as he walks along, he is writing: ’tis some love epistle, or a new copy of verses, mayhap, about the bow and arrows.—Tyro! slow-footed Tyro, what engageth thy attention so deeply? Come hither, man.

Tyro. I crave your pardon, my good Masters, for my tardy pace ; but I will presently overtake you.

Socius. He hastens towards us. Now, Tyro, tell us with candour, what thou hast been employed about so busily.

Tyro. Truly, I have been thinking so much of the pleasant discourse we have had this afternoon—am so much in love with an Angler's life—and withal so highly esteem the memory of Piscator's early friend and monitor, that, as I walked along, I have been tempted to tack together a few lines in verse respecting him.

Piscator. Thy labour I regard as a compliment paid to myself ; and I trust thou wilt not only read what thou hast written, but give thy manuscript to me. I rejoice, too, to hear thee express thy love for an Angler's life. O, who would not be an honest Angler ! “ Let me tell you,” as my ever-dear Izaak expresseth himself, “ there be many who have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us ; who with the expense of a little money have eat and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely ;

and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money."

Tyro. And if I remember rightly, he further saith, "We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself."

Socius. Dip where we will, the page of Izaak Walton ever instructeth—ever delighteth. But—read thy lines; for see, we have nearly reached King's-gate, and thou knowest that Piscator must leave us not many yards from that spot.

Piscator. Aye, boy; read, read. If an Angler's stock of patience *could* be exhausted, I declare this delay would be the sure means of exhausting it.

Socius. For patience' sake, then, read.

Tyro. Before I begin, Piscator, I should tell thee it is in the form of an Epitaph on thy friend; for though I know thou wouldst say it were sacrilege to displace that which the younger Izaak caused to be raised in the Cathedral to his beloved father's me-

mory, yet I have often heard both thee and Socius lament that the tablet did not more fully paint his life and matchless character. What they were I have learned from thee: therefore think me not presumptuous, I beseech thee, in having attempted to describe one whose virtues I fain would imitate, though to do that effectually would, I know, require far more fortitude, meekness, piety, and self-denial, than generally fall to the lot of man.

TO THE MEMORY OF IZAAK WALTON.

*Stay, Reader, stay! and let the pious tear
Attest thy love for him who sleepeth here:
'Tis IZAAK WALTON!—"honest Izaak" hight—
He who in ANGLING took such rare delight;
He who, when musing by the silent brook,
Equipt with angle-rod, with line, and hook,
E'er studied Nature from her living book;
Her laws he lov'd—for Nature's laws are mild—
And Nature own'd him as her fav'rite child.
Calm was his life and like a river clear;
His heart was manly, open, and sincere;
Of peaceful habits he, of holy mind,
Of cheerful converse, of affections kind;
Of ready wit, but void of all offence;
Of simple manners, but of sterling sense;
Though frugal, lib'ral—gen'rous too, but just—
Possess'd of virtues, as it were, in trust
To use them for the benefit of others,—
For all mankind to IZAAK were as brothers.*

Piscator. I thank thee, Tyro. Those lines thou *must* give to me; and I promise thee that, for Izaak's sake and thine, I will carefully preserve them. And now, my kind friends, we are come to the very spot where, to seek our several homes, we must part. Good night; and God be with you both!

Socius. And so say I.

Tyro. And I. Good night!

S. M.

WALTON was buried, according to his own request, in the most unostentatious manner possible. He lies in Prior Silksteed's Chapel, in Winchester Cathedral, and the grave-stone which covers his remains has the following inscription:—

HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
MR ISAAC WALTON,
WHO DYED THE ^H15 OF DECEMBER
1683.

*Alas ! hee's gone before,
Gone to retorne noe more !
Our panting Breasts aspire
After their aged Sire
Whose wellspent life did last
Full ninety years and past,
But now he hath begun
That which will ne're be done,
Crown'd with eternall blisse,
We wish our Souls with his.*

Votis modestis sic flerunt liberi.

DEATH, THE SAGE, AND THE FOOL.

I.

HENCE with thy rhapsodies — the world — the
world!—

Wends on his reckless course the gay — the
young—

Where Fashion hath her gonfalon unfurled,

And Beauty's Circe-lips have loudest sung!

What, though the roses which fond childhood flung

O'er his calm breast, are scorch'd by Passion's
flame,

And all is desolate where they blushing sprung;—

He seeks enjoyment, and loud laughs at fame,—

He gains it—bitter gain: a mockery—but a name!

II.

Yet, though—albeit, in his wild career,

He join in midnight dance and revelry,—

And doth, like tipsy pilot, madly steer

His reeling bark through Passion's ruthless sea,—

Uncheer'd, unlustred by bright Beauty's eye,
Long wont to shine, and kindly guidance give—
(A constant cynosure from laughing sky),
Yet hath been his to some (sad) purpose live,
And have a goal in life, though not a name survive !

III.

But 'tis not thus with cold and cloistered Sage,
Wasting in calculating dreams his day ;
Till his shorn temples are besprent by age,
And manhood's sunshine yields to evening gray !
One constant task his rolling years display,—
His task of visioned mystics ; whilome health
Fades like a morning mist away—away,—
And grim Death stalks with solemn-pacing
stealth,
To mar his full-blown hopes,—his heart's long-
hoarded wealth !

IV.

Then—then what boots the philosophic fire,
That lit the sacred mansion of his breast ?
Freedom from Passion's thrall and young Desire,—
And stern rebuke of Beauty's soft behest,
Sighing and pining to be fond carest ?
Hath he enjoyed the loveliness of life,

Alone by Reason's Prosper-wand confess'd?

Alas! his feverish dreams and visions rife
Have mildewed judgment,—thought,—though far re-
moved from strife.

V.

Land of the storied brave,—though now the tread
Of the dull slave unechoed walk the ground,
Yet, glorious land, thine—thine the learned dead!

There his wise saws the Citian* sage around
To wondering crowds proclaimed; there—there
was found

The heaven-blest doctor of the Academe;
Thence the Aristotelian thunder's sound
Issued, and glow'd the philosophic beam;
Yet light-spced it has pass'd, and all is but a dream!

VI.

Death and obstruction † now their empire hold
Where once was angry jar and hot dispute;
Fame, that would aye their endless praise have
told!

Hath silenced now her hoarse unheeded suit

* Zeno, the stoic.

† "To lie in cold obstruction and to rot."—*Shakspeare*.

To hard posterity ;—and all is mute,
Save the loud jibes of envious Mockery's tongue,
Such is of earthly Worth the bitter fruit ;
While o'er its tomb her scornful laugh hath rung,
When pointing at the 'scutcheon Age would high
have hung !

VII.

And thy lot, wisdom-scoffer, is the same,
Though mock'st thou Cynic tub and Stoic school !
Yea, Folly ne'er will fail her own to claim,—
Her mark denounces thee, cold heartless fool,
For wasting life without design or rule !
Oh, foolishness ! to gaze upon the land,
And idly deem Creation but the tool
To feed thy sluggishness with impious hand—
And, for thee, wonders work, as erst on Egypt's
strand !

VIII.

Enthusiast—impious boaster,—think'st the earth
In gladness yields to summer's hot embrace,
Only to lengthen thy impassioned mirth ;
So thou, exalted in thy pride of place,
Deem thyself only favoured of thy race ?
The while, to waste is thine sole idle care,

In bubbled fancies, youth and manhood's grace ;
And, having dreamt of pleasure—new, bright,
fair,
In rapture wild thou snatchest,—and Death's hand
is there !

IX.

Bold madman—fool,—save bauble, crest, and
bell !
Nurtured hadst thou that seed kind Heaven hath
sown
Within thy bosom,—and who—who shall tell
But it to glowing vigour might have grown,
And yielded richer fruit than e'er hath blown
Within the Hesperian dragon-warded meads ?
But years on swallow-wings have rapid flown,
Whilst thou art yet to learn that there must
needs,
To immortalize thy name, be bright immortal deeds !

X.

Read ye the page of history : Greece had sons
Such as have never lived in other land !
Think ye the glory which through ages runs
In loud acclaim of that most glorious band,
Who scorn'd to yield, and died with glaive in hand,

Was but the work of chance?—No ; Spartan
laws,
Which they were taught full well to understand,
And Lacedemonian discipline—the cause !
Persuasion only from his cell Perfection draws.

XI.

'Tis not for all, with honied words, to lull
The storm-urged fury of the vulgar crew,—
Nor Nature's gems from their dark mines to
cull,—
Nor drink at Inspiration's fount, where few
Quaffed, and of old poetic phrensy drew !
'Tis not the child's from cradle forth to move,
Prankt in the array of grace and wisdom true,
Like Pallas springing from the head of Jove,
Clad in the dazzling panoply of Heaven above !

XII.

Yet on, o'er spring-flowered earth, o'er wintry
seas,
Reckless ye haste, with never-tarrying speed,
Clouded by Folly's thousand fantasies ;—
Shadows your aim,—and Death the well-earned
meed !
On—on ye pass,—and thousands quick succeed !

Such is the scope of human joys and fears!
Thrice blest in hope, and trebly cursed in deed!
Ye clutch the bow that high in Heaven appears,
As though some new delight,—ye clutch a bow of
tears!

RANDOLPH FITZ-EUSTACE.

TO DEATH.

SONNET I.

LORD of the silent tomb ! relentless Death !
 Fierce victor and destroyer of the world !
 How stern thy power ! The shafts of fate are hurled
 By thine unerring arm ;—and swift as breath
 Fades from the burnished mirror,—as the wreath
 Of flaky smoke, from cottage roofs upcurled,
 Melts in cerulean air,—as sear leaves whirled
 Along autumnal streams,—as o'er the heath
 The forms of twilight vanish—so depart,
 Nor leave a trace of their oblivious way,
 The meteor-dreams of man ! Awhile the heart
 Of eager Folly swells—his bubbles gay
 Float on the passing breeze,—but ah ! thy dart
 Soon breaks each glittering spell of Life's delusive
 day !

D. L. R.

SONNET II.

INSATIATE fiend! at thy blood-dropping shrine
In vain unnumbered victims wait thy will;
The life-streams of the earth thy thirst of ill
Shall never quench, till that bright morning shine
That bursts the sleep of ages. All repine
At thy severe decrees;—and thy terrors thrill
The hero and the sage, though pride may still
The voice that would reveal them. Hopes divine,
Of Faith and Virtue born, alone may cheer
Mortality's inevitable hour.
Nor phrensied prayer, nor agonizing tear,
May check thine arm, or mitigate thy power.
Ruin's resistless sceptre is thy dower,
Thy throne, a world—thy couch, Creation's bier!

D. L. R.

THE SAGE AND THE FOOL.

“ The air hath bubbles as the water hath,

* * * * and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.”

Shakspeare.

“ How he marks his way

With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!

Art, genius, fortune, elevated power,—

With various lustres these light up the world,

Which Death puts out, and darkens human race.”—*Young.*

WHEN this globe of the earth

First sprang into birth,

And man on its surface 'gan crawl,

'Twas knowledge he sought,—

But a bubble he caught,

And gave for an apple his all.

And we hear, too, beside,

That the bubble of pride

Drove a host of the angels from Heaven;

Is it, then, such a wonder

That mortals should blunder,

And break the command that was given?

So, ever since then,
'Tis the practice of men
To shape all their courses in trouble ;
Yet in colours so bright,
That they dazzle the sight,
But end, like their hopes, in a bubble.

Thus, ambition and fame,
While they glitter in name,
And show in the prospect so fair ;
Yet, ere hold you can take,
The gay phantoms break,
Or vanish, like bubbles, in air.

Even friendship and love,
Like stars from above,
That brighten our paths as we go,
Too often we find
Of the same brittle kind,—
As bubbles in colour and show.

Then the fool and the sage,
In every age,
Lift their schemes into life with a breath ;
Or of science or wealth,
They escape as by stealth,
Or are presently put out by Death.

D.

THE
FOOL AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A VISION.

It was a delightful evening in the middle of August: the sun, shorn of his beams and like a vast globe of fire, majestically descending, spread a warm and mellow lustre over the western sky; and, fringing with gold the edges of the wavy lines of purple clouds, which stretched athwart the azure concave, produced one of those rich effects, which defies the pencil of the artist, and captivates the mind with pleasing wonderment. All was calmness around; even the pendent birches on the craggy face of Ben Ain were moveless; not a breath of air stirred; and but for the gurgle of the mountain streams, and the rush of a large cascade, close to the little inn of the Trosacks, at the window of which I was seated, the stillness would have been profound and most impressive. I had been perusing a few pages of *Pierce Plowman*; and had just rested the book on my knee, to admire the magnificent scene which lay

before me : every swelling knoll and abrupt crag on the huge back of Ben Venue, and all the feathery crest of the leafy garniture of the Trosacks brightly illuminated by the declining beam, softened off and lost in the deep purple shadows of the glens and hollows. As I gazed, the last segment of the solar disk sunk behind the mountain, blending the distance of the landscape in one deep mass of shade, but marking more strongly the grand outline of Ben Venue and his stupendous congeners ; strikingly displaying the superior sublimity of scenery still bearing the impress of the finger of Nature over the proudest efforts of aspiring mortals. Full of the romantic ;—the place, the hour, the monotonous sound of the neighbouring waterfall, and the universal stillness which prevailed, threw me into a reverie which, gradually settling into sleep, produced the following dream.

The scene upon which I had been gazing, and which had laid such hold upon my imagination as to continue present to my mind for some time after I was asleep, suddenly disappeared, and changed to a valley of most singular aspect. Although of vast extent, yet it was enclosed, on every side, by stupendous mountains, the rugged and hoary summits

of which seemed to pierce the sky. Within these, rose inferior hills of the most diversified forms and character; some rocky and naked; others clothed with verdure to their summits, or bearing on their sides ample forests, through which projected rocks with the richest garniture of brown and purple heath cushioning every shelf and crevice, and mixed with the most luxuriant and varied foliage. Between these hills, lay gardens and orchards rich with every description of fruit; and watered by streams which the eye traced on the sides of the mountains, dashing from precipice to precipice and forming chains of cascades, till, brawling along their channels in the valley and meandering in a thousand directions, they peacefully mingled their waters in a lake, which spread its ample mirror at the base of the mountains. As I looked upon the scene, it seemed continually changing. At one time, the valley resounded with the notes of the feathered choristers; at another the growl of the storm redoubled its peals among the echoing rocks. Sometimes, embowered among the trees, appeared the village with its simple pointed spire;—whilst I gazed, it became a magnificent city with crowded streets, porticos, splendid palaces, and venerable fanes. Now a gaudy procession of princes and priests and knights and ladies would

seem to issue from its gates; and sports and tournaments were held. I looked again, and anon a real battle raged beneath its walls. The opposing armies, the charges of the chivalry, the smoke, the retreat, the pursuit were all visible. I could even fancy I heard the clamour of the fray, the shouts of the victorious and the groans of the vanquished; when, suddenly, not a trace remained of the city, the processions, the combatants; all had passed away, and given place to some other illusion. As I turned my eyes towards the lake, it would sometimes appear expanded to an ocean bearing on it navies. At one moment, the sun shining upon the white, swelling sail, the gallant ship danced gaily on the lightly rippled bosom of the deep; at another, the congregated clouds freighted with storm, seemed to mingle with the waves, and pouring their fury upon the flexile element, the vessel struck upon a rock and split into a thousand pieces. The shrieks of the drowning mariners reached my ears; I saw them struggling with the waves and dashed to death upon the rocks, over which the boiling breakers roared: the sight was too horrific: I hid my face in my hands; and, when I removed them, lo! again the placid lake, reflecting the downward mountains, the hills and all their leafy tracery spread before my eyes

Astonished and bewildered with what I had seen, I looked in vain for some one to solve the mystery; for although the valley seemed crowded with moving objects, apparently men and women occupied in every possible manner, yet, as I approached them, they instantly vanished; like a picture in a Camera Obscura, all seemed natural and animated, yet nothing was tangible. "This is surely the Valley of Deception," exclaimed I, thinking audibly: "nothing is what it appears to be." "It is then a true picture of the world," whispered a voice behind me, "turn and see." I turned and beheld, on a little elevation, at the distance of twenty or thirty feet from me, two individuals seated at the base of a small pyramid: but the voice did not proceed from them, for it again uttered behind me, "advance and satisfy your doubts;" whilst at the same moment I was involuntarily impelled towards the pyramid. The two persons seated at its base were of the most opposite characters. One of them, from his motley garb, cap, ears, and bells, appeared to be of that class of knaves, who were formerly the companions of kings and princes; and who enjoyed the sole privilege of speaking truth at court; the other seemed from his habit to be a disciple of Zeno, or to belong to that sect of philosophers, which the Greeks

termed Stoics: both, however, were engaged in the same occupation,—blowing soap-bubbles. At the foot of a pedestal, on which the Fool rested his arm, lay a bishop's mitre, an open music-book, the palette of an artist, and a spear; the Philosopher rested his elbow upon an open volume, the title of which I perceived was "*Summum bonum Virtus*;" a scroll covered with logical aphorisms lay at the base of the pedestal, and a celestial globe was behind it.

I stood for some minutes contemplating both of these characters, who were not, in any degree, disconcerted at my approach. "There goes an Emperor," said the Fool, as he threw off a bubble from the bulb of his pipe, and followed its course in the air with his large protruding eyes. "See how his splendid robe glitters in the sunbeam! Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, bright as the iridescent hues of the rainbow. Hah! the ambitious dog!—how he mounts above his fellows! Now he has topped the summit of his flight—there! there! his golden dream is over—his budding hopes are blasted—his pride for ever humbled—the bubble is burst; and not a trace remains. Hah, ha, ha!"—and he shook his head, jingling the sonorous ornaments of his cap; and, opening his capacious mouth, laughed long and

loud. Another bubble less buoyant was thrown off as a Philosopher. "There he goes," said the fool, "with a drop at his tail to demonstrate the effect of gravity:—see, he turns like a whirling dervise!—he has, certainly, discovered the perpetual motion: happy soul! the world will now be blessed, and he will be immortal.—Alas! is it come to this? To fall in the moment of victory—to sink when the hand already grasps the prize—but so it is—gone like his precursor, and none knows whither." Again he shouted with joy; and held his sides with laughter: and in this manner the knave apostrophized each bubble which he blew, well maintaining the credit of the ancient craft of which he seemed the worthy representative.

It was in vain to address such a being, and therefore I turned to the Philosopher, who at that instant had thrown off a bubble from the point of a quill, and was following its course, with a look of intense interest, as it floated upon the breeze, until it was lost to the sight. "Mortal!" said he as he turned towards me his complacent countenance, "Mortal! I already read your thoughts. Your laudable curiosity shall be satisfied:—sit down in peace, and listen to the voice of truth." I sat down, and he

thus continued—"Mortal! the valley which lies before you is a typification of the world. Its mountains and rugged rocks represent the difficulties and obstacles which beset man in his journey; whilst they are also the true causes of the transitory felicity that he attains on earth; for what enjoyment does he possess when not acquired by fatigue and industry, which does not become insipid and distasteful? Ease and indolence and certain security soon pall upon the mind, which, restless, and never satiated with toil, rather than it will endure the torment of apathy, courts dangers and even finds a charm in Death. Say—without this allurements, would the patriot sacrifice himself for the interests of his country, for the phantom Fame? Would the hero seek the bubble Reputation in the cannon's mouth? Or the philosopher, spurning from him the enticements of Pleasure and heedless of the vicissitudes of life, waste the midnight oil and immure himself in the solitary cell, merely to be assured of an immortal fame among all the sons of men? On the other hand, mortal! the hills, the vales, the forests, gardens, lakes, and streams which have charmed your sight, demonstrate the benevolence of Nature, and show that amidst difficulties, horrors, changes, deceit, and wickedness, the world supplies the

principles of harmony and proportion, and produces true felicity as the result of their conspiring order. Man alone is a paradox, and yet the whole race can be arranged under two classes, of which you behold us the representatives, the wise and the foolish; *this* prolific and teeming with myriads of every country and kindred; *that* inrolling a very scanty proportion only upon its list, but these the true intellectual nobility of the earth. Like this fool, so is the mass of mankind occupied with the veriest trifles; their projects as empty and as fragile as the bubbles which he commits to the air, blown only to be broken. They laugh at the idea of making man happy by reason; contented to believe that their senses and passions were bestowed only to be gratified, they are impatient of restraint and are convinced that the only road to happiness is to be found in following the dictates of Nature. Hapless, infatuated beings! who have brought disease into the world, and have yielded to Death the empire of mortality: and who too late discover that it is difficult long to support pleasure, and that its invariable termination is satiety and disgust.

“ It is the object of the wise, on the contrary, to employ the senses only as the inlets of knowledge, to

cultivate the soil which Nature has planted with every material for the exercise of industry, and to rein the passions under the control of reason. On these grounds I have founded a system which I am about to propound to you ; which will banish physical evils from the earth and confer immortality upon the human race. This pyramid is the emblem of my theory ; its broad base founded upon a rock and its apex pointing to the heavens, it scorns the rage of the conflicting elements, and even defies the overwhelming power of Time."

He paused : I raised my eyes to inquire the cause of the interruption, when to my astonishment I perceived a shadowy figure which I had not before observed, seated between my companions ; grinning a ghastly look of contempt upon the speaker, and in the act of touching both the sage and the fool with a dart tipped with fire, which he grasped in his fleshless hand. The eyeballs of the Fool seemed starting from their sockets—his face was turgid and purple, his breath gurgled for a second in his throat, and after a convulsive gasp, he fell a lifeless mass at the foot of the Destroyer. The Philosopher lay for a few minutes as in a faint, his jaw fallen, his features pale and shrunk, and his eye filmed ; he

fetches a deep sigh, and seemed to revive; then turning his languid eye upon me, the placidity of his countenance unaltered, in scarcely audible accents uttered these words—"Alas! fellow mortal, experience only can teach wisdom: it has convinced me that my system is a vain hypothesis: man is still under the dominion of Death: but, in yielding to the tyrant, I have the satisfaction of knowing that the change will enable me to solve the greatest of all secrets." As he calmly yielded up his breath, the ground seemed shaken as if by an earthquake, and the pyramid crumbled into dust. Awe-struck and trembling, I expected to be involved in the general ruin, when the voice which I had before heard again addressed me: "Mortal! such is the frailty of humanity—virtue alone can render life happy: but austerity is not virtue; to trifle time away is to waste life—to endeavour to reduce life to exact rule and method is commonly a painful task—oft, also, a fruitless occupation. While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and Death, though perhaps they receive him differently, yet treats alike the Fool and the Philosopher."*

A. T. T.

* Hume's Essays—The Stoic.



TUTTO
FINISCE

EPILOGUE.

THE EPILOGUE,
AND
ADDRESS RECAPITULATORY.

Spoken by Death, in Character.

PRAY don't alarm yourselves!—*'tis only I!*
 Just come to speak the EPILOGUE,—and try
 To make my bow, for once, *before* the curtain—
Behind I've play'd an active part, that's certain:
 Aye, aye—sharp work I've had of late, I trow—
 Important “DOINGS,” both with high and low;
 The rich, the proud, the humble, and the poor,
 The learned sage, and the unletter'd boor,
 Have all succumb'd—and so must thousands more.
 Why, bless me, how you start! how pale you look!
 You tremble, eh, lest *you* be “brought to book?”
 Nay, do not fear! I now come but to *speak*,—
 Perhaps *on business* I may call next week:—
 Next week's too soon, you say?—well, then, I'll give
 A further respite, if you needs must live

A little longer in this world of sorrow—
But, stay—I'll think again of this to-morrow;
For strange, aye, “passing strange,” it doth appear,
That you, so often as you've call'd me here,
Should, now I'm *really* come, shrink back thro' fear.
What if the tragi-comedy of LIFE
Be ended, with its ever-shifting strife
Of pain and want, of trouble and alarm,
Of passion's tumult—pleasure's fitful harm—
Can *that* be cause for grief—*that* make you moan?
Short-sighted mortals! you should *clap*—not *groan*;
Yes—were you wise, my presence you would hail;
And not, like dolts, your hapless fate bewail:
Instead of sitting there, to sob and sigh,
Your plaudits, long and loud, would rend the sky,
And “*Bravo, Death! bravissimo!*” you'd cry.

I know that ALL some “grand excuse” may plead,
Some worldly reason, or some urgent need,
For tarrying longer on this earthly ball:—
Indeed, there's nothing new in *that*, at all.
One has not yet an ample fortune made;
Another wishes just to change his trade;
A third protests *his* death is not expedient;
A fourth declares the *time* is inconvenient.—

O what a scene of shuffling, shifting, shirking !
What paltry lies—what quibbling, and what quirking !

The SOLDIER hopes, when fools and tyrants quarrel,
To grace his brows with never-fading laurel ;
And begs I'll let him win some noble prize,
Before he sheathes his sword, and prostrate lies.
No, madman ! thy career of blood is o'er ;
No longer shalt thou dip thy hands in gore,
No longer fulminate the martial thunder,
Nor glut thyself with rapine, blood, and plunder :
List to the Widow's and the Orphan's cry !
Thyself prepare ! *for Retribution's nigh !*

With many an artful touch of special pleading,
The LAWYER comes ;—but hopes that, through good-
breeding,
I'll “ do the civil thing ” by the Profession,
And not arrest him till a future session.
Bold as he is before a half-starv'd client,
To me he's wondrous mealy-mouth'd and pliant ;
And, oh ! what lame and impotent excuses,
The rogue invents, to hide his vile abuses !—
All, all alike are—full of contradictions,
Pleas, errors, counterpleas, demurrers, fictions !
Ready, most ready all, to “ make averment,”
That services like theirs, should meet preferment ;

And 'twould be hard, they say,—oh, *very* hard,
If from “preferment” *they* should be debarr’d :—
Such meek and gentle lambs ! so wondrous civil !
To hurry them so quickly to the Devil !—
Sweet babes of grace ! it matters not a straw
How soon the Devil on you claps his paw ;
Have you he will—he’s issued your subpoena—
I must obey—and will not, dare not, screen ye ;
This world has seen too much of you—so go
To kindred Demons in the *Courts below* !

The portly PRIEST, with expectation high,
Entreats, for Virtue’s sake, I’ll pass *him* by.
Virtue means purity, and good intention ;
Now, what his virtues are, perhaps he’ll mention ;
For though, on *duty* bent, one day in seven,
He proves *his own’s the only way to Heaven* ;
Yet such the force of carnal appetite,
That “ loaves and fishes” form his chief delight,
His constant thoughts by day, his dreams by night.
But hold—’twere well, ere we proceed, to see
What arguments support “ The Pastor’s Plea” :—
“ To mortals, bending ’neath the cumbrous load
That weighs them down, he shows the heavenly road ;
Without *his* aid, their feet would devious stray,
And half his flock would go—*the other way* !”—

And dost thou really think, my reverend wight,
That what thou say'st is rational and right?
Dost thou the will of GOD presume to scan,
And dare usurp his judgment-seat? vain man!
Remember what thou art—and what thou know'st—
And thou wilt find thy knowledge is, at most,
A cloud of error and an empty boast!
When modes of faith are variously profess'd,
And different sects are found,—north, east, south,
west—
Who shall decide which wisest is, or best?—
Although he call himself a true believer,
A BIGOT is, at best, a self-deceiver;*
And he who hopes by faith alone to stand,
Erects a tottering column on the sand.
Be just and liberal—to your country true—
High Heav'n revere—your neighbour's good pursue;
Let virtue, honour, meekness, fill your breast,
And to Almighty Goodness leave the rest:—
Do this—and, trust me, you shall find the way
To the bright regions of eternal day!—
Oh! if the path that leads to Heaven's gate,
Were like a labyrinth, dark and intricate,

* These observations have reference to the spiritual teachers of no one sect in particular, but are intended to apply to all who are so blind, and so bigoted to their own tenets, as to preach up the absurd and uncharitable doctrine of *exclusive salvation*.

How few, how very few would enter there!
How few to tread the mystic path would dare!

Yon MAIDEN, peeping through her ivory fan,
Would fain improve her mind, by studying MAN!
While that spruce BEAU, who ogles her, declares,
For youth and beauty I should not lay snares,
Nor interrupt their tender sighs and kisses,
But give them time t' enjoy connubial blisses!—
Now, should I grant these turtles their request,
Although you'd think they were supremely blest,
Yet such would be the bickerings and strife
To interrupt that *blessed* state of life,
That 'ere twelve months had o'er the couple roll'd,
He would a tyrant prove, and she a scold;
And each would call on me, by day and night,
To come and take the *other* one away!

Don't chuckle, Sir! the time is well nigh come
When *you'll* be summon'd, without beat of drum.
You wish to live, it seems, to play the RAKE,
And every dastardly advantage take
Of unsuspecting innocence and youth,
In spite of honour, manliness, and truth.
I saw you throw your lure for yonder beauty,
And try to wean her from the path of duty;

And yet, a wife more spotless none can claim,
Nor one more kind, than she who bears thy name.
Wretch that thou art! in crime and folly grey!
What! wouldst thou, reckless, rush upon thy prey,
And from an aged mother take her stay?
Rob her of all on earth that's worth possessing,
And make a *curse* where Nature meant a *blessing*?
Will no compunction check thy fierce desire?—
None, monster! none?—then I must quench thy fire.
Know then, that while each sense is wrapt in gloom,
Disease shall bring thee to a cheerless tomb;
For thee to Heaven no prayers shall ascend,
And thou, despis'd, shalt die—without a friend!

In yonder row a WIDOW meets my view,—
My buxom dame, 'tis you I mean—yes, *you*!
I saw how tremblingly alive you were,
When I alluded to the amorous pair;
Your marriage was a *happy* illustration
Of my remarks—'twas just your situation,
Indeed it was—deny it if you can—
How oft you call'd on me to take *the man*!
And oh! how oft you vow'd, that ne'er again
Would you be bound by Hymen's galling chain.
I took him!—and the well-dissembled tear
Of "*decent sorrow*" fell upon his bier;
Yet now, when fairly rid of him, you bait

Your hook—and I (good-natur'd sprite!) may wait
 Whilst you go fishing for another mate!
 Believe me, Widow, I must have my due;
 You shall your *promise* keep, or I'll keep *you*.

But, come—a truce to truths which seem unpleasant,
 And of my “DOINGS” *past* let's speak at present;
 I'll not disturb the ashes of the dead,
 Though some brief sentences must needs be said,
 By which I trust to prove to demonstration,
 That none with greater zeal e'er fill'd his station;
 Meanwhile—although, perhaps, 'twill tire your patience
 To wait while I recount my operations—
 I hope to give you ample satisfaction,
 That from the purest source sprang every action;
 And that (to none allied of flesh and blood)
 No motive sway'd me but the common good:—
 This is a merit I can fairly claim—
 “*Pro bono publico*” was e'er my aim,
 The basis upon which I rest my fame!

The Recapitulation.

I began—let me see—oh, my “Doings” began
 With a SERMON. “A sermon?—a sermon?” say you,
 “Why, surely, to PREACH is to *say*, not to *do* ;”—

Egad ! so it is ;—well, I'll alter my plan,
 And hereafter keep but my *Doings* in view ;
 But should you require more scriptural knowledge
 Than gowns-men in general pick up at college,
 (Alma Mater ! pray pardon the libel ;)
 Leave logical lumber to heads metaphysical,
 Leave "Valentine Verses," to ladies who're phthisical,
 Leave "Mayoralty Visits"—by all that is quizzical—
 O leave them,—and study your Bible !

THE POET.

Although I quench'd the sacred flame
 That glow'd within his breast,
 The BARD obtain'd a deathless fame—
 A haven, too, of rest :
 The laurels of poetic praise
 Which now adorn his tomb,
 Had, but for ME, been blighted bays,
 To wither—not to bloom.

THE PILGRIM.

In PILGRIM'S guise I brought the fatal scroll,
 Which told a Maiden of her Lover's death ;
 Grief took possession of her ardent soul,—
 She bless'd his memory, and resign'd her breath :
 Oft had she vow'd to love no other youth ;
 That vow she kept !—an instance rare of truth !

THE ARTIST.

Mine was the task to stop the ARTIST'S hand,
 Ere age had brought his genius to a stand ;
He'd finish'd TIME—and therefore 'twas my whim,
 Just at that nick of time, to finish *him* :
 And as I knew he meant a *Dance* to lead me,
 To show his skill in graphic witticisms,
 I took his brush away !—and made him heed me,—
 And saved him thus from *friendly* criticisms !

THE CRICKETER.

In the CRICKETER'S care-killing game
 There was something so manly and gay,
 That his pastime I never could blame,
 But cheerfully join'd in the play :
 And if TIME had not thought it a sin,
 For *ever* to stand behind wicket ;
 The Batsman might still have been *in*,
 And DEATH might have still play'd at cricket !

THE CAPTIVE.

'Twas I who set the wretched CAPTIVE free,
 And eas'd him of his load of misery—
 In mercy bore him from a dungeon's gloom,
 And laid his body in the silent tomb :
 His mortal part commingled with its kindred dust—
 His spirit took its flight, to join “the good and just.”

THE GAMESTER.

Mark'd ye that convulsive start?
Saw ye how his eyeballs roll'd?
Vultures gnaw the GAMESTER'S heart!—
Fearful truths that sigh has told!

Now the fatal die he throws;—
Heard ye that hysteric laugh?
'Twas to hide his deep-felt woes:—
See him now the poison quaff!

See his frame with anguish shake!
See his wildly-starting eyes!
The PLAY was *deep*—'twas LIFE at stake—
And the victor claims his prize.

Transient pleasure!—endless pain!
Gamester! the enchantment's o'er;
Passion and the lust of gain
Give to Death one victim more!

THE SERENADER.

Would you know why so slily I grasp'd the stiletto,
And slew young Adonis, the gay SERENADER?
I had just before seen, in a foul lazaretto,
A fair one expire:—it was *he* first betray'd her!

No longer, said I, shall thy strains, tho' melodious,
Their aid lend to lead lovely woman astray ;
Not a chord shalt thou strike for a purpose so
odious—
So haste, Serenader ! Death calls thee away !

THE TOILET.

A lady so fair, or a maid half so sly,
At a TOILET were never yet seen,
As on that fatal night—when, in masquerade, I
Attended on Laura (none other was nigh)
And clad her in raiment so sheen.

But Laura coquetted—for Laura was vain—
And though she professed to return
Young Edward's true passion—(*I speak it with pain*)
He perish'd, the victim of cruel disdain,—
And his ashes now rest in yon urn !

So the false one I took ! though I deck'd her so gay
With trinkets, and jewels, and gold ;—
And the gossips still talk of that terrible day,
When DEATH, as a *Waiting-maid*, bore her away
To the charnel-house, darksome and cold !

THE MOTHER.

Methinks I hear some pitying MOTHER say,
Why snatch a helpless INFANT thus away?
Why turn to clay that cheek on which was spread
The lily's whiteness with the rose's red?
Why close those ruby lips—those deep-fring'd eyes?
Why seize so young, so innocent a prize!—
Hold! hold! nor murmur at the wise decree
That set a lovely earth-born seraph free,
And gave it bliss and immortality!

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Immers'd in apathy and mental gloom,
The wasted form of HYPOCHONDRIA sits;
And as the phantoms flit around his room,
With fear he shakes—or, falls, convuls'd, in fits!

The workings of his melancholy mind
Present horrific spectres to his sight;
He sees no friend, beneficent and kind—
But life, to *him*, is one dark cheerless night.

O Melancholy! bane of peace and health!
When thy sad reign contaminates the breast,
Nor pleasure's glittering charms, nor love, nor wealth
Can give repose :—in DEATH alone there's rest!

LIFE'S ASSURANCE.

Saw you that aged man, whose tottering feet
Could scarce support him to the office door ?
He was a LIFE ASSURER ;—and, though poor,
Deposits from his pittance made, to meet
His offspring's need. O happiness complete,
When man so dies ! The miser's store
May serve some idle spendthrift !—seldom more ;
But competency thus acquir'd is sweet !
Sweet 'tis to *him* who, providently kind,
Protects his wife and children from the blast
Of Poverty ;—and oh, how sweet *they* find
The succour it affords !—such joys will last !—
Who blames me, then, for keeping Life's Assurance ?
Thro' DEATH, you see, Life may be worth endurance.

THE ANTIQUARY.

What wild illusions mock their sight,
When ANTIQUARIES pore
O'er mouldering relics, day and night,
With patient, plodding lore !—
Life's meant for *rational* enjoyment ;
And if, while here below,
Man seeks not—finds not—wise employment,
To *Davy* let him go !

THE CHAMPION.

O mourn not for prize-fighting kiddies inglorious ;
Lament not the fate of those swells of "the Ring :"
The Championship's mine ! for I'm ever victorious,
And fam'd *Boxiana* my prowess shall sing !
Then hoist the black fogle—let marrow-bones rattle—
And push round the skulls which with claret o'er-
flow ;
Drink, drink to the CHAMPION, who, fairly in battle,
The famed men of muscle for ever laid low !

THE BACCHANALIANS.

Tho' BACCHANALS boast of their ivy-crown'd god,
And sing of the bright sparkling glass,
With the juice of the grape, how they hiccup and
nod,—

How it likens a man to an ass !

The balm of the bottle, they say, lightens care,—
But far more it lightens the purse ;
While it brings to its vot'ry a load of despair,
It brings, too, his heaviest curse—

The groans of the parent, the child, or the wife,
Who famish while Bacchanals swill !
Then say, can you blame me for taking the life
Of such as so recklessly kill ?

THE WARRIOR.

With martial port the WARRIOR seeks the field,
Where waves Destruction's banner in the wind,
And, though in combat wounded, scorns to yield,
For "love and glory" fire his ardent mind :
Now, see, he proudly mounts the blood-stain'd car,
And leads his squadrons to the fierce affray ;
His gallant bearing turns the tide of war—
The adverse army recreant flee away ;
But, oh ! when just within his grasp the prize,
His life-blood flows—a film o'erspreads his eyes—
He faints—and in the hour of vict'ry dies !

THE GLUTTON.

No matter what—flesh, fowl, or fish—
If man become a GLUTTON ;
With *gout* he feeds from ev'ry dish—
Veal, ven'son, beef, or mutton.
Eating—drinking—panting—puffing !
O the dear delights of stuffing !

But when the greedy Epicure
A god thus makes his belly,
I mix some poison—slow, but sure—
In gravy, soup, or jelly.
On the couch, then, see him lying !—
Writhing—groaning—gasping—dying !

THE HUNTER.

The fearless HUNTER took his dangerous leap ;
For though I warn'd, he held my warning cheap.
At length he fell—another fill'd his place,
And, like him, heedless, follows in the chase.

THE ALCHYMIST.

His time and health the ALCHYMIST destroys,
In vain pursuit of visionary joys !
What if he find the rare and hidden treasure,
More pain his golden prize would bring than pleasure.
Gold ! Gold ! thou bane of life ! thou fancied good !
Thy *use* to Man, how little understood !

ACADEMIC HONOURS.

Should I the MARTYR STUDENT'S portrait draw,
And show that genius, with each good combin'd,—
That virtue, and that nobleness of mind,
Were his—without a blemish or a flaw—
You'd blame me for my act ;—and yet 'twas kind :
For well I knew that, maugre worth and merit,
Posthumous fame was all that he'd inherit ;
And those, indeed, who court fame ought to know,
That DEATH alone can lasting fame bestow.

THE EMPIRIC.

The QUACK kill'd his patient, and I kill'd the Quack ;
Thus a fool and a knave were got rid of at once ;

But tho' I contriv'd to lay *him* on his back,
Behind he's left many a death-dealing dunce !

THE MISER.

The wretch who hoards, while others pine
In want, and pain, and woe,
Content must be at Pluto's shrine
Penance to undergo ;
For though he hold the lucre fast,
And hoard up every shilling,
To Pluto he must go at last,
And there expect a *grilling*.

THE PHAETON.

Behold, my love, how fine the day !
Cried Charles, as he the PHAETON mounted ;
His heart was light, his spirits gay,
And tales of love the youth recounted.

But false as fair the syren he
That day had honour'd with his name ;
And I resolv'd to set him free
From private grief and public shame.

DEATH'S REGISTER.

An ancient worthy, when of MAN he wrote,
Permitted me his REGISTER to quote ;

And as I know I cannot make a better,
I'll quote it fairly, to the very letter:—
“ Man's bodie's like a house: his greater *bones*
Are the main timber; and the lesser ones
Are smaller *splints*; his *ribs* are *laths*, daub'd o'er,
Plaister'd with *flesh* and *bloud*: his *mouth's* the *doore*:
His *throat's* the narrow *entrie*, and his *heart*
Is the *great chamber*, full of curious art:
His *midriffe* is a large *partition-wall*
'Twixt the *great chamber* and the spacious *hall*:
His *stomack* is the *kitchen*, where the meat
Is often but half sod, for want of heat:
His *splene's* a *vessell*, nature does allot
To take the *skumme* that rises from the pot:
His *lungs* are like the *bellows*, that respire
In every office, quick'ning every fire:
His *nose* the *chimney* is, whereby are vented
Such *fumes* as with the *bellows* are augmented:
His *bowels* are the sink, whose part's to drein
All noisome filth, and keep the *kitchen* clean:
His *eyes* are chrystall *windows*, clear and bright;
Let in the object, and let out the sight.
And as the *timber* is or great or small,
Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand, or fall:
Yet is the likeliest *building*, sometimes known
To fall by obvious chances; overthrown

Oft-times by *tempests*, by the full-mouth'd *blasts*
 Of heaven; sometimes by *fire*; sometimes it wastes
 Through unadvis'd neglect; put case the stuffe
 Were ruin-prooffe, by nature strong enough
 To conquer time and age; put case it should
 Ne'er know an end, alas our *leases* would.
 What hast thou then, proud flesh and bloud, to boast?
 Thy dayes are bad, at best; but few, at most;
 But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;
 Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest."

THE LAWYER.

I told you naught but truth before, concerning this
 fraternity,
 Nor should I aught do less or more, tho' I talk'd to
 all eternity!
 If any mortal doubt my word—to LAW, then, let
 him go,
 A *greater curse* 'twere quite absurd to wish one's
 bitterest foe.

THE ANGLER.

Though a jest-loving wight* has thought fit to define,
 In sportive derision, each ANGLING brother,
 As "a *stick* and a *string* (*id est*, rod and line)
 With a *worm* at one end and a *fool* at the other;"

* Dean Swift.

Yet, believe me, no fool is the man who in quiet
Can sit down contented amid the world's din;
'Tis Fashion's blind vot'ry, who, dwelling in riot,
The slave is of Folly, of Care, and of Sin.

THE BUBBLE-BLOWERS.

There are BUBBLES above and below,—
On land, and at sea, and in air;
But none of the bubbles I know,
With the bubbles of Britain compare:—
Such wonderful bubbles are they!

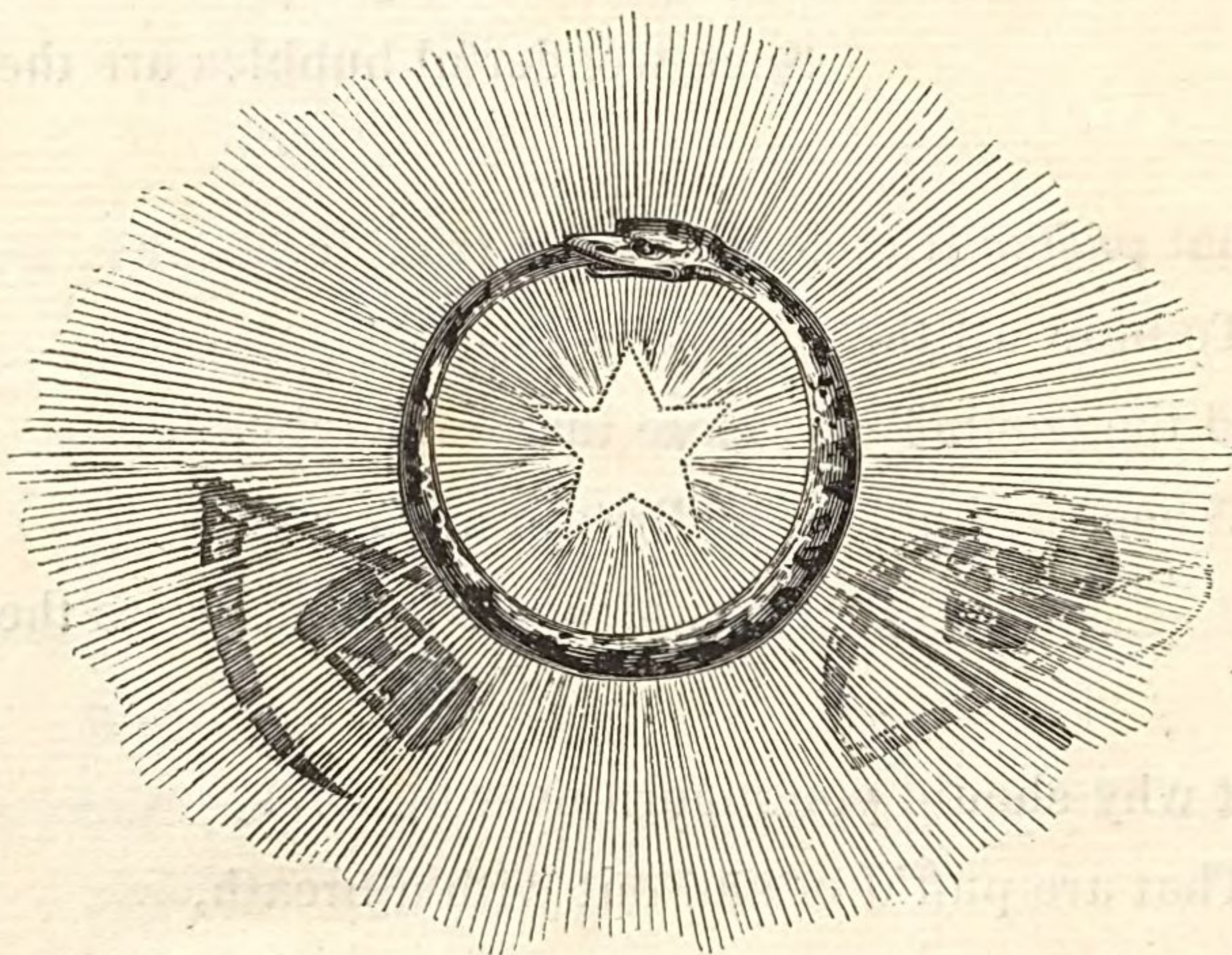
What *puffing* it took, and what trouble,
To blow all these bubbles at first!
And the trouble was more than made double,
When the bubbles of Britain all burst!—
What troublesome bubbles were they!

But why should you mourn over bubbles,
That are puff'd in and out with a breath,
When the greatest of bubbles and troubles
Are, one and all, puff'd out by DEATH!—
The bubbles and troubles of LIFE!

Vain, inconsistent, self-deluded race,
Whose vision's limited to finite space,

You grasp some idle phantom of the brain,
And, maniac-like, would clank and hug your chain.
All—all is vanity beneath the sun !
Whene'er the sand of Life its course hath run—
Or soon, or late—'tis then the *proper* time
This grovelling world to quit, and seek the clime
Where Life's eternal, glorious, and sublime !

S. M.



THE END.

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Dagley, Richard

Death's doings consisting of numerous original compositions, in prose and verse, the friendly contributions of various writers

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